हे पुस्तक मोहित असलेल्यांचे
साधारण वाचनालय

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018

THE HOLY LAND.

VOL. II.

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

J. Scultet. Pinx.

J. Sudder.

JERUSALEM.

THE

HOLY LAND.

BY

WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON.

60808
ac.

With Illustrations from Original Drawings and Photographs.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.
MDCCCLXV.

[*The right of Translation is reserved.*]

915.6 Li
60808

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME II.

CHAPTER I.

JERUSALEM UNDER THE PASHA.

	PAGE
Bethlehem gate	1
Tower of David	1
Court of Zion	2
An Oriental market-place	2
A public writer	3
Virgins' lamps	3
Strange contrasts	4
Jerusalem as seen from David's tower	5
The ridge of Zion	5
The quarters of the city	6
Woodcut—PLAN OF JERUSALEM	7
Christian quarter	7
Jewish quarter	8
Mohammedan quarter	9
Valley of Jehoshaphat	9
Slope of Olivet	10
Ancient rock tombs	10
Aspect and colour of the Holy City	11
Beauty of the Temple hill	12
General effects	13

CHAPTER II.

STREETS OF JERUSALEM.

	PAGE
The city gates	14
Law of ingress and egress	14
Power of piastres	15
The city by night	15
Darkness of the streets	16
Figures seen at dark	16
Absence of gaieties	17
Perils of the streets	17
Dogs, rats, and lizards	18
The wandering fakeers	18
Streets unknown in the East	19
Arrangements of an Arab town	20
Streets in the Bible	20
Names of streets	21
Sooks and bazaars	21
Paved roads	21
Pavement in the bazaar	22
Hyenas in the city	22
Jerusalem houses	23
A coffee-house	23
Crypt of an ancient church	24
Greek and Saracenic ruins	24

PAGE

An Arab home in the street . 25
The mosque . . . 25
A cook's corner . . . 25
Life in the public street . 26

CHAPTER III.

JERUSALEM UNDER THE HIGH PRIEST.

Nature unchanged . . 27
Olden aspects of the city . 27
Open suburb of Bezetha . 28
The two crests; Zion; Akra 28
Course of the first wall . . 29
The second wall . . . 29
Antonia 30
Suburbs of Bezetha-Gareb . 30
Gardens and graves . . 30
Joseph's garden and sepulchre 31
Almond Pool . . . 31
Aspect of the great city . 32
Absence of verdure . . 32
Royal gardens . . . 32
The common gardens . . 33
Inside the North Gate . . 33
Style of Jewish buildings . 34
Regal and sacred edifices . 34
Tower of Zion . . . 35
Palace of Herod . . . 36
Court of Pilate . . . 36
Gabbatha 36
Antipas Herod's palace . 37
The Seven Synagogues . . 37
Palace of Annas . . . 37
The Temple mount . . 38

CHAPTER IV.

THE TEMPLE.

PAGE

Moriah 39
Present Haram es shereef . 39
Mosque of Omar; Mosque el Aksa 40
Saracenic art . . . 40
The Temple platform . . 41
Outline of the Temple . . 41
The Tabernacle . . . 42
Solomon's edifice . . . 42
Second temple; third temple 43
Hellenic genius of Herod . 43
The Holy of Holies . . 44
The Holy Place . . . 44
The veil; the golden vines . 45
Court of the Priests . . 45
Lishcath ha-Gazith . . 46
Gentile Court . . . 46
Holy markets . . . 47
Progress of the buildings . 48
The Cloisters . . . 48
Beauty of the Temple front . 49

CHAPTER V.

THE GREAT COLLEGE.

School of Jewish thought . 50
Separatists and Sadducees . 50
Rise of a critical School . 51
Hillel's seven rules . . 51
Career of Hillel . . . 52
Kinsman of Jesus . . 52
A Poor Student . . . 53
A narrow escape . . . 53

PAGE

Hillel made Rector of the College 54
Fame of his lectures . . 55
Shammai 55
Two rival schools . . . 55
A student's battle . . 56
Hillel's failures and successes 56
Beauty of Hillel's sayings . 57
Succeeded by his son Simeon 57
Gamaliel; St. Paul . . 58

CHAPTER VI.

PURGING THE TEMPLE.

Feast of the Passover . . 59
When founded; how kept . 59
Changes in the rite . . 60
The Temple at the time of Passover 60
Encroachment of the dealers . 61
Examples of St. Paul's in London 61
Modern Cairo and Jerusalem 62
The Temple police . . 62
Jesus drives out the dealers . 63
The people question him . 63
The Lord's answer . . 64
Danger from the Separatists . 64
A reformer's first opponents . 65
Fox; Wesley 65
Indifference of the Sadducees 65
Simeon's old age . . . 66
Prevalence of violent counsels 66
Nicodemus 67
Midnight interview . . 67
John the Baptist . . . 68

PAGE

Jesus at the Springs . . 69
The bridegroom's friend . 69
Office of the bridegroom's friend 70
Spies at the Springs . . 70
Departure for Galilee . . 71

CHAPTER VII.

SAMARIA.

From Jerusalem to Nabulus . 72
Journey on foot . . . 72
Jacob's Well . . . 73
The surrounding scenery . 73
Sychar 74
The Lord's avoidance of walled cities 75
Sychar not Shechem . . 75
Ruins of Sychar . . . 76
Ebal; Gerizim . . . 76
Samaritans and Jews . . 77
Ceremonial uncleanness . 77
Penalties 78
Difficulties of travels . . 78
Object of journey through Samaria 79
Woman at the Well . . 79
Personal hostility . . . 80
The two churches . . 80
Holy associations of Shechem 81
Jerusalem a new city . . 82
Jealousies of Ephraim and Judah 82
Division of the kingdom . 83

CHAPTER VIII.

JACOB'S WELL.

	PAGE
Samaria derives from Ephraim	84
Controversy with Jerusalem	84
A great captivity	85
Syrian and Greek colonists	85
A race of Pagan-Jews	86
The new Temple on Gerizim	87
The counter assertions	87
Feud of Zion and Shechem	88
Severe laws against Samaritans	88
Samaritans not to be converted	88
The woman's question	89
Christ's reply	89
The woman confused	90
Her appeal to Gerizim	90
First announcement of the Messiah	91
Surprise of the disciples	91
The dinner of bread and fruit	92
Set out for Cana	92

CHAPTER IX.

SEA OF GENNESARETH.

Village of Cana	93
A noble Jew	93
The second miracle	93
Lake of Galilee	94
Scenery	94
Woodcut — SEA OF GALILEE	95
Beauty of its banks	95
Eastern shore; western shore	96
Towns and cities on the lake	97
Magdala; Capernaum	97
Bethsaida-Julias	98
Greek cities	99
Tiberias founded	99
The Golden house	100
How the city was peopled	100
Palaces; public places	101
Olympic games	101
Rapid growth of Tiberias	102
Made the capital of Galilee	102
Antipas Herod	103
Unlawful ornaments on the Golden house	103

CHAPTER X.

IN THE LAKE COUNTRY.

Jesus on the lake	104
False notions of the Messiah	104
Hope of a physical heaven	105
The Party of revolt in Galilee	105
A new church	106
Journeying and teaching	106
Jesus avoids great cities	107
Salvation to come of the Jews	107
Abominations of Gentile cities	108
Tiberias partly built among tombs	108
Hebrew symbol of death	109
A grave polluted	109
A whited wall	109
Feast of Purim	110
Founded by Mordecai	110
Dancing and drinking	111

PAGE

A favourite story . . . 111
Good side of Purim . . 112
Jesus goes up to Jerusalem . 112

CHAPTER XI.

A JEWISH SABBATH.

Jesus in Jerusalem . . 113
Pool of Bethesda . . . 113
Curative power of springs . 113
Sacrifices in the Temple . 114
Crowds of sick and lame . 114
Miracle of the sick man . 115
The Sabbath Day; unknown to the Greeks . . 115
Abuse of Sabbath observance 116
Defence of life . . . 116
Restriction from work and pleasure 117
No Sabbath in holy things . 117
The cripple's story . . 118
Excitement of the people . 118
The ears of corn . . . 119
David and the shew-bread . 119
The palsied hand cured . 120
Instance of the lost sheep . 120
New law of Sabbath observance. 120

CHAPTER XII.

ANTIPAS HEROD.

Invitation to the Golden House 121
Herod's marriage . . . 121
Aretas, King of Petra . . 122

PAGE

Herod's Arabian wife . . 122
The Princess Herodias . . 122
An illicit love . . . 123
Herodias's married life . . 123
Dislike to her first husband . 124
Her ambition and unscrupulousness 124
Obstacles to her plans . . 125
Influence over Antipas Herod 125
Temptation and fall . . 126
Hareem intrigues . . . 126
The Arabian lady . . . 127
Macherus 127
Secret arrangements . . 128
An escape from Tiberias . 128

CHAPTER XIII.

HERODIAS.

Aretas declares war; Antipas unpopular . . . 129
Antipas sends for John . 129
John denounces the marriage 130
Anger of Herodias; John made prisoner . . . 130
John's disciples sent to Galilee 131
Christ's opinion of John . 131
A great feast at Macherus . 132
Salome dances . . . 132
A dancer's reward . . 132
The Tetrarch's oath . . 133
Murder of John . . . 133
Consternation at the crime . 134
Laws of marriage . . 134

PAGE
Antipas Herod's fear . . 135
Jesus invited to the Golden house 135
The Roman centurion . . 136
A new miracle . . . 137
Mary at Capernaum . . 137
Christ goes up to Nazareth . 138

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SYNAGOGUE.

Public worship; family worship 139
Origin of the Synagogue . 140
Remains in Galilee . . 140
Capernaum; Kefr Birim . 141
Woodcut — SYNAGOGUE AT KEFR BIRIM . . . 141
Character of these ruins . 142
Easy to restore . . . 142
General form of Hebrew edifice 143
Greek Synagogues . . 143
Outward aspect; interior . 144
Women 145
Laver; scraper . . . 146
Officers of the Synagogue; Batlan 146
Chazzan; Meturgeman . 146
Elder 147
The service opens . . 147
The Torah; the Shema . 148
Lesson of the day . . 148
The Midrash . . . 149
Growth of the Synagogue . 150

CHAPTER XV.

EXPULSION FROM NAZARETH.

PAGE
Christ enters the Synagogue 151
Announces himself as the Messiah 151
Amazement of his neighbours 152
Their proof prophecy . . 152
Jewish notions of a Messiah 153
A prince; a warrior . . . 153
Argument of miracles . . 154
They ask a sign . . . 154
Jew and Greek . . . 155
The widow of Sarepta . . 155
Congregation rise upon him 156
Jewish policy . . . 156
Galileo and Spinosa . . 157
Christ dragged to the precipice 157
Departure from Nazareth . 158

CHAPTER XVI.

CAPERNAUM.

The lake country . . 159
Presence of the Romans . 159
Freedom to travel . . 160
Capernaum 160
Mixed population of Jews and Greeks 161
A favoured city . . . 161
The White Synagogue . . 162
Question of site . . . 162
Khan Minyeh; Tell Hum . 163
Evidence from Josephus . 163
The three fountains . . 164
Fountain of Capernaum . 164

PAGE

Josephus at Capernaum . 165
Gospel evidence . . . 165
Ruins of Tell Hum . . 166
Situation of Capernaum . 166
The Synagogue . . . 167
Woodcut — RUINS OF THE WHITE SYNAGOGUE AT CAPERNAUM . . . 167
Argument from these ruins . 168
Identity of name . . . 168
Tell Hum the true site . 169

CHAPTER XVII.

BREAD OF LIFE.

Scene in the Synagogue porch 170
Excitement of the Jews . 171
Story of the desert . . 171
The hungry multitude; the barley loaves . . . 172
Feeding the five thousand . 172
Departure from the desert . 173
Christ left behind . . 174
Storm on the lake . . 174
Christ walks on the water . 175
Was he Messiah? . . 175
Sabbath service in the Synagogue 176
Lesson of the day . . 176
Jesus questioned by the people 177
He exhorts them . . . 177
They demand a sign . . 178
He offers them a spiritual gift 178
The Bread of Life . . 179
Congregation murmurs . 179
"I am the Bread of Life" . 180
Agitation among the Jews . 180

PAGE

A hard saying . . . 181
Some of the Twelve doubt him 181
Pharisees seek to kill him . 182

CHAPTER XVIII.

PHARISAIC RITES.

Parties in Capernaum . . 183
Separatist dreams . . 183
Christ almost a Pharisee . 184
His supposed preference for the Jews 184
Jewish ceremonial law . . 185
Purifying hands . . . 185
Orientals at meat . . 186
The common dish . . 186
Necessity for clean hands . 187
A custom becomes a rite . 187
The law of purification . 188
The hands; the water; the vessel 188
What is water? . . . 189
Mode of sprinkling . . 189
Law of vitiation . . . 190
When to wash hands . . 190
Penalties of neglect . . 191
Story of Eleazar ben Chatzar 191
Christ opposes these rites . 192
True law of defilement . 192
The Pharisee's dinner . . . 193

CHAPTER XIX.

LIGHT OF THE GENTILES.

Call of the Gentiles . . 194
The disciples . . . 194

PAGE

Jewish patriotism offended . 195
Opinion of the Galileans . 196
Three great journeys on foot 196
The Plain of Tyre . . 197
First Gentile convert . . 197
Region of the Ten Cities . 198
A Greek league . . . 198
Feeding the Gentile multitude 199
Visit to Magdala . . . 199
Unleavened bread . . 199
Bethsaida-Julias . . . 200
Cæsarea-Philippi . . . 200
Peter declares him Messiah . 201
But an earthly Messiah . 201
Christ rebukes him . . 202
The Transfiguration . . 202

CHAPTER XX.

BETHANY.

Return to Capernaum . . 203
Caravan going to Jerusalem . 203
Jesus journeys alone . . 204
Enters Jerusalem . . 204
Retires to Bethany . . 205
House of the Poor . . 205
Picture of Bethany . . 205
An ancient watch-tower . 206
Lazarus 206
The home of Martha and Mary 207
Permanence of things in Palestine 207
Agriculture and building . 208
A Syrian house . . . 208
General form of house . . 209
Woodcut—SYRIAN HOUSES . 209

PAGE

The upper chamber . . 209
Roof and parapet . . . 210
Lewan 210
Family apartments . . 211
Domestic habits . . . 211
Summer lodgings; winter retreat 212
Furniture 212
Occupation; gossip; society 213
Christ at Bethany . . 213

NOTE TO CHAPTER XX.

ON THE NAME BETHANY.

Bethany assumed to mean House of Dates. . . 214
Reason for questioning this derivation . . . 214
Authority of Lightfoot . 215
A jesting etymologist . . 215
The jest taken in earnest . 215
An alternative . . . 215
Determination of the site . 216
Rarity of the word . . 216
The Hebrew root . . . 217
Reference to Mr. Deutsch . 217
Mr. Deutsch's reply . . 218
True derivation . . . 219

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SANHEDRIN.

Agitation in the Temple court 220
Policy of the Sadducees . 220
Policy of the Pharisees . . 221
Christ's relation to the Pharisees 221

PAGE

The Sanhedrin . . . 222
How composed . . . 222
Jurisdiction; mode of election 223
Power of the Great Council 223
Reduced by Herod and Pilate 224
Lishcath ha-Gazith . . 225
High Priest presides . . 225
Vice-President . . . 226
Christ accused before the Council 226
Defended by Nicodemus . 227
Counter-accusation . . 227
Parable of the Good Samaritan 228
Jews rise against Jesus . 228

CHAPTER XXII.

BOTH SIDES OF JORDAN.

Christ at Bethany . . 229
En Shemish . . . 229
The Desert Khan . . 230
Inn of the Good Samaritan . 230
Situation of this Khan . 231
Khan Houdjar . . . 231
Christ at the Jordan . . 232
Judea and Perea . . . 232
Increase of the Galileans . 233
Collision with Pilate . . 233
The new aqueduct . . 234
Popular discontent . . 234
Massacre in the Temple . 235
Christ's saying about it . 235
Anger of Antipas Herod . 236
Feud with Pilate . . . 236
Death of Lazarus . . . 236
Miracle at Bethany . 237

PAGE

Excitement of the High Priest 237
Speech of Caiaphas . . 238
Decree of Sanhedrin . . 238
Jesus quits Judea . . 239
Spies tempt him . . . 239
The Galilee caravan . . 240
Arrival at Jericho . . 240
A city of palaces . . . 241
Zacchæus 242
The Oral Law . . . 242
Arrival at Bethany . . 243

CHAPTER XXIII.

GATHERING FOR THE FEAST.

Dispersion of the caravan . 244
Tents and booths . . . 244
Building a booth . . . 245
Israel encamped round Zion . 246
Sabbath day . . . 246
Simon the leper . . . 247
Leprosy 247
Law against lepers . . 248
Dinner at Bethany . . 248
Mary anoints Christ . . 249
Discontent of Judas . . 249
Palm Sunday . . . 250
Procession to Jerusalem . 250
Jesus weeps over the city . 251
Questioned by the elders . 251
The woman taken in adultery 252
Tribute money . . . 253
The temple money . . 254
Christ on the two forms of tribute 255

PAGE
Doctrine of the resurrection 256
The great commandment . 257
Christ's solution . . . 258

CHAPTER XXIV.

OLIVET.

Herod's temple . . . 259
Walk to Olivet . . . 260
Evening view of the city . 260
Slope of Olivet; the Cedron valley 261
The temple wall . . . 261
The temple; Antonia; Bezetha 262
Cheesemonger's valley . . 262
Hill of Zion . . . 263
Prophecy of its destruction . 263
The Last Supper . . . 264
Midnight meeting of the Sanhedrin . . . 264
Christ before Annas . . 265
Palace of Caiaphas . . 265
Carried before Pilate . . 266
Answer to Pilate's question . 266
Sent to Bezetha . . . 267
Jesus refuses to answer Antipas 267
Pilate's proposal; rejected . 268
Pilate hesitates . . . 268
The cry of treason . . 269
Pilate yields . . . 269
Crucifixion 270
Close of the human history . 270

CHAPTER XXV.

AFTER EVENTS.

PAGE
The forty years . . . 271
Gamaliel succeeds Simeon . 271
Gamaliel defends Peter and John 272
Recall of Pilate . . . 272
Causes of his fall . . . 273
Vitellius in Jerusalem . . 273
Aretas defeats Antipas . . 274
Antipas deposed and exiled . 274
Agrippa king of Judea . . 275
Changes of high priests . 275
Theudas, a false Christ. . 276
Tiberius Alexander . . 276
Death of Simon the Galilean 277
A Temple riot . . . 277
Galileans and Samaritans . 278
Menahem leads the Galileans 278
Civil excesses . . . 279
A high priest murdered . 279
The Swordsmen . . . 280
The Egyptian prophet . . 280
Noble Festus . . . 281
High priests elevated and deposed 281
War in the Temple courts . 282
The rival high priests . . 282
Swordsmen and Saducees . 283
Seizure of Eleazar . . 283
Success of the Aristocrats . 284

CHAPTER XXVI.

REVOLT AND CIVIL WAR.

Gessius Florus . . . 285
Nero's offering rejected . . 285

PAGE

Revolt of the Jews . . 286
A general rising . . . 286
Antonia stormed . . . 287
Menahem assumes the Messiahship 287
Joshua, son of Sapphias . 288
Menahem arrives in Jerusalem 288
Murder of Ananias . . 288
Murder of Menahem . . 289
Romans surrender Zion . 289
Massacres throughout Palestine 290
Legions advance on Jerusalem 290
Fail and retreat . . . 291
Parties in Zion . . . 291
Events in Galilee . . 292
Destruction of the Golden house 292
Joshua rewarded . . . 293
Christians quit Jerusalem . 293
Battle in the streets . . 294
Arrival of Idumæans . . 295
Murder of Annas . . 296
Titus captures Jerusalem . 296

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Progress of the church . . 297
A day in the Rotunda . . 298
The Turkish guard . . 298
Our sacred Shrines . . 299
Latins and Greeks . . 300
Sectarian rites . . . 301
Coptic service . . . 301

PAGE

A religious riot . . . 302
A contrast; the Moslem ritual 302
Saxon and Turk . . 303
Pale Mohammedans of the West 303
Arab opinions of English Christianity . . . 304
Toleration is power . . 305
A real Christian church . 305
Want of Christian brotherhood 306
Dome of the Rotunda . . 306
Danger of it falling . . 307
Sectarian monks and statesmen 307
The more liberal Turk . . 307

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JEWS.

The modern Jews . . 308
Rachel's tomb . . . 308
Yearly day of wailing . . 309
Commercial Jews and restoration Jews . . . 309
Jews in Europe . . . 310
Policy in the Middle Ages . 310
Roman opinions of the Jews 311
Hebrew pride of race . . 311
Reaction of policy . . 312
Jewish rights and wrongs . 312
Restoration societies . . 313
True policy of restoration . 313
Apologue of the return to Judah 314

PAGE

An amazing calculation . 314
The Sephardim consulted . 315
Conditions to be considered . 315
The land 316
A firman obtained in Stamboul 316
Experiment and failure . 317
The Ashkenazim . . . 317
The real question; the true reply 318
Profit of the Greek monks . 319

CHAPTER XXIX.

SYRIAN CONVENTS.

Christian convents . . 320
Mohammedan toleration . 320
The Greeks in Palestine . 321
Rise of Latin convents . . 321
Latin convents, inns, and prisons 322
Conducted at a loss . . 322
Great variety of convents in Syria 323
Description of a Frank convent 323
Ignorance of Latin monks . 324
Bad characters . . . 324
Life in a Palestine monastery 325
Carnal comforts . . . 325
Discredit of the Latin Church 326
Contrast with the Greek convents 326
Influence of Mar Saba . 327
Safety of the convents . . 327

PAGE

The Greek policy . . 328
Its success 328
Future of the Greek Church in Syria 329

CHAPTER XXX.

LYDDA.

Descent to Sharon . . 330
A strange horseman . . 330
Early breakfast . . . 331
A self-invited guest . . 331
Story of the Muscovite pilgrim 332
Childlike faith . . . 332
A City of many names . . 333
Beauty of Lydda . . . 333
A varied history . . . 334
Treaty of Richard and Saladin 334
St. George 334
Church of that name . . 335
The patron saint of England 335
The false St. George . . 336
The true St. George . . 336
Ruins of the English Church 337
Woodcut — ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH AT LYDDA . . 337
Mohammedan legends . . 338
Prophecy of the Cafir . . 338
Descent of Christ . . 338
Battle of Lydda . . . 339
Frank and Arab . . . 339
The children of Jehovah . 340
Final reconciliation . . 341

ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME II.

Jerusalem . .	Photographed by GRAHAM ;	engraved by	SADDLER.
Plan of Jerusalem, drawn by AUTHOR		„	MALDEN.
Sea of Galilee „ . „		„	„
Ruins of a Synagogue „		„	„
Ruins of Capernaum Synagogue	Photo. by GRAHAM	„	„
Syrian houses, drawn by WARD, R.A.		„	„
Sacred Shekel .	Coin in British Museum	„	„
Roman denarius „		„	„
English church at Lydda .	Photo. by GRAHAM	„	„

THE HOLY LAND.

CHAPTER I.

JERUSALEM UNDER THE PASHA.

On the whip hand as you ride from the rocky plateau lying west of Jerusalem into the Bethlehem gate, the way of all those who come up from Egypt and from the sea, stands the strong Tower of David; a pile of rocks, bevelled and shaped by the art of man into a solidity resembling that of nature. Fronting this tower is the tall house or palace of the English bishop; and between these edifices of the old and the new ages, a lane and open court, unpaved, unkempt, uneven, a place encumbered with the litter of men and beasts, runs along the high ridge of Zion. A camel is lying down under its load, a swarm of dogs fighting for a bone, a knot of peasants waiting to be hired.

Dotted about this open court, in their white sacks, their gabardines, and their gaudy shawls, squat the barbers and cooks, the pipe-cutters, donkey-boys, money-changers, dealers in pottery and in fruit, all busy with their work or chaffering about their wares.

In the Jerusalem of Suraya Pasha, this court in front of the Bethlehem gate—the chief entrance for trade and pilgrimage into the Holy City, just as the Damascus gate is the chief entrance for pomp and honour—is the market, the exchange, the club, the law-court, the playhouse, the parliament of a people who despise a roof, and prefer to eat and drink, to buy and sell, to wash and pray, in the open air. Here everybody may be seen, everything may be bought, excepting those articles of luxury found in the bazaar. Yon negro dozing near his mule is a slave from the Upper Nile, and belongs to an Arab bey who lets him out on hire. These husbandmen are waiting for a job; their wage is a penny a day. Last week they were shaking olives for the Armenians; next week they will be carrying water for the Copts; but their chief employers are the Greek monks, who own nearly all the best vineyards and olive-grounds lying within a dozen miles of this Bethlehem gate. They are a hardy

and patient race; Moslem in creed, Canaanite in blood. The man clothed in white linen, with an inkhorn in his belt, is a public scribe; a functionary to have been seen in this gateway any time since the days of Ezra, perhaps since the days of David, who likened his tongue to the pen of a ready writer. These jars and vases, these urns and mugs, are made of native clay, spun in the Potter's field, and also in the dark vaults adjoining the Damascus gate. In colour, in pattern, this domestic earthenware is probably as old as the age of Ruth. These rude clay cups, pinched in at the side, are still called Virgins' lamps; they are similar to those trimmed by the Seven; and they are still fed with sweet olive oil and carried by the Arab and Jewish girls.

All centuries, all nations, seem to hustle each other in this open court under David's tower. In pushing through the crowd of men, you may chance to run against a turbaned Turk, a belted Salhaan, a gaudy Cavash, a naked Nubian, a shaven Carmelite, a bearded papa, a robed Armenian, an English sailor, a Circassian chief, a Bashi Bazouk, and a converted Jew. In crossing from the gateway to the convent, you may stumble on a dancing dervish; you may catch the glance of a veiled beauty; you may break a procession of

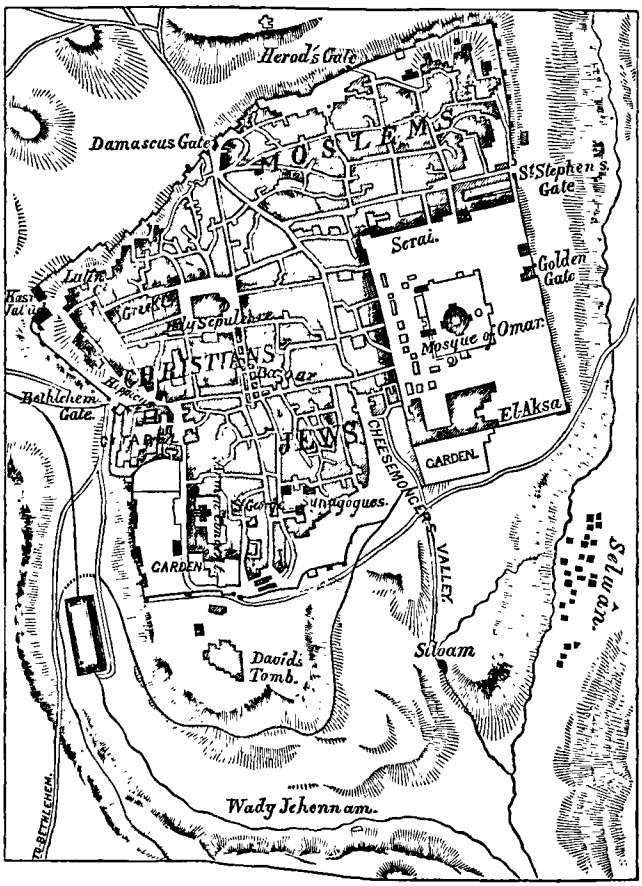
Arab school-girls, headed by a British female; you may touch the finger of a leper held out to you for alms.

Your feet are now on the high place of Zion, in the court of David, in the forum of Pilate. On your right hand and on your left, glaring grey and hot in the October sun, rise the strong forts built by Herod, the barrack of Saladin, the palace of a Latin priest, a Jew money-changer's shop, a London missionary church. The phantoms of all time seem to hover round you. Beyond the barrack of Saladin, on the line of wall going south, springs the round Asiatic minaret of a mosque; under the shadow of adjoining towers lie the green wastes of the Armenian garden; while behind the English palace hides the deep pool of Hezekiah, from the waters of which project some richly wrought columns of an age unknown. Into this great pool peer down the windows of a Coptic convent and a German inn. East and south of this pool stand Calvary, Golgotha, the dome of the Sepulchre. Looking down the slope of Zion from the battlements of David's tower, the eye falls on and over the Armenian convent; the hospice of St. John, once the proud home of Knights Templars, now a shapeless ruin; the Moslem bazaar; the Jewish

wailing place; the Temple platform, with its green cypresses and prickly pears, its marble screens, its mosque of El Aksa, and its beautiful dome of the Rock; a scene framed by the mountain chain of Scopas and Olivet, through a depression in which chain you catch a glimpse of the Dead Sea.

This Zion ridge was always the commanding point in Jerusalem. The Macedonians built a castle, the Baris, near the Temple gate, which Herod afterwards enlarged into the fortress Antonia; but this defence was erected for the purposes of a city police; and the true strongholds of Jerusalem were always erected, from the times of David to those of Saladin, on the west and north; that is to say, around this present open court by the Bethlehem gate. It is not the highest spot within the city walls; for an ancient tower within the Saracenic lines controls it; but these new Arab lines stretch far beyond the more antique walls, inclosing part of that high ground from which the city was assailed by Titus and Nebuchadnezzar, still known as the Assyrian Camp. Zion was the city of Jebus; afterwards the seat of David and of David's sons. Here Herod completed his three great towers of Hippicus, Phasaelus, and Mariamne; and here lay the head-quarters of the Roman force.

From these battlements Jerusalem unrolls itself before you like a map. The platform at your feet



JERUSALEM.

is Zion and the prolongation of it to your left is Gareb; that trench, running visibly through the city from north to south, is the Cheesemonger's valley; yon second platform, rising beyond the great trench, and parted into two halves by the Haram wall, gives you Bezetha and the Temple hill.

In its social and civil aspects, the Holy City is now Moslem and Arabic; but the Christians and Jews are strong enough to lend it features; and with the fierce repulsion of class from class, of race from race, which exists in every part of Palestine, it has come to pass that though the Arab people may be found dwelling in every quarter, the foreign nations are each confined to one.

The Christians live for the most part on this crest of Zion, in a quarter extending from the Tomb of David, near the English cemetery, along the high ground to the Holy Sepulchre. In this quarter stand the Greek convents of St. John, St. Demetrius, St. Bazil, St. Theodore, St. George, St. Constantine, St. Nicholas; the Armenian convent of St. James, with their church of St. Saviour, their great hospice, and seminary; the Latin convent of St. Saviour, with the school and hospital of St. Louis; the Coptic hospice and convent; the

English church; the palaces of the Latin, Greek, and Armenian patriarchs; the houses of the Russian and Anglican bishops; Hauser's Inn; the English carpenters' shops, for the use of converts; and the Protestant schools. Of course, it is the finest quarter for shops and trade. Here, the streets are a shade less gloomy than elsewhere, and some of them are wide enough for a camel and a man to pass.

On the same ridge of Zion, but lower down the slope, where it falls away into the Cheesemonger's valley, lies the Jewish quarter, which a man may smell afar off; a quarter goodly in itself, once covered with the palaces of priests and kings, but now the danger and opprobium of the Holy Land. There lie, in the midst of alleys and courts unspeakably offensive to eye and nostril, the synagogues of the Ashkenazim and Sephardim; the Polish synagogue, a new and tawdry work, with a cupola built in the Saracenic style; the ancient synagogue, a vault half-buried in the soil; a Jewish hospice for pilgrims; and a Jewish infirmary for the sick, of whom there is abundant supply. Around these edifices reek and starve about four thousand Israelites, many of them living in a state of filth as unlike the condition of their clean,

bright ancestors as the life of an English gentleman under Victoria is unlike that of a British serf under Boadicea.

Beyond the great natural trench called the Cheesemonger's valley rise Bezetha and the Temple mount, the two Moslem quarters; one secular, one holy. Bezetha wears a more eastern and secluded aspect than her neighbour Zion; the walls being loftier, the gardens greener, the streets wider, and the houses better. A few Franks of the higher grade dwell here among the Turks. West of Damascus street live the Turkish pasha and the English and Austrian consuls; there will be found the school of Saladin, the Austrian hospice, the House of Dervishes, the Military hospital; in a few words, the best public buildings and the more aristocratic retreats. The Temple mount, divided from the secular city by lofty walls, makes a quarter of itself; a quarter of mosques, terraces, colonnades and gardens; having its peculiar physiognomies, and being governed by laws and usages of its own.

Beyond this second ridge, and beyond the Haram wall, flows the Wady Cedron, the mysterious valley of Jehoshaphat; a glacial hollow, dark and steep; dry in the spring and summer,

a mountain torrent in the fall; which torrent, joining the waters coming down the Wady Hinnom and the Cheesemonger's valley near Enrogel, rolls thence through the great wilderness of Judah, past the convent of Mar Saba, to the shores of the Dead Sea. A sprinkle of fig trees and olive trees dots the slopes of this gloomy ravine of Jehoshaphat; trees bare and twisted with old age; in keeping with its ghostly reputation as the antique Valley of the Shadow of Death. Along the white stony sides of Cedron, lie the ashes of a hundred generations, Jebusite, Hebrew, Syrian, Macedonian, Egyptian, Roman, Persian, Saracen, Frank, and Turk; some of whose tombs, as those which are called by the names of Absalom, St. James, Jehoshaphat, and Zechariah, rank among the oldest structures in the land; being true rock temples, carved like those of Petra, with infinite art and labour, into shapes not less enduring than the earth on which they stand. Around these saints and princes lie the unnamed hosts; each man with his white heap or slab above his head, so that the whole face of Olivet is scarred with a countless multitude of ghostly memorial stones.

No rich local colouring brightens the outward aspect of the Holy City. A ruddy grey stone is

the material basis of wall and roof; for the upper rooms being vaulted, and the covering flat, the house-tops are composed of the same materials as the upright shell. A gilt cross gleams from a church; a silver crescent sparkles on a mosque; a belt of white colonnades adorns the Temple hill; a parapet of red tiles surrounds some of the high roofs; here a patch of mosaic quickens into beauty a modest dome; and there a palm-tree waves its elegant fans against the azure sky. But these specks of colour on the prevailing ground only serve to set the landscape in a lower key. A sky of variable tone, Sicilian in its usual depth of blue, yet English in its occasional wealth of mist and cloud, hangs over this mass of limestone roof and wall.

If the colours of Jerusalem are cold and scant, the architectural forms excel in richness and in interest. Cairo and Rome appear to have met. Gates and bastions which would be the pride and glory of any other place—of such a Saracenic city as Seville, of such a Saracenic palace as the Alhambra — only frame and protect the more precious art which they here enclose. In the Church of the Sepulchre, in the Mosque of Omar, you see the two grand cupolas of West and East;

the type of the Pantheon and that of the Memlook kings. This Latin dome of the Sepulchre, like the Roman arch, its parent, is low and round, the upper part of a globe, the cup of an Italian orange; that Semitic dome of the Rock, like the Saracenic arch, its parent, is high and pointed, the long end of a cone, the section of a Nilotic melon, of a Syrian grape.

Taking it in mass and detail, yon group on the Temple hill—the Mosques of Omar and El Aksa, the domes, the terraces, the colonnades, the kiosks, and fountains—is perhaps the very noblest specimen of building art in Asia. The Saracenic cupola of the Mosque of Omar may be said to defy comparison, even with the proud domes of St. Sophia, St. Peter, and St. Paul. The marble octagon from which that cupola leaps into the air, with the arabesque frieze and circle of pointed windows, may search through Europe for its equal in either grace or strength. In like manner, the whole city of Jerusalem, though it cannot be called beautiful, like Florence, Genoa, Bordeaux and Edinburgh, is full of hint and contrast—sparkling with epigrams in stone. Twenty light minarets lift you in imagination to the Nile. The rotunda carries you to Constanti-

nople and to Rome; the immediate model of the church of the Holy Sepulchre being St. Sophia, as the model of that basilica was the Pantheon. Who shall appraise the corridors of El Aksa, the tower of the Serai, the span of the Golden Gate? A convent here, a synagogue there, add elements to the picture, anomalies to the scene. A thousand low, round cupolas, borrowed from Byzantine art, break the level sky lines into beauty, and in some degree atone for the lack of a second material and for the absence of a brighter tint.

CHAPTER II.

STREETS OF JERUSALEM.

As the sun goes down over Sôba, four of the five gates now used by the people of Jerusalem are closed and barred. These are, the Damascus gate on the north, near Jeremiah's cave and the Potter's vaults; St. Stephen's gate, more commonly called Our Lady Marian's, leading out towards Bethany and Olivet on the east; Dung gate, near the Jew's quarter, in the flow of the Cheesemonger's valley; Zion gate, lying between the lepers' sheds and the tomb of David. But the Bethlehem gate, the inlet of trade and travel from Egypt and from the sea, stands open for half an hour after gun-fire; when the oaken valves swing inward, a sentinel turns the key, and no man has the right to pass that portal until another morning shall have dawned. A special pass from Suraya is the only lawful means of ingress during the hours of night;

so that in all common cases, a stranger who arrives too late, a citizen who has loitered in the fields too long, must wind himself in his cloak, select a smooth stone for a pillow, and take his rest under the stars of heaven. A warm climate, a wandering life, an indifference to dirt and dew, enable the natives to bow to such necessities with a patient shrug. A Frank is less easy; and after riding up from Jaffa in a long day, an Englishman will often spend his night before the closed gate, stamping and yelling for the imperturbable Turkish guard.

Piastres, pushed through the grill, are said to have a miraculous power of slipping back bolts and bars; but the experiment has been known to fail. In the mystic creeds of the East, even metals lose their virtue on particular days.

The streets of the Holy City should be trod by day; not only because noon is everywhere warmer in colour than evening, but because Jerusalem is a Moslem and Oriental town, in which the business of life suspends itself from sunset to sunrise.

No gas, no oil, no torch, no wax lights up the streets and archways of Jerusalem by night. Half an hour after gun-fire, the bazaar is cleared, the shops and baths are closed, the camels stalled, the narrow ways deserted. An Arab has no particular

love for lamps and lights. A flicker satisfies him in his room, and he never thinks of casting a ray from his candle into the public street. Darkness comes down like a pall, and by the time that Paris would become brilliant with lamps and gas, Jerusalem is like a City of the Dead. For a little while about the edge of dark, a white figure may be seen stealing from house to house; at a later hour you may catch the beam of a lantern carried by a slave; a Frank has been out to see his friend; a cavash is going to the consul's house; a bey is visiting his posts. These men have lanterns borne before them; for in Jerusalem, as in Cairo and Stamboul, a man going home without a light may be arrested as a thief.

What should tempt the inhabitants into their sombre streets? In a Moslem town, there are no plays, no concerts, no casinos, none of the impure public revelries which help to seduce the young in London, Paris, and New York. Bad men, and worse women, may exist in Zion, as in any other populous place; but here they have to hide their shameful trades, having no balls, no theatres, no taverns, in which they can meet and decoy the unwary youth. Gaieties of any kind are rare. The nuptial processions which enliven the

night in Cairo with lamps and drums have no existence in the Holy Land, where the bridegroom fetches home his bride by day. No one gives dinners, scarcely any one plays whist. A Moslem loves his home, his hareem, and his offspring, but his house is seldom the place in which he chooses to see his friends. A Frank may invite his neighbours to come and sip acids and repeat to each other that there is still no news; a mollah may call some sheikhs to his roof, where they will squat on clean carpets and recite their evening prayers. Refreshed with lemon-juice, inspired by devotion, these sober revellers, each with his servant and his lantern, seek their homes and beds about the hour at which men in London are sitting down to dine.

But neither feasts nor songs, if there were any such things to be enjoyed in Jerusalem, would tempt from his rooms, at night, a man in whose excited imagination the streets are less safe than the heights of Mizpeh and Olivet, the glens of Tophet and Gehenna, nay the howling wilderness itself. Not to dwell on the Bedaween thief, though he is deft and quick, nor on the Bashi Bazouk, though he is proud and hot, a man living in Jerusalem has a right to fear that in passing

through the streets at night he may be touched by a leper, he may be kicked by a camel, he may be bitten by a cur, he may fall into a pit. The alleys of Zion, and above all others the alleys of the Jewish quarter, reek with decaying fruit, dead animals, and human filth, offensive alike to eye and nostril, in the midst of which fertilizing garbage innumerable armies of rats and lizards race and fight. The hungry dogs, too, prowl by night, savage as wolves and not less brave. A Syrian, tender of heart towards animals of every kind, is particularly zealous in protecting rats and snakes, the friends of his house, and hounds and curs, the scavengers of his court; so that no one dares or desires to purify the Holy City from these dangerous vermin. But worse than the dread of these plagues of Jerusalem by night, is that of the wandering fakeers who devote their lives to Allah and hang about the holy places, ready to chastise such giaours as in their untaught opinions profane the mosques. The sultan crushes these wretches with unpitying arm; for he has sense enough to see that they act no less against policy than against law; yet they spring up afresh; coming in from the ends of the earth, from the Soudan, from Borneo, from the Punjaub; new converts to the faith, inspired with the martyr's

zeal. You cannot guard against these fakeers, except by day, for you never know of the offence, and you cannot tell where they may lie in wait to avenge their imaginary wrongs. A fakeer may have watched you go into the Haram es Shereef—the Temple court—marvelling in his heart why the soldier walking at your side, did not chop you down. He may have noticed you uncover your head in the Mosque of Omar; a deadly insult in his eyes; for which he has sworn to take your life. Who can tell the ways of this untaught child? Even now he may be waiting for you in the dark, in the shadow of yon wall, to thrust his poniard into your side.

A wise pilgrim in Jerusalem will keep his convent after gun-fire; enjoying a chat on the roof, a pipe in the garden, a book in his cell.

Streets in the European sense of words have no existence in Jerusalem. No Oriental city has them, even in name. An Arab who has a thousand words to express a camel, a sword, a mare, has scarcely one word which suggests a street. A Hebrew had the same poverty of speech; for such a thoroughfare as the Broadway, the Corso, or the Strand, is quite unknown to the East. Solomon never saw a Boulevard. Saladin never dreamt of a Pall Mall.

An Arab city must have sooks in which people trade, quarters in which people live; for such a city, even when it has grown into the greatness of a capital like Cairo or Stamboul, is still but an intricate camp in wood and stone. It must have quarters; but it need not have the series of open ways, cutting and crossing each other, which we call streets. Its houses are built in groups; a family, a tribe, a profession occupying each group of houses. A group is a quarter of itself, having its own sheikh, its own police, its own public law, and being separated from the contiguous quarters by gates which a stranger has no right to pass. Free communication from one to another is not desired; and such alleys as connect one quarter with another, being considered no man's land, are rarely honoured with a public name. Only two streets are mentioned in the Bible: Baker's Street in Jerusalem, Straight Street in Damascus; and these two examples are not even the exceptions to a common rule; the first being evidently Baker's Place (the sook or market of that trade), while the second was probably a Roman work. No true Oriental city has streets with native names. The great thoroughfare of Cairo is known, in one part as Jeweller's Place, in another as Crockery Place.

It is the same in Aleppo and Bagdad. Ten years ago Stamboul enjoyed the same poverty and simplicity, and it was not until the Western armies occupied Pera and Scutari that the natives began to appreciate the value of this Frankish art. The pious names, by help of which Christians find their way about Jerusalem, such as David Street and Via Dolorosa, are still unknown to the native race.

Except in the sooks and bazaars, the streets are all unpaved. Here the natural rock peeps out through the filth; there a stone of the grand old Tyrian size has fallen into the way, and nearly blocked it up; but commonly the surface on which you walk is composed of mud and sand. Cairo is not paved, Bagdad is not paved. From the days of Solomon to those of Herod, Jerusalem remained unpaved. Nor did that splendid artist, though he laid the main street of Antioch with marble as a kingly gift to the inhabitants, ever attempt to do the same great service for his Jewish capital. In Agrippa's time the work was still to be done. In an Oriental town, where a broad path does not exist, and open communications are not desired, a smooth floor would be of no particular use. Why make it? In the few nooks and corners of Jerusalem where the lanes are paved, as in the markets

and bazaars, the work appears to have been done ages ago, by some strange hand, and never to have been repaired. The alleys of the bazaars have once been laid with marble, now much worn and broken, in one place bare and bright, in another place buried under a cake of mud. In front of the shops in David Street, the floor is laid with huge round stones, skull-shape, on which neither man nor beast can keep his feet. An open sewer runs down each lane, in which offal and carrion, decaying fruit, dead cats, dead curs, the dung of camels and donkeys, fester and wait for the cleansing rain. More than once, when the city has been choked with filth and threatened with pestilence, the gates are said to have been opened in the night for the hyenas to enter and devour the waste; a means of escape from the abomination which would be used more frequently were the inhabitants not more terrified by the chance of a visit from the Adouan than by fear of the plague.

Dark, arched and picturesque are all these lanes. Tall houses, bald to the front, with basements and vaults of the time of Herod, with lattices and upper stories of the time of Saladin, some of them having bevelled foundation-stones, and jambs and arches of the richest Arabian art, line the streets of Jeru-

salem, and nod to each other like the palazzos of Genoa and Venice. Shops and coffee-houses occupy the first flat, as in the chief street of Cairo; but with greater depth and variety than the Cairene shops. The rows of houses being interrupted at every turn by public buildings, now in ruins—old convents, hospitals, churches, mosques—and rents being high and custom lax, the vaults of these crumbling piles have been seized by Arab and Hebrew traders, partly cleared out, partly propped up, and converted into stables, baths and mills. The fallen hospice of the Knights Templars, on land adjoining the Holy Sepulchre, affords shelter in its vaults and corridors to a great many braziers, barbers, and corn-chandlers; one room in the great ruin being used for a bazaar, another for a tannery, a third for a public bath; the Syrian burrowing in the foundations of the old hospice, just as an Egyptian herdsman cowers into a tomb, and a Roman smith finds lodging in a palace wall.

Enter this coffee-house, where the old sheikh is smoking near the door; call the cafigeh, the waiter, commonly a negro slave; command a cup of black comfort, a narghiley, and a morsel of live charcoal. Then look round the vault. A dozen men, all bearded, all bronzed except yourself, some in rich

robes and shawls, some naked to the waist, some dressed in sacks and sandals only, squat about the chamber, each with his hookah and his cup, dozing by himself, chatting with his neighbour, listening to a story-teller's endless adventures of love and war. A fountain bubbles in the centre. Mules are feeding in the rear. A heap of stones and mortar fills a corner of the room, and through rents in the ceiling you catch a strip, a circle, of the celestial blue. In fact, you are seated in the crypt of a church, of which the roof and nave have long since fallen into ruin; an example which the crypt will some day follow with a crash. Ask the cafigeh why he does not mend those holes in his ceiling; he replies that his house belongs to the Greeks, and that no one objects to a hole in a roof, except when it rains. But why do not the Greeks repair and preserve their property? He cannot say. No one would ask them. God is great and the effendis are wise.

Remains of all ages litter and adorn these alleys; here a broken column, there a Corinthian capital, elsewhere an Egyptian sarcophagus. A porphyry shaft may be built into a garden wall, and a plinth of verd antique may serve as a tailor's board. Many of the common kinds of trades are conducted in the

street, and especially such trades as concern feeding the stranger and the poor.

A public thoroughfare is often the poor Arab's only house, where he must eat and drink, and buy and sell. When he wishes to wash, to rest, and to pray, he repairs to the court of his mosque and at stated times to the mosque itself; for the mosque is the true Moslem's home, which he has a right to enter, and from which no official can drive him away. In the court of his mosque he is sure to find water, in the sacred edifice he is sure to find shade. After finishing his devotions, he may throw himself on the mats and sleep. No verger has the pretension to expel him from the house of God. But the offices for which the solemnity of his mosque would be unsuitable, must be done in the public places; where he may have to load his camel, to feed his ass, and to dine and smoke. Humble cooks and cafigehs wait for him at the street corners. On three or four broken stones, the cook lights a bunch of sticks, throws a few olives and lentils, a piece of fat, a handful of parched corn into a pan; and holding this pan over his embers, stirs and simmers these edibles into a mess, the very smell of which ravishes an Arab's soul. A twist of coarse bread, a mug of fresh

water, and a pipe of Lebanon tobacco, make up the remainder of his meal; after which the tired wayfarer will wrap his mantle about his face, lie down among the stones, and pass the soft summer night in dreaming of that happier heaven of his creed in which the heat is never fire and the cold never frost, in which the wells are always full, the dates always ripe, and the virgins ever young.

CHAPTER III.

JERUSALEM UNDER THE HIGH PRIEST.

In its noble outlines, if not in its more ruinous details, the City of the High Priest must have presented many of the aspects which the City of the Pasha wears to-day. Nature has not changed her forms and colours; her hills have the same verdure, her valleys the same sweep as of old.

A man entering Jerusalem by the North gate, as JESUS sometimes entered it from the Shechem road, would have Mizpeh and Olivet on his left hand, their grey slopes dotted with sycamores and figs, with great clumps of olive trees, and with here and there a herdsman and his flock. He would see a large open suburb advancing from the gates to meet him, and covering with houses and gardens much of that high plateau which was afterwards enclosed by Agrippa's wall. A tower of grand masonry commanded the north road from the

spot now marked by the Damascus gate; and from this tower the deep natural trench called the Cheesemonger's valley, flowing down through the city into the glens and gardens of Siloam, parted the headland of rock on which Jerusalem stood into two main crests; on the right Gareb-Zion, on the left Bezetha-Akra; the second crest ending in the platform of Moriah and in the dropping ridge of Ophel. From the Cheesemonger's valley, the ascent to these crests was steep; but lanes and covered ways ran up the slopes, the houses huddling close upon each other, while the more spacious palaces and synagogues crowned the tops.

Near the northern entrance into this open suburb, on each side of the great tower, the ground was high and almost level; a plateau, wedding the two spurs of Akra and Zion to the mountainous tableland of Judah and Benjamin, and just roughened into picture by mounds and clefts through which the live rock showed its face, and by abundance of almond trees, terebinths, and figs. On all the other sides, west, south, and east, the three dark ravines, called Gihon, Hinnom, and Jehoshaphat, swept round the feet of these parting crests, defending the quarters built on Akra and Zion by mighty natural ditches from any assault that could be

delivered by an enemy occupying the neighbouring heights.

Strong walls, with embattled gates and towers, hung over these ravines; two solid and lofty walls, enclosing the old city and the new, which had borne the brunt of every onset of the Assyrian and the Greek. The first of these walls, embracing the city in which David reigned, started from the Lishcath ha-Gazith, the Great Hall of the Sanhedrin on Moriah, crossed the Cheesemonger's valley from east to west, clomb the slope of Zion up to David's tower, and sweeping thence by way of the Essene gate, along the ridge overhanging Gihon, as far south as the fountain of Siloam, curled sharp round Ophel, the priestly quarter, and struck the eastern angle of the Temple mount. The space enclosed within this circuit of the first wall was the old city of Zion. In time, when the people multiplied, and the lower ground to the north, comprising the bed and slopes of the Cheesemonger's valley, became covered with houses, palaces, and mills, a second wall had been thrown round these suburbs; starting from David's tower, and curving like a bow, to the Garden gate and the North gate, leaping the Cheesemonger's valley, at a higher point, and thence going south to join

Antonia, a castle built by Herod, on the site of a Macedonian fort, as an outwork and defence of the Temple court. Within this second circuit lay the lower city, of which Antonia was the citadel, as David's tower was that of Zion. In height, in substance, and in aspect, the outer walls were much what they are now; the main differences being, as the foundations declare, that the stones were then more massive, the chambers more frequent, and the gates of a severer style.

In all the finer trifles of man's art, the city of Annas had many and signal points of variation from the modern town. The Giant's Castle did not then exist; the third city of Bezetha-Gareb not needing a citadel for its defence, since it had not yet been taken within the military lines. A man coming into Jerusalem from Shechem would first arrive at this new city—an open suburb, already invading Gareb and covering Bezetha, as well as filling up all that part of the Cheesemonger's valley which had been left beyond the second wall. Bezetha had the appearance of a goodly town. Gareb was only as yet very sparsely occupied by houses; the ground on this side of the north road being rough, a place of gardens and graves, and for that reason shunned by all builders except

lepers, beggars, and the poorest class of Jews. The gate opening from the city into this quarter was called Genath, the garden gate. Almond trees grew in such profusion that the Pool of Hezekiah, lying close by, had come to be known as the Almond Pool. On Gareb, outside the Garden gate, a monument had been erected to the high priest John. A few paces from this structure, Joseph of Arimathea, a noble Jew, a member of the Sanhedrin, had bought a bit of garden, with a wall of uncovered rock, in which he had hewn for himself a sepulchral vault. Outside Joseph's garden stood a mound called Golgotha, Skull Place, the Tyburn of Jerusalem; on which thieves, assassins, pirates, heretics, traitors, teachers of falsehood, men the most odious in Jewish eyes, were put to a shameful and cruel death, being nailed by the hands and feet to a wooden cross, and left in the burning sun to die.

These rocks and caves, these groups of almond trees and figs, covered much of Gareb, and only ended where the suburb ended, under the city wall. But near the Garden gate they ceased. No green space, no square, no planted yard, no line of verdure, brightened and refreshed the actual streets. As rule and custom forbade the introduction of

manure into the Holy City, nature herself appeared to be almost banished from Jerusalem. There was only one exception to this rigid prohibition of trees and flowers. A part of the Temple area, not being inhabited, was planted with the national tree —the emblem of Judah—the sacred palm. But no fig-tree waved its boughs above the house-top, no vine threw its tendrils round the lattice. A Jewish garden was not made near the house, but was built and laid out beyond the walls, among the cemeteries in the Wady Cedron, on the plateau of Gareb, by the Pool of Gihon. The rose-garden mentioned in the Mishna, in which figs might be sold untithed, was probably a sook or market in Jerusalem like Covent Garden in London. The royal gardens lay at the foot of Ophel, among the sweet waters of Enrogel and Siloam, where Solomon had first planted them for the solace of his Egyptian queen. In the later ages of Herod and Pilate, the courts of the palace were planted with shrubs; but these gardens were made for the delight of strangers, not for that of the citizens; and their presence under the palace wall must have made it difficult for a Separatist Jew to enter into the gates of Pilate's house.

The common gardens of the people were small, and fenced like the garden of Gethsemane of the

present day; and were known by the name of some plant which they contained, such as the garden of nuts, the garden of cucumbers, the garden of olives. They were kept for use, even more than for pleasure and beauty; growing herbs for the kitchen, fruit for the table; having a kiosk or chapel for purposes of devotion; and not unfrequently a sepulchre in which many generations of the family had been laid. Every Jew of rank and station in Jerusalem desired to possess a garden and a grave under the city walls; the new comer equally with the old dweller; and a stranger from Sharon or Galilee, when building himself a house in Zion or in Akra, would consider it a duty to hew himself a tomb in Gareb or Jehoshaphat. Joseph, though a stranger in Jerusalem, had pierced a cavity in that rock near Genath and the almond pool—a grave in which never man had yet been laid.

Passing from the open suburb through the North gate into the pent city, you entered a network of narrow, winding and unpaved streets. The houses were high, the lanes dark and arched. None of the beautiful domes and cupolas which adorn the modern city existed in the time of Annas. Jerusalem owes that beautiful feature, first to the Byzan-

tines, next to the Saracens. A Hebrew roof was flat, having a screen of open tiles going round the ledge, at once to prevent children from falling off and women from being seen. No belfry broke the sky line; no minaret reared its graceful form into the air. The Temple may, indeed, have been a nobler edifice than the Mosque of Omar; a native must assuredly have thought it more imposing and august; though it might not have seemed more brilliant and picturesque to a Roman eye. The style of all Jewish building was tame and flat, and it may perhaps be said with truth that the capital of Judah owed its magnificence of aspect mainly to its rocks, its ravines, and its walls, to the heaving ground on which it stood, to the splendour of Pilate's palace on Mount Zion, and to the gold and marble of the Temple front.

The two groups of regal and sacred edifices on Mount Zion and Mount Moriah, divided by the Cheesemonger's valley, known in this part of the town as the Xystus, were connected by a grand bridge, crossing the trench, and leading by flights of steps into the Temple courts. That bridge was built of enormous stones, and was worthy of the palace and temple to which it led.

Each group of buildings may be pictured to the mind.

David's tower, enlarged and beautified by Herod, capped the high top of Zion, balanced by two towers which the great builder had raised upon its flanks, called Phasaelus and Mariamne, from the names of his favourite brother and his murdered wife. These towers were built solid to a height of forty or fifty feet; on which solid base of artificial rock stood cisterns for water thirty feet deep; over which came guard-rooms, armouries, magazines; and above these chambers stood those breastworks and turrets behind which the slingers and archers fought. From base to parapet these towers of defence were about a hundred and forty feet high; the stones of which they were built being thirty feet long by fifteen feet broad, bevelled and smoothed, and fitting to each other so cleanly that it was said a shekel could nowhere be thrust between the joints. David's tower had a cloister, a bath, and a regal hall; for under every change of dynasty during a thousand years this noble work had always been the centre and home of the ruling power.

Below these three towers, which Herod called Hippicus, Phasaelus, and Mariamne, lay the new

palace, then occupied by Pilate, his wife Claudia, and their household; a series of Greek buildings, having court within court, portico behind portico, columns of serpentine and porphyry, a vast wall of marble, terraced for promenade and bastioned for defence, two halls of reception and of audience, and sleeping-rooms spacious enough to receive and accommodate a hundred guests. Two royal apartments in this palace bore the names Cæsarium and Agrippium, and in every part of the enclosure the taste of Rome and Antioch reigned supreme. The open courts were planted with trees, through the midst of which verdure canals were cut and abundance of water poured. Fountains gushed from the mouths of nymphs and dolphins. Flocks of doves and pigeons fluttered through the air. A garden nestled on the low ground to the south. Before the palace gates stretched an open court, in the middle of which, since Herod's dwelling had become the Roman prætorium, lay the bit of mosaic pavment, marking, in a Roman town, the seat of judgment. The Jews called this ground Gabbatha; on it stood a small raised stone or bench, inlaid with curious marbles; on which stone, when public sentence had to be pronounced on criminals, the palace officers fixed the great chair of state. For

although a criminal cause might be heard, and the sentence determined in the audience chamber within the palace, it was the custom in Jerusalem to announce this decision in the open air, from the judgment seat on the Gabbatha, in presence of the assembled priests and people.

Antipas Herod, having no longer a home in his father's magnificent house on Zion, yet wishing to stand well with the Jews, over whom he still dreamt that he should one day reign, built for himself a new palace in the city; not on the royal hill, not even within the walls; but in the open suburb of Bezetha, where the site of his modest home is still marked by a ruined mosque.

Near the three towers and the king's palace on Mount Zion stood a group of sacred buildings, known as the Seven Synagogues, a mass of edifices loosely resembling the Seven Chambers of Bologna: not far from these synagogues stood the palace of the Maccabees, the palace of the Archives, the palaces of Caiaphas, nominal high priest, and of Annas, real high priest.

All these structures, standing on the height and slope of Zion, looked down on the Xystus, the great bridge, and the opposing ridge of Moriah, crowned by the marble walls and golden turrets of

the Temple, and displaying the broad white screens, the Corinthian gates, the double colonnades, and majestic halls of the Temple courts.

But Moriah demands a yet closer view.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TEMPLE.

AMONG the many warm debates which divide the Churches no doubt has ever been raised as to the site of Mount Moriah, the Temple hill. Bible, Talmud, Koran: Jewish classics, early Fathers, Greek and Latin pilgrims: Pagans, Christians, Moslems: all scholars, all ecclesiastics, all worshippers, all enemies, declare that this grand open space which the Arabs call Haram es Shereef, the sacred inclosure, was the Temple platform. It stood over against Olivet: looking down on one side into the gardens of Ophel, on the other side into the graveyards of Jehoshaphat.

The Haram is about the size of St. James's Park within the rails; much of it garden; a Syrian garden; that is to say, a place in which there are some green clumps, a few flowering plants, a little

wild grass, and a good deal of cypress and prickly pear. Near the centre of this great square stands a marble daïs, having Saracenic screens and colonnades of singular beauty; from which daïs springs the Mosque of Omar, properly called the Dome of the Rock. South of this mosque lie the great fountains and tanks of water, washing of hands and feet being part of both the Moslem and the Jewish religious rite. Round about the mosque stand many kiosks and altars. Yet a little farther south, on a lower level of the platform, rises the mosque el Aksa; beneath and beyond which pile rest the mighty foundations by means of which Solomon and Herod had levelled and enlarged the hill. The upper wall of the Haram is Saracenic art of the best period, having much of the solid picturesqueness seen in the walls of Granada and Seville; but the lower tiers of stone are of older date and more rugged strength. Saladin's sons tried to pull down the pyramids of Gizeh; a task as easy as any attempt to pluck out the stones from this Temple wall.

On this great natural platform, levelled and enlarged by art, the Temple stood; not filling it, even with its outer courts and double colonnades; for the sacred buildings of the Jews were small

when compared against an English abbey or a Roman church.

Every Hebrew pile, a house, a palace, a synagogue, a temple, was modelled on the outlines of a pastoral tent. A Jew was a man without art; one who could live without painting a picture, without modelling a bust, without striking a coin. Between Moses and Annas he had erected only two structures on which an Athenian would have deigned to smile—the two temples of Gerizim and Moriah; and these structures could pretend to no higher excellence than that of being pretty faithful copies in marble of a nomadic tent. A Hebrew of the golden age, whose eyes had not been dazzled by Greek and Babylonish architecture, had needed for his devotions no higher art. Driving their herds before them in search of grass, the tribes had carried the ark of the covenant through the desert in a tabernacle of the same form with their common tents; the only difference being that the work was finer, the materials costlier, the pillars made of brass, the rods of acacia wood, the fillets of silver, the roof of camel's hair drawn and dyed. The shape of their simple tabernacle was an oblong, ten feet wide and twenty feet deep; parted into two rooms of equal size by rich

hangings; one room being the Holy of Holies, in which were placed the ark, the cherubim, and the mercy seat; the other room being the Holy Place, in which were kept the candlestick, the altar of incense, and the table of shew-bread. The two chambers differed in uses, though not in form. Into the Holy of Holies, no man, not even the priest, could enter, except on rare occasions. In that adytum God was supposed to dwell. Into the outer room, the Holy Place, the porch of which stood open to the sun, the priests could always go, but no one save a priest could pass the tabernacle door. The laity stood without. Around this sacred oblong, and of like shape with it, stretched a screen of cloth, fifty yards long by twenty-five yards broad; enclosing a double square; of which the upper end contained the tabernacle, while the lower end formed an open court before the sacred door. In this area, called the Court of the Priests, stood the altar for burnt offerings, also the bronze laver or basin in which the priests washed their hands and feet before entering into the Holy Place.

When Solomon built a stone temple, as a sign that Israel had ceased to be a wandering race, he erected a magnificent tent of marble; larger in dimensions than the tabernacle of Gibeon and of

Zion, and of the finest work that his power and riches could command. A double square, a Holy of Holies, a Holy Place, an outer court, a surrounding screen, were all produced in limestone and cedar; also a second screen to enclose the first with an open space; making a Court of the People around the original and more sacred Court of the Priests.

The second temple copied the first; the third temple copied the second; except that the outer work of Herod was larger in size, nobler in material, higher in art, than the structures which it replaced.

Herod, as you may still see from the glorious vaults and passages, visible beneath the Aksa, employed on his works the masons of Athens and Antioch. Indeed, it may be said of Herod's temple, as of Herod himself, that in outward face and polish it displayed far less of the Hebrew genius than of the Greek; yet the core of his new edifice kept its original shape; and the Temple of Herod, like the Temple of Solomon, was a marble tent.

Deep in the heart of the mass of buildings on Moriah, on the highest level of the rock, the Temple proper, the tent of stone, had been raised by priestly hands. As the tread of any secular foot, whether of Jew or Greek, would have profaned the holy place,

the Ionian builders were thrust aside from this inner range; enough for these heathens to labour on the gates, the colonnades and the open courts. This sacred block was parted like the tabernacle into two grand chambers; the adytum, the Holy of Holies, a square room, in shape a cube; being ten yards in length, in breadth, and in height. This Holy of Holies stood to the west. In front of it, parted from it only by a veil or screen, was the naos, the holy place. As in the old tabernacle, the inner chamber was the dwelling of the Most High; a room now bare and empty, since the ark had been lost in the Babylonish war; yet not to be trodden, not to be seen, except on rarest occasions, by mortal man. In the outer chamber, that lying to the east, stood the candlestick bearing seven lamps, perhaps to typify the seven planets; the table of shew-bread with twelve loaves to represent the months; the altar of incense, having thirteen spices burning night and day, to signify that all the produce of the earth belongs to God. These ornaments were of gold. The veil which divided the Holy of Holies from the Holy Place was a curtain of finest work.

The true front of this edifice, facing towards the sunrise, stood high and square, having in the middle

a great porch or opening like a Roman arch, before which hung a second veil; a magnificent curtain of rich Babylonian art, embroidered with blue and flax, scarlet and purple; colours which were meant to be a reflex and image of the world—the scarlet representing fire, the flax earth, the blue sky, the purple sea. No figures, no sculptures, as in Persian and Egyptian temples, adorned the front. Golden vines and clusters of grapes, the typical plant and fruit of Israel, ran along the wall, and the greater and lesser lights of heaven were wrought into the texture of the veil. The whole façade was covered with plates of gold, which, when the sun shone upon them in the early day, sent back his rays with an added glory, so great that gazers standing on Olivet had to shade their eyes when turning towards the Temple mount.

Twelve steps led down from this platform of the Temple proper, to a second level, occupied by the Court of the Priests. Here stood the great bronze laver, the altar of burnt offerings built of unhewn stones, and a number of marble benches on which were laid the flesh of victims waiting to be burnt. Three flights of stairs led down from this court to a third level, occupied by the Court of the Israelites, sometimes called the Sanctuary. Here

stood the chief edifices connected with the Temple; houses of priests, offices, guard-room, with the Lishcath ha-Gazith, hall of the Sanhedrin. In this Court of the Israelites, facing the porch of the Holy Place, rose a magnificent gate of Corinthian brass, said to have been brought from Alexandria by Nicanor, and sometimes called by his name. It was of Greek design, and some persons believe it to have been that Beautiful Gate by which the lame man sat begging alms when Peter and John went up to pray. Other gates were of wood, but covered with either gold or silver gilding.

A third flight of stairs, fourteen in number, dropped to an outer court; that of the cloisters, commonly called the Gentile Court, because, not being a part of the Temple, it was open to men of all nations, and had become a kind of sacred exchange and market-place. Here the brokers had their hhanoth, shops or stalls, at which the Jew from Galilee or Perea exchanged his drachm and stater for the sacred shekel; the dove-seller kept his cotes for the accommodation of persons too poor to sacrifice a kid or lamb; and the huckster who sold sheep and oxen for burnt offerings had his pens.

An open market, lying close to the altars,

was a convenience to the stranger and to the priest: for as no money could be offered in the Temple except sacred shekels, and as no dove or lamb could be slain unless it were of a certain age and breed, many a man might have left Jerusalem without offering his gift, had he not been able, through this arrangement of the dealers, to buy sacred coins and acceptable sacrifices near the Temple gate.

Such a market has its counterpart in almost every old city of East and West. In Cairo and in Stamboul, the outer court of a mosque is a market, where people may buy and sell, and into which any stranger who likes may come. Though a sacred coin is not now taken at the porch, nor a firstling of the flock burnt on the altar, yet the money-changers keep their stalls, the dealers sell sheep and oxen, and the poulterers have coops of pigeons in these markets of the mosque. So too in England, Italy, and France. It is only a little while ago that the fair was commonly held in the churchyard; and in old cities, like Rouen and Aix-la-Chapelle, the market is still found in the very gateways of the church.

On this Court of the Gentiles, this market frequented by Greeks and Egyptians, Herod had

exhausted the riches of his taste. The Holy of Holies had been left to the priests, who completed their task in about eighteen months; but the surrounding courts had occupied Herod himself for more than eight years; and the porticos, colonnades, and stairs, with many of the halls, offices, and gates had been left unfinished at his death. At first his son, afterwards the priests, carried on his ambitious work, not to enhance God's glory, but to foster human pride. Cloisters ran round the wall on the inner side, sustained on rows of columns exquisitely wrought, the capitals being ornamented with the acanthus and water-leaf, as in the famous Tower of the Winds. West, north, and east, these columns were in three rows, on the south they were in four. The floor made a shaded walk, like the colonnade in Venice, and the roof an open walk, like the gallery of Genoa. The pavement was inlaid with marbles of many colours. Leading into this court from the city and the country were many noble gates; one of those on the eastern side, facing the Mount of Olives, was called Solomon's Porch, and a second near by it was called the Beautiful Gate.

When the whole group of buildings—Temple, courts, halls, cloisters, terraces, and walls, were

seen from a little distance—say, from the shoulder of Olivet, where the road winds round from Bethany—they had the appearance of a rough and sparkling pyramid; the base being the line of foundation wall, the apex being the golden front of the Holy Place.

CHAPTER V.

THE GREAT COLLEGE.

CONNECTED and contrasted with the Temple as the seat of Jewish ritual, stood the Great College, the centre of Jewish thought. The Separatists considered this College as of higher authority than the Temple, and Simeon their Rector as a person of greater dignity than Annas the High Priest. There was a Temple faction and a College faction; the first consisting of the Sadducees, the second of the Pharisees; those treating the College as a thing of yesterday, as in truth it was; these asserting that a Jew might live, as he lived in Egypt and Babylon, without coming to Moriah with doves and rams, but that he could not observe the law without the assistance of learned men.

In the pious old days from Exodus to Exile, the Israelites had passed through a thousand years, a length of national life like that which

parts the age of Victoria from that of Alfred, during which they were free from the necessities and temptations of a critical school. They read the law. They endured no doubts. So long as judges, priests, and kings had spoken the sacred language, they wanted no hermeneutical rules to tell them the plain intention of their sacred text. What sense could Nathan, could Micah, have put upon Hillel's seven canons? What need had Samson, Gideon, Saul, for definitions and refinements? They had the text itself. They read the law as a child would read it, taking it to mean precisely what it said. For those thousand years, the spirit of Israel ran into poetry, wisdom, and prophecy; as when David sang the psalms, when Solomon distilled the proverbs, when Isaiah wrote his odes and idyls. As yet, they had never heard of Mishna and Gemara; but with the return from Babylon came the mighty change. Then the Covenant was lost, the ark of God was lost. New habits had been acquired; and as their fathers yearned for the flesh-pots of Egypt, so the later Jews, brought back from Babylon to Jerusalem, pined after the schools, the arts, which they had left behind.

This new state of mind had compelled their

rulers to adopt new methods, for Ezra in Judah, like Moses in Sinai, saw that he must educate the returning tribes afresh. The upper classes, those who had kept their learning, had been defiled by scepticism; the lower classes, in losing their sacred idiom had lost their religious fervour. To check the first of these evils, a great College had been founded in Jerusalem, for training young men of wealth and leisure in a truer knowledge of holy things. Lesser colleges flowed out of the Great College. With colleges came learning, with learning analysis, with analysis definition, with definition division into schools.

Of the Great College which inspired and guided the course of Jewish thought, the chief luminary had been Hillel, surnamed the Great. Hillel was a Babylonian Jew by birth, though in blood (on his mother's side, at least) he belonged, like Joseph of Bethlehem, to the royal line. Hence he was of kin to Mary and JESUS. Like Joseph, too, he was a craftsman in one of the noble trades. When he left the farther East for Syria, he was already forty years of age; when he came to Jerusalem, and entered himself a student in the classes of Menachem the Essene and Shammai the Pharisee, he had to labour for his college fees and for his

daily bread. He sat under Shemaja and Abtalion (Sammeas and Pollion), called proselytes; that is to say, the children of men who had been converted to Judaism. Each of these eminent scholars had risen by his virtues and learning to the high rank of Rector of the Great College.

In Herod's time, the Jewish schools were no longer free and open to all comers as of old; but were placed under State control, like the French and German universities in our time. A daily fee had to be paid on entrance; not to the teachers, but to the official porters. This fee being high for a man who had to earn his bread by labour, one-half of Hillel's wages went to the door-keepers of his school. When work was scant in his trade, the poor student, having no coin in his pouch, was thrust back by these porters from the college door; but being resolute not to miss one of the lessons, he scaled the window outside, and screwing himself into a corner, listened to the teacher's discourse without paying his official fee. This fervour of application nearly cost him his life. For on one of his poor days, arriving at the class-room with a full head and an empty pocket, and being driven aside by the keepers, he betook himself as usual to the window ledge, where he soon forgot his poverty

and situation in the lessons of the day. It was mid-winter, snow on the ground, frost in the air; and Hillel, numb and asleep, is said to have remained out all night, and to have been covered with snow to the depth of three hands. Early on the morrow, Shemaja and Abtalion entering the school-room, found it darkened by what they imagined to be a cloudy sky, but on the pupils rushing out, they discovered Hillel buried and insensible. In spite of its being a Sabbath day, when their law forbade them to light a fire, they carried him into the class-room, set him before a blazing heap of wood, and chafed his limbs until the blood returned to his lips, the animation to his frame. From that time the college students opened their eyes to his merits and his acquirements, and many of the younger men began to quote his sayings and to follow him as a guide.

Abtalion was then Rector of the Great College, and Judah and Joshua, sons of Bethyra, were the next in order of succession to the rectorial chair. But in a spirit of the noblest sacrifice these learned men gave way before the claims of Hillel, and the poor Babylonian citizen was raised by the general voice to the rectorship of that college, of which he had lately been unable to pay the fees.

Under Hillel, the Great College of Jerusalem made a new start for fame; but the fame which it acquired was of a critical and scholastic even more than of a religious kind. Hillel invented the seven rules. A thousand pupils entered his classes; eighty of whom are said to have become famous as men of letters, doctors, and scribes. One of his pupils, Jonathan ben Uziel, is supposed by some critics to have translated the prophets into Chaldaic, the common language, for the benefit of Jews to whom Hebrew was become an unknown tongue.

In the Great College, Hillel found a rival not unworthy of his powers in Shammai, a Jew of immense learning and fiery zeal, who represented in the lecture-room the Pharisaic spirit in its more intemperate mood. Each master had his party, and the college became divided into the School of Hillel and the School of Shammai; a moderate party and a fanatical party; the pupils of which not only wrangled with each other in the classes and the synagogues, but drew swords upon each other in the streets and in the Temple courts. While Hillel leaned to the critical and religious side of a question, Shammai regarded it mainly from the practical and political side.

Hillel was unworldly; and he counselled his countrymen against taking up arms. Shammai was for the patriotic war, in the spirit of his teaching even more than in his actual phrase. One day, a battle was fought between these factions in the Temple court, which the Roman soldiers could not enter; and many of Hillel's scholars were killed before the high priests could separate the combatants, by declaring that a voice from heaven had been heard to declare that both sides in this wicked fray were in the right. The luxurious Sadducees took Hillel's part against the mob, and though Shammai was able to count more partizans in the city, Hillel got the upper hand in the schools. His influence was used in the cause of peace.

A main effort of Hillel's life was an attempt to reconcile the proud sect of the Sadducees to the common church; but in this main effort he failed. A minor attempt was made on the Essenes, whose pupil he had been, and in this he also failed. Yet his long life of a hundred and twenty years was in a high degree beneficial to his country, and when he died his followers expressed their love for him by electing his son Simeon to fill his place; an event which

happened in the tenth year of our era, when their kinsman JESUS was about fourteen years of age.

JESUS may have seen Hillel; may have talked with him in the Temple, on that memorable visit to Jerusalem, when he surprised the doctors by his marvellous knowledge of the Mosaic Law.

Many of Hillel's sayings have a grace and beauty far beyond the teaching of his school—that of the moderate Pharisees. Three or four of these golden axioms may be quoted:

"Have no confidence in thyself until the day of death. . . . Judge not thy neighbour until thou art in his position. . . . If I care not for my soul, who can care for me? . . . Love peace and pursue it. . . . Whoever exalts his name shall abase it. . . . Whatsoever thou wouldst like another to do to thee, do that to him: this is the whole law."

Simeon succeeded his father in the rectory of the College, and was still alive when JESUS began to preach. His son, Gamaliel, helped him in the duties of his chair; giving promise of a future not less brilliant than the founder of his house. Gamaliel was already the master of a school; the best scholar in Jerusalem; the settled successor to

his father's seats in the Great College and in the Sanhedrin.

Among Gamaliel's pupils in the College there was a young man named Saul—Saul of Tarsus, afterwards St. Paul.

CHAPTER VI.

PURGING THE TEMPLE.

"JESUS went up to Jerusalem, and found in the Temple those that sold sheep and oxen, and doves, and the changers of money." So writes St. John, an eye-witness of the scene which he describes. The feast of the Passover (unleavened bread) had been founded as a sign of the departure out of Egypt. On the night when the angel was to go round and slay the first-born of man and beast, each Hebrew had been told to choose either a lamb from the sheep or a kid from the goats; a male of the first year, pure and without spot; to kill it at sundown, striking the blood with a sprig of hyssop on his lintels; to roast the kid or lamb whole before the fire; when the night came down, to call in his household, both man and woman, each with his loins girt, his feet shod, his

staff in hand, ready to begin the march; and then to snatch up the meal of roast flesh, mixing it with unleavened bread and with bitter herbs. This feast of deliverance was to be kept for ever; and from the times of Moses to those of Christ, the paschal lamb had been eaten in the same fashion. It had, however, become usual to slay the lamb in the Temple court, and to make a present in sacred money to the priest; regulations which filled the Temple with an uproar of unseemly trades, and brought enormous profits to the sacerdotal class.

When JESUS and his five or six followers entered into the Temple court, it would seem that the brokers had encroached upon those sacred precincts in which it was unlawful for them to buy and sell. A wall no higher than a man's breast, in which wall there were many openings, was the only separation between the Gentile court and the Israelite court; that is to say, between the open market for doves and shekels, and the Temple itself. These bounds could be easily broken by unscrupulous men.

From what we find done elsewhere in holy places, it is easy to see how the offence of carrying the traffic in doves, in sheep, and in sacred shekels

from the appointed market into the Temple courts must have come about. A thing for sale runs after the buyer, even into shrines and chapels; say, torches into a Greek church, and beads into the doorway of a mosque. But this habit of buying and selling on consecrated ground is not an evil of any one place or time. You may purchase candles and rosaries in almost every Latin church. In the churches of Asia you find a brisk trade in relics; in those of Italy and Spain there is a sharp demand for crosses and flowers. Yet the best illustration of this encroachment of secular upon sacred things lies nearer home, in no less solemn a place than our own St. Paul's. In the plays and pamphlets of the age of James the First, we see how the traffic crept from the churchyard into the church, until the main aisle became an open market, having goldsmiths' benches and hucksters' stalls, with mercers' bills on the columns, a crowd of people chaffering with cheap-jacks, and a litter of lap-dogs and poultry on the floor for sale. The same class of facts would be found in nearly every city of West and East. Shops still cling to the cathedral doors in Rouen. Booths encrust the venerable pile of Aix-le-Chapelle. The chief sook in Cairo is the Ghooreyeh, held under the windows

of a mosque. In Jerusalem itself the markets are connected with holy sites; for the Moslem bazaar adjoins the Haram, a Frank fair is held under the Holy Sepulchre, and most of the things required by a pilgrim in his devotion—rosaries, torches, candles, beads, and books—may be purchased within the Rotunda gates.

Now, in the ancient Temple, every Jew had a right to enforce the rules of public order and personal decorum, by driving any such dealers from the inner court into the proper market for such things as they had to sell—the Gentile court; and in exercising this right of every citizen a man would be guilty of no offence against either the Temple regulations or the Roman law. These intruders into the sacred precincts must have been Jews, not Romans; for a local rule, admitted by Pilate and promulgated by the high priest, prohibited strangers from entering into any part of the Temple courts. Had the offenders been Gentiles, a Jew could not have raised a whip against them without stirring up a riot, only to be quelled in blood; but being natives of the soil, subject to their own police, they could be expelled from the sacred place without raising any question of municipal right.

JESUS snatched up some cords from the floor, and making a scourge of them, drove the traders from the Temple court, saying, "Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise." But although a man might beat these dealers back again into the market-place without putting himself into Pilate's hands, no one could perform such an act of piety and duty without attracting some notice from the elders, perhaps from the sagan, and the high priest. What kind of man was this, that took upon himself the office of Ezra and Hillel? A prophet, a reformer, a chief priest, might presume, in a flooding of holy wrath, to redeem the Temple of God from this soil of forbidden trade. But who was this unknown purger of the court? A crowd gathered round him; such a crowd as would thicken round any stranger who should even now attempt to drive from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre the dealers in torches, candles, rosaries, and relics; and as JESUS chased the butchers and money-changers from the Temple court, the people following after him, cried out:

"What sign showest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things?"

"Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up."

They rejoined:—"Forty and six years was this Temple in building, and wilt thou rear it in three days?"

Such words as these were dark to the Pharisees; for he spoke to them in parables to the meanings of which they had no clue. A time would come when he might speak to their spirits, no less than to their ears; and then they would carry him out to Golgotha and crucify him for the truth. But before that day could dawn, a work had to be done on earth, affecting its history to the end of time. The Church of God had to be founded in the human heart, and until this work should be achieved, JESUS was content to watch and pray, to talk in parables, to excite inquiry, to announce himself by facts.

What hope had he from the priests and elders—from Sadducees who made a jest of the after-life, from Separatists who expected the advent of an earthly king?

Yet there was a grand distinction between the two bodies holding sway in the Temple and the College: from the Sadducees he had nothing to hope and little to fear; from the Pharisees he

had nothing to hope but everything to fear. We see how much this must have been his case, not only from his words, which were sparing of the Sadducees, but from what is known of the laws of moral growth. A reformer's first battles are fought against reformers. Princes and prelates may hear of him in time, and they may act with rigour when they fancy that the public welfare is at stake; but his early troubles will be almost sure to come from the men whose zeal he offends and whose followers he steals away. Fox was beaten by Brownists. Wesley suffered from the Moravians. Mormon chapels are disturbed by Ranters. An innovator in faith is mobbed by porters and colliers long before he falls into the clutches of Primates and Secretaries of State.

That which happens in other places happened in Jerusalem. Proud and unbelieving, the high priests and their party kept aloof from the popular politics of the city gate and the Temple court, while the common people, with the Scribes and doctors of the law, living in hope of a Messiah, were alert and curious as to every sign which might announce his coming reign.

Unhappily, the man who from his rank and learning might have helped to calm these excited

spirits, Simeon, Rector of the Great College, was too old and frail for the duties of active life. Like his father Hillel, he was a man of gentle thoughts and gentle words; a moderate Pharisee in his opinions, a moderate Essene in his way of living; but the good old man was bowed to the earth with age. The date of his birth is not known; but his father is said to have died at a hundred and twenty years; and if Simeon were born when Hillel was fifty, he must have been close upon ninety when JESUS began to preach. Two years after the crucifixion, Simeon went to his rest; but during the years of Christ's ministry on earth, his declining vigour rendered the chief person among the moderate Pharisees of little or no account in Jerusalem. In the schools, where his son Gamaliel stood in his place, his voice was still strong for good; but in the council of Elders, in the debates on affairs, we miss Simeon altogether, and the rector exercises none of those active powres which his father Hillel had displayed before him, and his son Gamaliel was to exhibit after him. Years weighed him down, and though he bore the title of Prince, he seems to have left the judgment of offences to younger men.

To many of these priests and elders, the fact

of JESUS being called a Nazarene would be crime enough; for the great men of Jerusalem, whether Sadducees or Separatists, Sethians or Boëthusians, despised the Galileans as either rebels or aliens, either soldiers of Judas or worshippers of Jove.

Yet one member of the council, Nicodemus by name, a rich man, a Pharisee, of kin to Simeon, came to see JESUS by night; asking him if he were in truth that Son of God whom all the Pharisees expected, and, if he were so, what a man should do to be saved?

JESUS told him that unless a man were born to a new life, he could never hope to see God.

A pupil of Hillel, hoping for a physical resurrection, Nicodemus could see no meaning in such words. How could a man be born a second time? JESUS explained to him that the new life of which he spake was that of the spirit: that which is born of the flesh being flesh, while that which is born of the spirit is spirit. The great Pharisee was at fault; for in that Oral Law which he conned in the college and quoted in the council, he found nothing whatever about this second birth. JESUS said to him:

"Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?"

In truth the master knew no more than his pupils, to whom the scriptures had become a dead letter. Nicodemus left JESUS in wonder, not converted from his hermeneutical rules to a larger faith, yet touched, excited, rapt by the words of that midnight meeting. As one of the Sanhedrin, he saw that he might some day have to sit and judge this man; he had heard enough to feel sure that, whether JESUS of Nazareth were the Christ or not, he was not a Galilean, not a follower of Judas of Gamala—one to bring morals into danger, or excite people to revolt.

John was still preaching and baptizing in the wilderness of Judea; at a place called Ænon, the Springs, near Salem, where there is said to have been much water. The wady Salem (in Arabic Seleim) lies about six miles from Zion, on the very spot where we should look for these new labours of John. Close to this Salem, in the wady Farah, we still find springs and pools; a circumstance rare and notable in that sterile tract of land. Here, then, may have gushed those Springs, near Salem, at which John was preaching after the Passover, and to which JESUS went down from Jerusalem, to see his cousin, accompanied by the five or six disciples whom he had now called

into his church. Among the people whom he found with John at these Springs, were some Jews from the Temple, spies of the Sanhedrin, on account of whom he had to walk with a wary step. To go near John was to go into peril. As a great crowd came about him, the Pharisees, who had been sent down to watch, perceived that one who might prove to be a still more popular and seductive preacher of the law than John had come. At first they thought it might be well for them to set the old teacher against the new; so going up to John they told him that the man whom he had baptized at Bethabara, was drawing the people away from him. But John, who knew his place in the new kingdom, said:

"He that hath the bride is the bridegroom; but the friend of the bridegroom, which standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice."

No simile could have been more beautiful and true. In the drama of Syrian love and marriage the friend of the bridegroom plays a conspicuous part; doing kindly, unselfish service; yet earning no other reward than that of feeling how much he has added to the happiness of a man whom he loves. Sometimes this friend of the bridegroom has to

select the bride. At all times he has to take the oaths of espousal, and to present the mohar, the bridal gift. For the virgin's year, separating the act of betrothal from that of the bringing home, he is the only messenger between youth and maid. With many a laugh and jest, with many a sign and token, he has to pass from the unknown husband to the unknown wife; watching over their common rights; and feeding with his praises their mutual love; for, during that virgin's year, the husband, though he may possess much of a husband's power, and may even put his wife to death for wrongs against his bed, is never allowed to see her face. His married joy and sorrow come to him only through his chosen friend. Until the day of bringing home, when the veil of the bride is to be lifted up, and with a cry of rapture the husband is allowed to gaze into her eyes and kiss her on the mouth, the function of the bridegroom's friend knows no pause. Then the bridegroom's heart is glad, and the friend rejoices when he hears the bridegroom's voice.

When JESUS saw that the spies sent down to Salem were beginning to watch his doings and count his converts with a jealous eye, he left the Springs to his cousin John, going northward on his way

back to Cana, in his own country of Galilee; a province to which the arm of the Sanhedrin could scarcely reach.

He saw the Bridegroom's friend no more on earth.

CHAPTER VII.

SAMARIA.

FROM Jerusalem to Nazareth, by way of the hill towns of Shiloh, Sychar, Nain and Endor, the distance, as a bird would fly, is about sixty-four miles, being nearly the same as that from Oxford to London. By the camel paths, and there are now no other, it is eighty miles. A good rider, having little baggage and less curiosity, may get over the ground in two long days. To do so, however, he must make up his mind to spend twelve hours each day in the saddle, on stony hill-sides, with very little water, and still less shade, under the blazing light of a Syrian sun. An easy journey, with time to rest and read, to see the wells, ruins, and cities on the route, may be made in four days; though better still in five. It is well to carry your tent.

The Lord and his disciples went through the

land on foot; resting by the wells, under the shade of fig-trees, in the caves of rocks.

The first part of this journey, a ride of thirty-six miles from the Damascus gate, to be done in about twelve hours, brings you to one of the most lovely and attractive spots in Palestine:—the site of Joseph's tomb and Jacob's well, where JESUS, resting from his long walk, begged the woman of Samaria to give him drink. This well is now a mere hollow basin on the slope; for the early Christians built a church over it, to preserve it from decay, and the roof and walls of this early church have fallen into the shaft and filled it up. Broken columns, masses of cornice, and mounds of portico, lie heaped about; but the well itself remains perfect as when the servants of Jacob pierced it in the rock: a round shaft, nine feet wide, cut through the solid limestone to a depth of more than a hundred feet; the side being hewn and smooth. Clear away the ruins of that early church, and you might have the well very nearly in the state in which our Saviour saw it; with the little strips of corn-fields waving green, the white tomb of Joseph near by, the light patches of olive ground here and there, and a little way off, the city on the hill-side. A low wall, to keep cattle and children from

falling in, stood about the well; and on this low wall of stone JESUS sat down to rest, while his disciples went up into the town of Sychar, to the house of some orthodox baker, to buy Jewish bread.

Sychar would seem to have been a small open town near Shechem, one of the chief cities of Samaria. This fact is distinctly stated by Eusebius, who says it stood to the west of Shechem, and therefore between the city and the well. The same fact is implied in the language used by St. John. Shechem was an older city than Jerusalem, and the most envious of Jews would have admitted its right to stand next in rank to his own holy place. Its name had not been changed in the time of Stephen, for St. Luke makes that martyr mention the great Samaritan city by the name of Sychem, the Hellenic form of Shechem. How, then, can we dream that St. John is talking of that proud and ancient place when he mentions the unknown name of Sychar? If a Jew knew anything at all about his country and his faith, he would certainly know the name of Shechem, the head-quarters of a hostile sect, just as every Arab is sure to know the name of Tehran, every Anglican that of Rome. Again: the Lord is said to have stayed two days at Sychar. It is in the

last degree unlikely that he would have stayed two days in Shechem; or even that he should have entered within its gates; seeing that in his whole life he is not known to have slept one night within a city wall. Though he lived only four miles from Sephoris, he is not said to have gone inside its gates. He is never mentioned as going into Tiberias. If he went near to Tyre and Sidon, to Julias and Cæsarea Philippi, he does not appear to have gone into their streets. He must often have passed by Hippos, Pella and Gadara: yet he appears to have shunned all closer knowledge of them. When he went up to Jerusalem to the festivals, he left the city at sun-down, sleeping for the night on Olivet or in Bethany. He loved the open country, the free hill-side, the lowly hamlet, the consoling well. If he stayed at Sychar two days, Sychar must have been an open place, like Cana, Bethany and Capernaum: not a great city like Shechem with gates and walls. And again: Sychar lay near to the well, which Shechem did not. Shechem, now Nabulus, as the Arabs call that Neapolis which Vespasian either built or repaired on the ancient ground, is nearly two miles from Jacob's Well. Sychar could be seen from the well, Shechem could not.

A heap of stones and dirt stands on the slope in the very spot where we should look for Sychar; which heap is thought by some to be the dust of a part of Shechem, once a much larger city than Nabulus is now. It is likely that this dust may be the ruin of that very town of Sychar in which JESUS spent two days, founding the Samaritan branch of his holy Church.

These two bold hills, through the parting of which the road from Jerusalem to Nazareth cleaves its way, are Ebal and Gerizim; Ebal on the left hand, Gerizim on the right. On the right slope, among rushing waters, olive grounds, and palms, stands the Mohammedan town of Nabulus; now, as in the time of JESUS, the holy city of the Samaritans, head-quarters of the Samaritan rite; and now, as it has been from the days of Joshua, a place of blessing and cursing—of religious hatred and sacerdotal strife. Nabulus is still what Shechem was—a city disputing with Jerusalem the credit of being the most holy, the most turbulent, the most filthy city on the earth.

In going from Salem to Cana, a Jew in the days of Pilate would generally have taken the lower road by the Jordan valley, so as to avoid passing through Samaria; partly because the track along

that great road was easier and safer for men travelling on foot; still more, because a Samaritan and a Jew abhorred each other like brethren who have fallen from love into hate; most of all, because the Traditions of his Elders told him that to eat from any dish, to drink out of any pitcher, to sit on any rug or stool, to use any staff or saddle, which a Samaritan had touched, would render him unclean.

Unclean! This word Unclean was then a word of terror to the strongest minds. It is hard to convey in English phrases and to English ears a notion of the appalling force with which it struck a Jew. To be smitten by plague is a horror that we can grasp; for the plague has rioted in our cities, emptying our streets, and routing from our homes the charities of life; but plague itself only wastes the body, leaving the soul untouched. To gain some idea of what uncleanness must have been to a Jew, we must add to the miseries caused by infection of plague the penalties implied in an excommunication from the Church. An unclean Jew was thrown beyond the pale of law. He could not go about a town; he could not enter into another man's house; he could not eat with his friends; he could neither

kiss his wife nor fondle his child. Still less could he enter into the synagogue, into the Temple court. A civilian, he was driven from society; a soldier, he was thrust from the camp. So long as a Jew remained unclean—a week, a year, a whole life it might be—he had no right to any place in Israel. He was put aside as a leper and a thing accursed. Losses of every kind attended his unhappy state; loss of time, of money, of pleasure, of respect; he was forced to dwell alone, imprisoned in his house or tent, compelled to wash his clothes, to break his polluted vessels, to make offerings of purifications to the priests. In short, an unclean Jew was treated as an outcast from society and from God.

Now, a man might possibly have walked from Salem to Cana, going through the heart of Samaria, without touching any vessel which a native of the soil had used; but such a journey would have been hard for a man without camels and servants to undertake. A poor man could not carry with him everything he would want on the road; for bread will grow stale, and meat will become foul. A man trudging on foot must live on the country through which he goes; though the halter at an inn, the pitcher at a well, the saddle on an ass,

would prove to a Jew in Samaria equally unclean. Bread which had been baked, wine which had been pressed, water which had been drawn, by a native, were forbidden things.

Yet JESUS chose that he and his disciples should march from Salem to Cana by the mountain roads. A part of his work had to be done in Samaria; for he had to offer the brethren of Samaria salvation, and to wean the founders of his Church from their dread of offending against the Oral Law.

Arrived at Jacob's Well, JESUS sent his disciples into Sychar to buy bread; and while they were gone away, being seated on the rim of the well, resting in the heat of noon, for the time was about the sixth hour, he saw a woman of the place come out from Sychar to draw water, and he spoke to her, saying:

"Give me to drink."

The woman stood aghast, not at being asked for water, for a Syrian woman gives drink to any one on the wayside, freely as Rebekah held her pitcher to the lips of Eliezer; but at such a request being made to her by a Jew; for she knew that the great doctors in Jerusalem had forbidden the Jews to have any dealings with the Samaritans, to buy food or drink from them, to touch anything which

they had polluted, even to exchange with them a word of greeting.

It is held to be one of the notes of a true church that a false church shall spring up beside it; as a medal must have a reverse, and a north pole a south. And this is always true in fact. Every creed has its own story; but the natural features of each story, that is to say, the features which depend on human nature and human law, are everywhere the same. The schisms of the Temple have been repeated in the church and in the mosque; the Samaritan and the Jew being no other than the Greek and Latin, the Sunnee and Shyah, of the chosen race. But how was a polite Greek, a busy Roman, to comprehend the quarrels of these Hebrew sects? One man worshipped Jehovah on Mount Moriah; a second worshipped the same Jehovah on Mount Gerizim; and this difference of locality was the only difference between a Jew of Jerusalem and a Jew of Shechem either visible or intelligible to a Roman prince. We do not easily adopt the nice distinctions of other people. No Goth ever comprehended the party cries which rent the hippodrome. A Sicilian would be puzzled by our doctrine of prevenient grace. An Arab does not easily perceive

the gulf which separates a Latin from a Greek mass. Suraya is not less perplexed by the policy of Frank and Russ in Palestine than was Pilate by the quarrels of Samaritan and Jew. We understand the matter in some degree now, for the story of Samaria is better known to a Christian child than it was to a Roman senator.

After the first division of Israel into two kingdoms, Shechem became the religious capital of the Ten tribes; the site being older in their history, more precious in their association, than Jerusalem. It was here that Abraham had pitched his tent when God led him out of Haran. It was here that Jacob had bought the field from Hamor, and that his servants had sunk the famous well. It was here that Joseph had lived in his father's tent, and hither his bones had been brought from his regal sepulchre on the Nile. It was here that Levi and Simeon had avenged their sister's shame. On the return from Egypt, this city had been given to the Levites, the tribe of priests who, had made it a sanctuary, a refuge, and a holy place. It was here, between the two peaks of Ebal and Gerizim, that Moses had commanded the Law to be proclaimed afresh; so that Gerizim had become the second Sinai, the final Mount of God. Hither,

consequently, Joshua, in his old age, had called the tribes together; and here the hosts of Israel had heard the last words of their Great Captain, when he put to them that question—"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve?" adding for himself: "As for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Cradled in these gracious associations, Shechem enjoyed the repute of an ancient and holy place five hundred years before Jerusalem became a Hebrew town, and many of the tribes objected to the capital being pitched on a desolate rock, in a distant corner of the state. Thus, Shechem was the city of Joshua and the Judges, Zion that of David and the Kings. Shechem was Moscow, Jerusalem was only St. Petersburgh. Old memories and associations clung about it; the grace, the poetry, the spell of an heroic time, which no material grandeur could impart to its rival in the south. A Muscovite prince is not owned as Czar until he has been crowned in the Kremlin. And it seemed to Rehoboam that his power in Israel would lack a final grace unless he went down from the new city of Judah to the ancient city of Ephraim, to be there made king.

That going down to Shechem had been his ruin. Proud of his descent, vain of his power, the young

King had threatened and alarmed the haughtiest of the tribes. Ephraim had never been reconciled to the line of David, for that powerful tribe disputed the ascendancy with Judah; and could not brook to see king after king ascending the throne from a rival house. So when Rehoboam threatened the men of Shechem, the people turned away from their king, stoned his officer to death, and raised Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, one of their own tribe to a separate throne. Benjamin had gone with Judah, its mighty neighbour, but the other nine tribes had followed the fortunes of Ephraim; the Kingdom of David parting into two grand fragments; never to unite again, until welded for a few brief years in the strength of Herod the Great.

But long before that event the royal Ephraim had sunk into the despised Samaria.

CHAPTER VIII.

JACOB'S WELL.

Holding in their possession the soil of Ephraim, the holy city and the famous well, the people of Samaria seemed to have some grounds for their boast of being the descendants of Joseph, the wisest of the twelve sons of Jacob. The Jews of Jerusalem answered such claims to high rank and pure blood, with an assertion that every living man of the Ten Tribes had been lost when the people were carried off captive into Persia and Assyria by Shalmaneser; that Esar-haddon, seeing the land of Samaria rich and fruitful, had brought into it a colony of Syrians; that Alexander the Great had poured a flood of Greeks into this province, as well as into the neighbouring Galilee; that all those strangers from the Tigris and Eurotas had introduced into the land their gods of brass and stone, Baal and Ashtoreth, Zeus and Aphrodite; so that

the people who had come to possess the soil of Ephraim were a mixture of heathen races, aliens in blood, in language, and in creed to the actual Jews. All these assertions were in one sense true; for the tribes had certainly been swept away; their places had been filled by strangers; but then it is well known, from the history of war in many countries, that no invasion and no captivity ever clears the soil of all its cultivators. Many persons remain, and many come back. A sweeping raid may empty a town; but the open country defies this doom. A brake, a cave, a mountain, a glen, a forest, known to the native, unknown to his foe, may serve as a refuge in the hour of flight; and when the rage of victory is spent, and the season for repeopling the soil returns, it is the interest of all new comers into the land that some of the old inhabitants should come back, if only to assist in finding the wells and clearing the waste. So it always happens that a remnant, more or less large, of an ancient race remains; and that such was the case in Ephraim is clear, as otherwise both the old language and the old creed must have perished from the land.

The Greek and Syrian colonists had in time been

won to the local faith; an easy thing on their side, for men who believe in the religion of nature yield to a local god as readily as to a change of climate; but then this change of creed in the new comer implies the continued presence on the soil of a people possessing a local god.

The descendants of these Syro-Hellenic Jews, taking wives from the Ephraimites still dwelling in the land, formed the upper classes in Samaria, the priests, the nobles, the professional men; a people of bright, urbane, and plastic genius, fond of art and architecture; servants of Jehovah, because they thought Him the god of their new territory; but also mindful that other countries possess other deities, and that their fathers had worshipped Bel and Zeus, in Babylon and Greece. In becoming Jews, these Samaritan colonists had not ceased to be Gentiles; and with many of them, the only change in their religious condition was this—they had placed a new god in their Pantheon.

Of course the strict Jews of Judea contemned these Pagan Jews of Samaria as men unworthy to join in the Temple rites; and the Samaritans, finding that the High Priests, rejecting them as Jews, forbade them to enter the Temple courts, built for

themselves a new temple on Gerizim, the Mount of God. From that time forward, the feuds of Shechem and Moriah became hot as those between Rome and London after the bull of Paul the Third and the consolidation of the English church.

In the age of JESUS, a Samaritan ridiculed a Separatist Jew as a narrow bigot; the Jew replying that a Shechemite was an outcast from society, a stranger to the one true God. Each, in his own heart, assumed himself to be the salt of the earth; the only righteous under heaven. Each boasted of possessing the purer blood, and the older law. On the side of the Samaritan it was urged that he descended, through the proud line of Ephraim, from Joseph and Rachel, and that his seat on Gerizim had been chosen by Moses, as the sacred spot from which a new publication of the Law should be made. On behalf of the Jew it was answered, that while his own descent from Judah was certain, a Samaritan could bring no proof of his descent from Ephraim; that on the contrary there was reason to believe him a mere alien in the land, offspring of a rabble of Greek and Syrian parents, a man who only claimed to be a Jew when he could gain by the fraud, and was

eager to be thought a Greek or even a Sidonian, when he had a purpose to serve by an additional fraud. On the part of this Jew it could be also said, with truth and with effect, that if the Samaritan had built a temple to Jehovah on Mount Gerizim, he had been ready, in the hour of persecution, when the faith of men is tried, to deny his allegiance to God, and to dedicate this temple of Jehovah to either Jupiter or Bel.

A history of the relations of Rome and London in the darkest times would be no unfair reflex of affairs between Zion and Shechem. Like the anathema launched against England from the steps of St. Peter's, a public curse was thundered against Gerizim from the Temple stairs. In the Hebrew courts of law, a Samaritan's oath was not taken. No Samaritan could give evidence against a Jew. It was an offence for a Jew to greet, or even to approach, a member of this polluting sect. To eat at his board, to sleep under his roof, to drink from the same jar, to handle anything which he had defiled by his touch, was to become ceremonially unclean. A Samaritan was beyond the reach of grace; according to the Separatist doctors, he could not be received into communion with the Jews as a convert to a purer faith. He

stood condemned by the voice of the Sanhedrin to remain for ever an outlaw and an outcast.

Such, in the eyes of an orthodox and Separatist Jew, were the men of Sychar, this little town near the Well; and such was the woman, otherwise light of character and glib of tongue, of whom the Lord, seating himself on the stone, requested a drink of water to cool his thirst. To touch that pitcher in her hand would have rendered a Jew unclean. Well, therefore, might the woman say archly:

"How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, who am a woman of Samaria? Jews have no dealings with Samaritans."

Few printed words have the beauty and the fulness of what ensues. JESUS said to the woman, in the bright vein of all his sayings:

"If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee 'Give me drink,' thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

She answered lightly:

"Rabbi, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep. Whence then hast thou that living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, who gave us the well?"

To this the Lord replied:

"Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall thirst no more for ever; but the water which I shall give shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Still in her Samaritan mood, the woman spake:

"Rabbi, give me this water, that I shall thirst no more, nor come hither to draw."

JESUS said: "Go: call thy husband, and come hither." It was a test saying, to which the light creature answered: "I have no husband." JESUS added: "Thou hast well said, I have no husband: for thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband: in that thou hast spoken truth."

Now she stood abashed; her life was opened to the gaze—her sin made known to a stranger and a Jew.

"Rabbi, I perceive thou art a prophet."

Some of the dialogue here is manifestly lost. Afterwards she added: "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain"—(in the temple on Gerizim)—"and ye say"—(the Jews say)—"that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship."

"Woman," said the Lord, "believe me, the

hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem, worship the Father. Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews; but the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. . . God is a spirit; and they that worship, must worship in spirit and in truth."

And then to this poor sinner, this outcast from the Law, He made the first announcement that he was the Christ. When she spoke of her belief that a deliverer was then about to appear in the flesh —a belief which the Samaritans held in common with the Jews—saying:

"I know that the Messiah cometh." JESUS answered her:

"I that speak unto thee am He."

When the disciples, coming back from Sychar with the bread which they had bought, found him talking with the woman at the Well, they were sore and grieved, for they were simple Jews, brought up from childhood to abhor these sons and daughters of schism, and fearful lest by touching the cord, the pitcher, or the woman's clothes, he should have made himself unclean. Only their great love for him prevented them from breaking

into open wrath; yet this hesitation of complaint was a sign that they were already learning to see with his eyes, although as yet they could not help wondering at much of what they saw and heard.

Laying the dinner of bread and fruit on the stone, they begged that he would eat.

"I have meat to eat that ye know not of."

Taking his words in the literal sense, they turned to each other and said—"Hath any man brought him ought to eat?" In other words—Has any one given him unlawful food—bread baked by a Samaritan? Knowing what they said among themselves, he replied to their query with a hint that his church was to include the men of Samaria no less than those of Galilee and Judea:

"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish his work."

They urged no more. They were beginning to see that whatever he chose to do was right; so they stayed two days with the men of Sychar, teaching these outcasts and schismatics the way of life; and then they set out on their journey to Cana, in Galilee, where the family of their Lord still dwelt.

CHAPTER IX.

SEA OF GENNESARETH.

PASSING through the hills of Samaria and over the chain of Mount Carmel into Galilee, where he might hope to pursue his work in peace, JESUS came through Nazareth to Cana, the little town of gardens and plantations, of herdsmen and vine-growers, in which he had changed the water into wine. Here, his fame lay in wait for him; in the person of a noble Jew, an officer of state, and a member of Herod's court. Having a son lying sick to the point of death, this noble Jew had come up from his house at Capernaum on the lake to Cana, that he might see the Master whose name was now noised abroad, and beg him to go down with him to the Lake Country and restore his son.

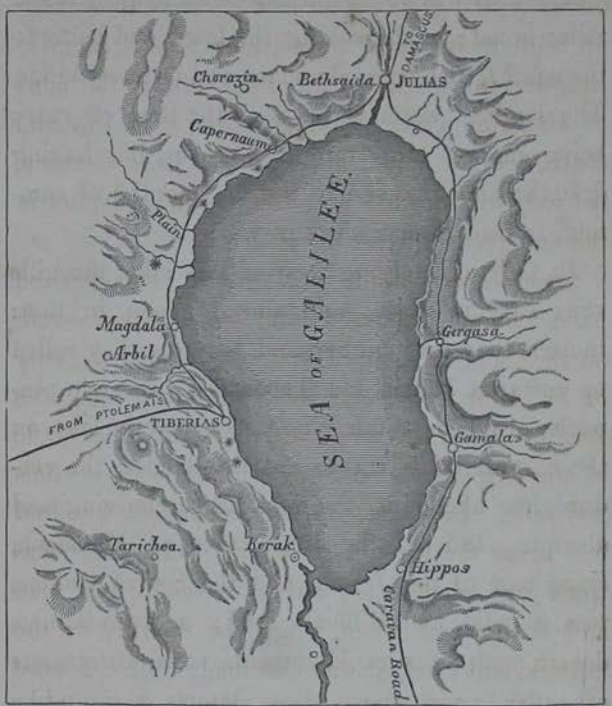
JESUS having pity on the father, said to him:

"Go thy way; thy son liveth."

And from that hour, being one past noon, the young man at Capernaum, twenty-six miles from Cana, began to mend. Going back again down the wady, the great officer met his servants coming up with their joyful news; and thus it came to pass that in the early days of his calling, the fame of JESUS, as a man having power over life and death, became noised about in the Lake Country, not only in vineyards and fishermen's sheds, but in the ante-rooms of Herod's palace.

Some thirty miles from Nazareth, in a deep and narrow scoop, lay that inland sea of Gennesareth on the shores of which JESUS was to spend so many of his later days; a small and lovely lake, the Zug of Palestine, wrapt in the arms of a circle of tiny Alps, and fed by a confluence of streams and falls. In summer its surface was six hundred feet below the level of Acre bay. The water was fresh and wholesome; sweet to the lips of man and beast; and when judged in relation to the latitude and level, it was extremely cool. Placed in a jar and left in the open air, it became cold as those artificial snows with which the people on its banks were in the habit of cooling their food and drink. Jews who had lived in Egypt and Italy spoke of this coolness of the lake of Galilee as

one of the miracles of nature; and one that a man must have been born a Syrian fully to appreciate and enjoy. One result of this freshness in the lake



SEA OF GALILEE.

was the beautiful and contrasting foliage on its banks; for the sun being hot and the water cold, many trees and plants which are commonly stran-

gers to each other, such as the Caspian walnut, the Syrian fig, and the Nilotic palm, were found growing in clumps in the gardens of its sunny shores.

The lake was about thirteen miles long by seven miles broad; in shape a fig, the lower end being to the south. Fish were abundant and of many kinds. The depth of water varied with the time of year; being highest after rain in October, but having draught enough, even in the dry months of summer, to float Roman ships of war.

In the region lying west of this lake, the hills were easy in ascent and almost green in tint: though they rose higher and barer as they rolled up towards Hattin and Tabor, the two main pinnacles of this mountain range. Beyond the lake, on the eastern bank, the ascent was bolder, the verdure less abundant, the rock more shelving and abrupt. Indeed, the inheritance of Manasseh, lying east of the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee, was a wild and difficult land; a mountainous desert, with a few rapid torrents, some bare tracts of upland, and above these deserts a camp-like range of inaccessible peaks.

Nature had invited man by her own true signs to dwell on the western banks of this lake, where she had smoothed her gentle slopes and hidden her

refreshing springs. A town here, a city there, had been built on the farther shore; such as that hamlet of Gerasa, in which Jesus cast out the two devils; and such as those Greek cities of Hippos and Gamala, which achieved a mournful celebrity in the Roman wars. But on the Galilean bank, the bright little towns and villages crowded upon each other, as in our own day villas and hamlets sparkle around the shores of Como and Geneva. On every patch of loam, in every rift of rock, on every gentle knoll, sprung a cluster of stone sheds, the homes of reapers and fishermen; each hamlet having its bit of uneven corn-field, its narrow ledge of vines, and its tiny beach of sand. Some of the neighbouring peaks being volcanic, huge masses of basaltic rock lay tumbled along the shore, especially towards Capernaum. Of course, a broad marsh surrounded the Jordan where it flowed into the lake. The chief tree in this landscape was the palm.

Every two or three miles along the beach lay one of these sparkling towns; here, Magdala, the abode of that Mary who has lent her name to repenting women of all nations; there, Capernaum, the home of that noble Jew whose son was saved from death; yonder, Chorazin, the scene of

unwritten histories; and here, again, Bethsaida, the river-town from which Jona removed his sons to a new home.

Bethsaida, a fishing place, as the name implies, stood on the Jordan, a little way above the marsh, at the nearest point where the river could be crossed. Some of its houses were in Naphthali, some in Manasseh; one who wrote for Greek readers would have described them as being partly in Galilee, the province of Antipas, and partly in Gaulonitis, the province of Philip: the two halves of the village being joined by a bridge. The little town had become a city; a station on a great highway; for on the Romans occupying Syria in strength, they had brought the road from Ptolemais to Damascus, which they carried through Sephoris to the lake, along the water to Capernaum, and thence along the edge of the Jordan marshes to Bethsaida, where it crossed the stream. Philip had built streets, walls, palaces, gates about the Roman bridge; calling his new city Julias, from the name of Cæsar's daughter; for like his father, Philip was both a great builder and a great courtier; and in hope of winning friends in Rome he adorned his young city with an imperial name. The country people still called the clump of houses

standing west of the river Bethsaida, and the only change they would make on the other side was to call the new Greek city Bethsaida-Julias.

Other Greek cities lay along the southern shores of the lake: Hippos, Gamala, Pella: all these being places of the stranger, not of the Arab and the Jew.

West of the lake, nearly facing Gerasa, and about four miles south of Magdala, Antipas Herod was building a new city to outshine Julias, built by his brother Philip; which city he proposed to call Tiberias and make the usual residence of his court. His plan was laid at the base of a steep hill, around the waters of a hot spring, among the ruins of a nameless town and the graves of a forgotten race. A great builder, like all the princes of his line, Antipas could now indulge his taste for temples, palaces, and public baths, conceived in a Roman spirit and executed on a Roman scale, while flattering that capricious master who might any day send him to die as his brother was dying in a distant land. The new city grew apace. A castle crowned the hill. High walls ran down from the heights into the sea. Streets and temples covered the low ground which lay between these walls. A gorgeous palace rose high

above the rest of these public works; a palace for the prince and court, having a roof of gold, from which circumstance it came to be known as the Golden house. A port was formed; a pier thrown out; a water-gate built; and a fleet of war ships and pleasure boats danced on the sparkling wave. Towers protected, and gates adorned, a city which Antipas dedicated to his master, inscribed on his coins, and made the capital of his province, the residence of his court.

To people the empty streets which he had built, he lured men of condition from every part of Galilee, and even from Italy and Greece. He fetched the craftsmen from Sephoris, the artists from Ptolemais; he declared Tiberias a free city, an asylum for the unclean, a refuge for the poor, a home for the persecuted, of all sects and nations; he bought slaves from those captains who had taken them in war, and he gave freedom to these slaves on the easy condition of their settling in a healthy and prosperous town, where work was abundant and amusement cheap. For some persons he built houses, to others he gave land. He let every man see that the short way into his favour was to aid him in these plans. And every one helped him. His friends, his captains, his

great officers of state, built palaces on the little bay. Houses swarmed up the hill-side, and the whole space within the walls, even that part of it in which lay the ancient cemeteries, was soon occupied by dwellings, temples, palaces, and shrines.

Tiberias had the usual aspects of a Greek city, which may be figured as those of a Syrian Baiæ, a Syrian Pompeii. There was a Roman forum, a public square in which the people met. There was a regal palace—the Golden house. There was a stadium, in which the youth of Galilee, contrary to Jewish customs, braced their limbs with Spartan exercises and proved their skill in the Olympic games. There was a theatre for the performance of Roman comedies. There was a palace for the public treasury, another for the public archives. There was a mint which produced a series of noble coins. There was a vast barrack for the troops. The Golden house, the pride and glory of Herod's court, displayed the usual ornaments of a Roman palace: eagles, lions, horses; busts of the imperial race and statues of the Roman gods.

This city was waxing great and famous. When the first stones were being laid near the sea, St. John was a little child playing on the beach at

60808

Capernaum with his father's nets; yet so swift was its growth, so wide its fame, that before he composed his gospel, Tiberias had given its name to the waters on which it stood, like Geneva to Lake Leman, and Lucerne to that of the Four Cantons. When St. Matthew wrote his gospel, the city was still young, and a Jew of Galilee might speak of Gennesareth; forty or fifty years later, a man who was born on its shores and had fished in its waters, spoke of the lake most familiarly by its Roman name.

This new city, though ruled by a Jewish prince, and seated in the midst of Pharisaic hamlets, was in no sense a Jewish town. It was a Syrian Syracuse or Neapolis; a city of pleasure, of refuge, of intelligence, of toleration, and of force; in which all the strangers of the earth could assemble in peace and safety, bringing with them into an open market and a common forum, their speech, their customs and their idols. In fact, under the Herodian prince, the city of Tiberias was a Roman fortress, held by a Syro-Macedonian army, and governed by an Asiatic court.

For the Tetrarch of Galilee, though he still sat in the synagogue, joined in the shema, and went up to the Temple feasts, was hardly esteemed

a Jew. But of all his offences in a Pharisee's eyes, the crowning act of impiety was his employment of Ionian artists in adorning the Golden house. "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image," said the Law, in one of its indisputable texts; and many a Jew who preserved no other virtue of his fathers, still held fast by the Mosaic scorn of marble and brazen gods. This antique scorn of idols he poured out upon those lions, centaurs, nymphs, and fawns, in which the sculptors of Antioch and Alexandria found the favourite decorations of their art. The Galilean, who called no man lord, held all such images in loathing, and neither the peasant on the lake nor the Elder in Jerusalem could excuse the appearance of these Pagan abominations in the Golden house.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE LAKE COUNTRY.

GOING down from Cana into the Lake Country, from which many of his disciples came, and in which his fame was now ripening, JESUS went about the small towns and hamlets—Capernaum, Chorazin, Magdala, Bethsaida, Dalmanutha, Gerasa—preaching in the synagogues, visiting the fishing boats and threshing floors, healing the sick and comforting the poor; gentle in his aspect and in his life; wise as a sage and simple as a child; winning people to his views by the charm of his manner and the beauty of his sayings; but keeping locked in his own heart the great secret that he was Lord and Christ. He could speak in facts, but not in words, while the foundations of his Church were being slowly laid in the souls of men.

No Pharisee, no Galilean, could as yet have understood him, any more than Nicodemus under-

stood him, when he spoke of a new spirit, of a new birth, of a kingdom higher than the earth. Their hopes were in the flesh. These Separatist Jews believed in an after-life; but an after-life of the body. They dreamed of a Messianic empire, the seat of which was to be on Zion and the ruler a Jewish prince. Beyond this hope of a physical heaven, with a throne of ivory and a crown of gold for their Deliverer, they had not risen, and of themselves they would never rise. To tell these men, in their eager mood, that he was Lord and Christ, would only have had the effect of throwing them into dangerous ferments, probably into acts of war. Many were armed; all were ready for the fray. At a word, the torch would have been lighted, the sword would have been drawn; and scenes like those which had darkened the rising of Judas of Gamala and the revolt of Simon the slave might have been repeated throughout Galilee. The Galileans could not be trusted with a truth for which they were unprepared. Not by sword and fire was the heavenly kingdom to be reproduced on earth, but by changes in the spirit of man unrecognised in their Separatist system and repugnant to their national pride.

The true change was a work requiring time

and care. Two or three hearts were first to be won; then a few others were to be called in to share the work. The faith of these chosen servants was to be fixed and fired, so as not to depend on the Master's presence. When this had been done, the crowd would have become a church, having its own methods of procedure, and its own principles of life. Thousands, millions, might then be added; these were but points of detail and of labour. The great thing was to found the spiritual kingdom in a few earnest hearts.

Had JESUS in this early stage of his divine ministry, announced himself as the Son of God, the Pharisees would either have proclaimed him King or stoned him in the streets. And not finding him to be the King they wanted, they would assuredly have judged him an impostor and put him to death.

Sometimes on foot, sometimes by boat, he went round the Lake Country; visiting Magdala, Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Gerasa; drawing many people after him, no less by the beauty of his sermons, than by his readiness to do good. He entered into poor men's houses. He spoke kindly to women. He called to him little children.

He sat down at table with the despised of men. Into every place he brought glad tidings; eating and drinking with his people, and spreading around himself an atmosphere of joy. But in these travels round the lake, he refrained, like an Arab of the desert, from entering into the great cities and abiding in any place with walls. With Hippos, Pella, and Gadara, he must have been acquainted, as he often passed under the shadow of their towers; but he is never said to have entered within their gates. For many months he lived within sight of Tiberias, and drew many of his hearers from that city; yet the gospels are silent as to his ever having seen the Golden house.

This avoidance of the new city, the capital and court of Herod, may have sprung from many causes, though a desire to escape from intercourse with the Greeks can hardly have been one of them, seeing that he brought salvation alike to Gentile and to Jew. He had much to do, and little time in which to do it. His labours lay among those tribes from whom he was to choose his ministers and name his successors. Salvation was to come of the Jews, even to the outer nations of the world: and his religion being not a word,

but a Life, it was his business to dwell among his brethren in the flesh, in order that he might teach them by his example how to live.

Again, a man of austere race would find much to deride and more to condemn in the new city and in the Golden house. The temples were built to idols; the streets were full of harlots; the markets were crowded with unclean birds and beasts. The harbours bristled with war-ships. The palace shone with gold in impious rivalry with the Temple front. Could he find profit in the fanes of Zeus and Aphrodite? In the Temple and the synagogue he could appeal against the priests of Jehovah to their sacred books; but the idolatrous Greeks had no antique purity of faith on which the teacher could fall back.

And again, in the eyes of a Jew, that city of Tiberias, bright as it may have seemed in a Roman's eyes, would be judged impure, not only by the Oral, but by the Mosaic law. In laying out his ground, the Tetrarch had been forced to plant some of his streets among ancient graves. To what people these graves had belonged, no man could tell; but to disturb the rock in which they had been dug by forgotten owners, was an offence of which no Jew could have been guilty; not

because, like a Frank, he would have thought the ground holy, but because, like an Oriental, he would have considered it polluted and accursed. Of all the evil things in this evil world, none was so repulsive to a Jew as Death. No symbol of a broken shaft, of an extinguished torch, no imagery of a fading flower, of a sleeping child, made the thought of death beautiful and tender in a Syrian's mind. To a Hebrew the symbol of Death was that of a figure laying a snare, or presenting a cup of poison to the lips. Abraham longed to get rid of Sarah's corpse—"let me bury my dead out of my *sight*." A grave is never in the East a sacred thing, and the dead are never deposited in holy ground. Among the Jews a dead body was to be cast out from the city gates, far from the Temple, far from the synagogue; out into the dismal ravines, among the haunts of hyenas and savage curs. No tree, no flower, was planted over a Jewish grave; and a hole in a rock is all that was given to the greatest king. The foulest term in a language, rich in powers of abuse, was that of death, and the darkest spirit was appeased by calling his enemy a sepulchre and a whited wall.

To dwell then among the dead, in a place where

dead bodies had been laid, was a thing of which no Jew could be guilty unless the possession of devils had driven him mad.

JESUS kept aloof from the new city; but he wandered about the Lake Country, prescribing and teaching, until the Feast of Purim drew him once more to the Temple hill.

This feast of Purim was not a Mosaic but a Babylonish feast. Founded in Persia during the Exile, to commemorate the death of Haman and the rise of Esther, it belonged by origin and character to that series of Pharisaic rites which the Maccabees adopted and established as the distinctive signs of the Jewish faith. Eighty-five elders are said to have voted against the adoption of this Babylonish feast when it was first proposed by Mordecai; but the people soon learned to like it so much that in time it became their favourite feast; a common proverb among the Separatists declaring that the Temple might fail but that Purim would last for ever.

It was a feast of mirth; often rioting down into an orgy. On the first day, the people thronged to the synagogue; women and men, girls and boys, the blind and the lame; where they heard the story of Esther; the elders cursing the Persian

and the Amalakite; the boys clapping hands, and the whole congregation shouting, "Cursed be Haman! Blessed be Mordecai!" This service being ended, the people went home to eat and drink, to sport and riot, still crying in their cups, "Cursed be Haman! Blessed be Mordecai!" Purim was a Jewish saturnalia, during which there was music in the doorways and dancing in the courts. Men put on women's clothes. A Jew was told to drink wine until he got drunk and fell asleep on the floor. The rule as to what was meant by being drunk was short and clear; to comply with the custom, it was said that the reveller must be so far gone in stupor as not to know whether he was cursing Haman or cursing Mordecai. A favourite story, told in the Talmud, illustrates this rule. Two pious elders, Rabba and Zira, agree to keep the feast of Purim together, and both being drunk and rolling on the floor, Rabba kills Zira. In the morning when he awakes and finds that he has murdered his friend, Rabba prays to the Lord, and the Lord, listening to his voice, because the deed was done in Purim, restores Zira to life. Next year when the feast comes round, Rabba proposes that they should drink together once more; but Zira declines his

proposal, on the ground that miracles do not happen every year.

This Persian festival, so hostile to the old spirit of Hebrew law and the habits of Hebrew life, had one good feature. The poor were remembered in the midst of mirth; every one who had means being commanded to give alms; and the feast of Purim, like that of Christmas among Franks, was a season devoted to charitable thought and charitable work.

At such a time, the hearts of men might be found open to the Religion of Love.

CHAPTER XI.

A JEWISH SABBATH.

COMING to Jerusalem for this feast of Purim, and walking near the great pool of Bethesda, in the sheep-market, a spot which he had to pass daily on his way from Olivet to the Temple hill, JESUS saw on the banks of this pool a crowd of sick persons, some halt, some aged, and some blind; for, like many of the wells in Gaul and Britain, the spring of Bethesda possessed healing virtues; and the poor people of the country, apt to personify nature, had a legendary belief that an angel visited the great Pool and agitated the water, and that when the water had been stirred by this angel the first man who stepped into it would be cured, just as many Franks in the middle ages imagined that the wells could only cure them through the blessing of a saint.

It was the Sabbath day.

In the Temple hard by, these wretches could hear the groaning of bulls under the mace, the bleating of lambs under the sacrificial knife, the shouting of dealers as they sold doves and shekels. Bakers were hurrying through with bread, the Captain of the Temple was on duty with his guards. Priests were marching in procession; and crowds of worshippers standing about the holy place. Tongues of flame leaped faintly from the altars, on which the priests were sprinkling blood.

This Pool of Bethesda lay outside the Gentile court; on the north side of the Temple, near to the wall; but the wretches who lay around it on their quilts and rugs, the blind, the leprous, and the aged poor, drew no compassion from the busy priests. One man, weakest of the weak, had been helpless no less than than thirty-eight years. Over this man JESUS paused and said:

"Wilt thou be made whole?"

"Rabbi, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool; but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me."

The Compassionate answered him:

"Rise. Take up thy bed and walk!"

At once the life leaped quickly into the poor

man's limbs. Rising from the ground, he folded up his quilt, taking it on his arm to go away; but some of the Pharisees, seeing him get up and roll his bed into a coil, run towards him, crying: "It is the Sabbath day; it is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed." It was certainly an offence against the Oral Law.

Among the many marks which stamped the Jews as a peculiar people, Sabbath observance was perhaps the one mark most distinctive and conspicuous. A Greek had his religious feast, a Syrian his gathering in the temple, an Egyptian his sacrifices and his prayers. Many orders of men besides Jews had the rite of circumcision; to wit, the priests of Memphis, the Edomite sheikhs, the princes of Tyre. But no other people in the world had a seventh day of peculiar sanctity, a God's day, on which no man would labour for the things that perish. The Greek knew no sabbath. The Philistine never ceased from his plough, the Sidonian from his ships. In Tiberias, in Ptolemais, one day was like another day. A division of time into weeks was unknown in Athens, and became known in Rome only when the legions, learning it from the people of Alexandria, carried it westward from the Nile. The name, and the thing, were

borrowed from the Jews, of whom it had long been a singular and striking sign. Heathen poets, like Ovid and Juvenal, distinguished a Jew by his Sabbath even more than by his physiognomy and his garb.

But like every other virtue of his race, the Jew had debased his Sabbath virtue into vice. The Sabbath had been given to man as a blessing; the Pharisees made of it a curse. Proud of this gift of God to his fathers, he fenced it about with edicts, toyed with it, made an idol of it, set it above every other rite, until the mere ritual observance came to occupy in his heart the place of God.

In carrying out the rule of observance, a Jew was forbidden to do many trifling and some necessary things. From the moment of hearing the ram's horn, a sacred trumpet called the shofa, blown from the Temple wall, announcing that the Sabbath had commenced, he was not allowed to light a fire, or make a bed, to boil a pot; he could not pull his ass from a ditch, nor raise an arm in defence of his life. When thousands of men had been lost in war, the last of these clauses had been abolished by the Maccabees, and after this change a Jew was allowed to defend his life on the Sabbath day. But

no other clause in this stern code had been softened. A Jew could not quit his camp, his village, or his city on the day of rest. He might not begin a journey; if going along a road, he must rest from sundown till the same event of the coming day. He might not carry a pencil, a kerchief, a shekel in his belt; if he required a handkerchief for use, he had to tie it round his leg. If he offended against one of these rules, he was held to deserve the doom awarded to the vilest sinners. Some rabbins held that a man ought not to change his position; but that whether he was standing or sitting when the shofa sounded, he should stand or sit, immovable as a stone, until the Sabbath had passed away.

It was only in the synagogue and the Temple, chiefly in the Temple, that the Jewish rule could be set at nought. A law which put an end to gifts and sacrifices in the Temple would not have suited the chief priests and high priests, and these smiling Sadducees taught the old sacerdotal rule that there was no Sabbath in holy things. A cripple could not carry his rug a mile, a hungry man could not pluck a grain of wheat; but the Temple fires might be lit, the shew-bread might be baked, the altars might be trimmed and guarded, the shekels

might be paid in to the receivers, the doves and heifers might be slain, and the victims might be burnt with fire. In the Temple courts, the Seventh day was the busiest of all the week, for on the Sabbath every Jew who made an offering to God was expected to present two shekels instead of one shekel, two doves instead of one dove, and two rams instead of one ram.

So, when the Jews who came crowding about the poor cripple now made whole, shouted to him that he must not lift his quilt and go home, because it was the Sabbath, he answered that He who had cured him had also told him to take up his bed and walk. These facts were strange. A man had cured this aged cripple by a word, and that very same man had told him to break the law! The Jews questioned him more sharply, as to what sort of man this was who had done this thing; but he could not tell them, his physician having gone away.

Later in the day, JESUS met him in the Temple court, and said to him:

"Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more; lest a worse thing befall thee."

The cripple now heard from those about him that the man was called Jesus of Nazareth, and he

forthwith told the Pharisees where they might find him. These Jews would have killed him if they had dared, because he had broken their Sabbath day; and, to escape their fury, he returned into the Lake Country of Galilee.

He broke their Oral Law, that he might bring his followers to a sense of its degrading spirit. When he came back into the Lake Country, he walked out on a Seventh day into the plain of Gennesareth, and some of his disciples, being hungry, plucked the full ears of corn, rolled them between their palms, and ate the grains of seed. Some Pharisees, who followed him about to watch his doings and accuse him in the synagogue, said:

"Why do you that which is unlawful on the Sabbath day?"

JESUS answered them from their sacred books—that David being hungry, went into the Temple, and ate of the shew-bread, which only the priests were allowed to touch; also that the priests made fires, slew rams and doves, and even baked bread for the Temple, guiltless of any sin. And when he had said this, he delivered to them a new truth:

"THE SABBATH IS MADE FOR MAN, NOT MAN FOR THE SABBATH."

Another day, also the seventh, on going into the synagogue of Capernaum, he noticed a man with a palsied hand; and some of the Pharisees, closing round him, put the question whether it was lawful to heal on the Sabbath day? JESUS, knowing how far the Oral Law could be warped, replied:

"What man is there among you that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, will not lay hold of it and pull it out? How much better, then, is a man than a sheep?"

He bade the palsied man stretch forth his arm, and he gave to his Church a new and true law of Sabbath observance, new to the ignorant multitude, though it was perhaps not new to the pupils of Hillel and Gamaliel, subduing the external form to the diviner spirit:

"IT IS LAWFUL TO DO GOOD ON THE SABBATH DAY."

CHAPTER XII.

ANTIPAS HEROD.

In the midst of these labours in the Lake Country, Jesus received a call from Tiberias to appear in the court of Antipas Herod, in the audience-room of the Golden house.

A true son of his father, Antipas never ceased to believe that he would one day ascend the throne of Herod the Great; hence the homage which he paid to Cæsar, the palace which he built in Jerusalem, the favour which he showered on the Greeks. Yet, while striving to make friends for his claims on every side, he allowed his passions to hurry him into offences against law and right.

During his father's lifetime he had been married by Herod, not to a niece, after the rule of his house, but to a strange woman, a daughter of Aretas, king of Petra and Emir of the desert tribes—that Arab prince with whom Herod had

been long at war. Aretas was a proud and independent man; for the wastes of sand which surround Petra defied the legions of light troops which were sent against him, and the city carved in the rock was never subdued. In the Wady Musa, a halting-place for camels and hajjees, Aretas held his Arab court. From this fortress he sent out his clouds of horse to overrun Perea, and in some seasons to devastate Samaria and Galilee. Tired of a war from which he gained neither glory nor profit, Herod made peace, proposed a family alliance, and received a young Arabian princess in Jerusalem, to be the wife and queen of his most favoured son.

For many years the Arab lady lived with her soft and sensual lord; a true woman, a loyal wife, a courageous friend, to one who was little worthy of such love; until her bad husband, in one of his many journeys to Rome, lodging on his way under his brother's roof, stung her proud pure heart by falling into love with that brother's wife.

The Princess Herodias, the light, the splendour, and the shame of Herod's line, was the daughter of Aristobulus, a son of Herod and Mariamne, his queen of the Maccabean blood. While yet a child, she had been given in marriage without love, a

marriage of family and state, to her uncle Philip, a man whose birth she considered ignoble, and whose age was more than double her own. For this uncle Philip was a son of that Mariamne whose father, Simon son of Boëthus, Herod had called to Jerusalem from Alexandria, and made his new High Priest. A bitter feud existed between the offspring of the Maccabean Mariamne and the Boëthusian Mariamne; members of the old family and of the new; and Herod's children of the Boëthusian line were hated and despised by his children of the Maccabean line. Herod may have hoped to heal these feuds in his family by marrying his son by the second Mariamne to his grand-daughter by the first; but the result was like that of mating a sheep-dog with a pard. The light young girl despised her husband, as a man beneath her in ability, in ambition, and in blood. They lived together while the old King reigned and governed, and a girl, Salome, was the only offspring of the unhappy prince.

When Herod's will was read, Herodias received a second shock—her husband being cut off from the succession without receiving a crown, a province, even a city. Queen Mariamne had been accused of a desire to see justice done to the

eldest son of Herod, the true heir to the crown; and the tyrant, angry with her for this desire, struck her son Philip's name from the will, which gave provinces and cities to his brothers; an act which not only robbed the prince of all share in his father's house, but cost him all that was left him of his wife's fidelity and love. Herodias could not make up her mind to shine in a private sphere. Born in a palace, in a palace she would live and reign. So, turning her eyes from the penniless uncle whom she had sworn to love, she threw her dark and tempting beauty, her high blood, her agile spirit, into the way of that semi-royal uncle whom she could not dream of taking to her arms without public scandal and private sin. But what to her would be public scandal and private sin? The beautiful Maccabean smiled at such feeble words. What had she to do with these Pharisees and their Oral Law? Was she bound by their law, or by any law, to forego her birthright of rank and state? Her husband was poor, his brother Antipas was rich. One dwelt in a private station; the other reigned in the Golden house. The first was nobody in the world; the other was a prince, on the way to be a king. She wished to be a queen; to stand at the head of a court; to

move about the world with pomp. Hence her resolution was taken, that as Antipas was the most powerful prince of her race, she would become his queen and wife.

In any case, such a thing as she conceived in her mind would have been hard to bring about. Philip was alive. Even if he were swept away from her feet, and she were free to marry again, Antipas Herod, being her husband's brother, was one of the very few men whom she could never wed; for nature, and a law founded in nature, had put between her and her desire the obstacle of blood. But Philip was alive; and custom prohibited a woman from suing for a divorce. A man might put away his wife: a woman putting away her husband was a scandal utterly unknown. Should she work up her courage to this height of daring, what could be done with the Arab wife of Antipas Herod? A man might have more than one queen; but neither the daughter of Aretas nor the daughter of Aristobulus was a woman to bear a rival on her throne. One of these women must give way that the other might reign alone, and the Jewish princess resolved that the Arabian lady should be degraded and divorced.

Antipas could refuse her nothing. She was his

fate. He knew that in carrying out her scheme, he would have to put a cruel affront on his faithful wife. He felt that in wronging his wife he would rouse the old desert lion, whose claws had been more than once felt in Sebaste and Sephoris. He was aware that even if he could dishonour his wife and defy Aretas without being ruined, he could not marry a woman who had been his brother's wife while that brother was still alive. The law forbade it. Public feeling forbade it. All Galilee, all Samaria, all Judea, would resent so heinous a breach of morals. He knew that Archelaus had fallen from his throne through the very crime which Herodias was tempting him to commit. Yet, peering into her dark eyes, he threw himself, body and soul, into perdition.

While he was absent in Rome, the guilty lovers agreed that she should remove from beneath her husband's roof, so that on his return they could meet in Tiberias, in the Golden house, and carry out all their plans.

A scheme so wild and strange, so sure to alarm and to offend many persons, could not be kept a secret long; for women will prattle and pages take bribes; and when the Arab princess heard of this plot, of her husband's weakness, and of her rival's

shame, the blood of her fathers kindled in her veins. But while her pulses beat with fury at the thought of being put away, she took prudent steps to guard herself from deceit, and, if the worst should come, to escape from her miserable home. She sent news of her wrongs to Petra; conveyed her jewels and treasures to Macherus; and caused measures to be taken by the Arab sheikhs to assist her flight. Like Petra, the stony capital of the desert, Macherus was a strong hill-town in the midst of arid wastes; a rocky plateau, on which Herod the Great had built a huge pile, half-palace, half-castle, to overawe the Arab tribes. The town was high and lonely, and of enormous strength; having abundant springs and wells, a little verdure, including the upas tree, and very high walls; in fact, it was a frontier fort, which had given Herod a strong grip over all the neighbouring tents. The town had fallen to Antipas, as one of the chief places of Perea, and being one of the palaces in which he sometimes held his court, no suspicion could arise from the Arab princess sending messages and packages to Macherus: at least on the part of men who knew nothing of her wrongs.

On her husband's return from Rome, and the renewal of his guilty love, she felt that the time

for her to fly had come; for these Herodian princes had never been nice in their dealings with inconvenient wives, and she feared lest those who found her in their way might think it safer to put hemlock into her drink than a letter of divorce into her hands. She concealed her fears, and deceived their vigilance so well, that when she rode away from the Golden house, smiling and unsuspected, every one thought she was going away, a happy wife, on a trip of pleasure to her husband's Perean seat. The guilty pair seemed glad to see her go; her departure leaving them alone with their darling purpose and their secret sin. From town to town, from castle to castle, through Galilee into Perea, she was carried by her husband's officers in state. Was she not their master's wife? On the frontier of the desert, high up among the Moab mountains, she met the Arab sheikhs, her own and her father's friends; and once among these sons of the desert, she threw off her mask, denounced the adulteress, and put herself and her cause on the justice of God.

CHAPTER XIII.

HERODIAS.

ARETAS instantly made war against Perea to avenge this insult to his child.

In the face of this war on the side of Petra and the hill-tribes, in the face of stern remonstrance from the Jewish priests, and of loud clamour from the people, Antipas took Herodias to wife and set up her court in the Golden house.

The war becoming sharp on the frontier, he called his lords and captains together and marched towards Macherus. On his way towards the Dead Sea, he may have heard for the first time of John the Baptist; and finding that John had won the ears of many people, he sent for him to Macherus; hoping to dazzle the poor teacher by his magnificence and gain his advocacy among the Jews. But John was not a man for courts and kings. Instead of soothing the Tetrarch, of siding with Herodias,

the plain and stormy ascetic, lifting up his voice against them, even in the midst of their captains and courtiers, denounced their union as unlawful and incestuous; using such vigorous language of rebuke as Nathan poured out upon David, and Elijah upon Ahab; in a voice of rebuke and of menace which drove the guilty woman almost mad to hear. She wanted a prophet to bless, and John only opened his mouth to curse.

Herodias would have taken his life on the spot; but her less audacious partner, having the Arabs in his front, the Jews in his rear, each angry with the union that John denounced, was afraid to strike. But how could he leave this man at large? Such words as John had spoken in the Tetrarch's presence, might provoke a rising among the Jews. To stay the mischief, he kept John at Macherus; in what St. Luke calls a prison; in a part of the palace which he was not permitted to leave; being kept in a sort of free custody, until the war in Perea should be past. He was so far left at liberty in his prison as to be able to communicate with his disciples, to send messages into Galilee, and apparently to exhort and preach.

While John was still living at Macherus, he sent two of his followers to JESUS, instructed to hear

his words, to see his actions, and to judge from what they heard and saw whether He was the Christ who was to supersede all minor prophets. The men walked up from the desert country into Galilee. When they found JESUS, they asked him, as the Jews had asked him, whether he was the Christ? JESUS bade them look on. Calling to his side the blind and the sick, the lame and the leprous from the crowd, he spake to them and touched them, and they became whole.

"Go your way," said JESUS to the messengers from Macherus, "and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the Gospel is preached." These things were to be the signs of Christ, and the disciples of John were answered by facts. The words were spoken in the day of John's trouble, in the midst of a great multitude, some of whom were Pharisees and masters of the law. JESUS added these further words: "Among those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist; but he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he."

John had not long to live. On the birthday of Antipas Herod, a feast was given at Macherus to

the lords of his court and the officers of his camp. Herodias and her daughter Salome, a girl who inherited her mother's beauty and shared her evil passions, graced the military revel by their presence. After supper was done, when Antipas and his guests were fired with wine, the youthful Salome swam into the room, attired in a loose rich robe of gauze, and danced before the riotous company one of those Oriental movements which influence the blood of youth and disturb the minds of aged and ascetic men. It was an act of condescension and of shame. Salome was a princess, stooping to the act of an almeh; but having done this indecent thing she had gained a right to her reward; and by the custom of Oriental courts she could demand the wages of her shame. The excited Antipas swore in the hearing of his guests, that the beautiful girl who had stirred their pulses, should have her wish, in whatever form she might like to name it. In such a moment, an Oriental prince would expect her to demand a precious jewel, a royal palace, the love of some favoured youth; such prayers and such gifts being things of his age and country. A dancer of low degree might be paid for her immodest arts by the gift of a great purse, a flock of goats, a fine house,

a dozen slaves. Salome knew her part; for the mother who sent her in to dance before all those revellers, had told her to ask for the head of John the Baptist placed in a charger; that is to say, in one of those dishes in which the fruits and viands of the table had been served. The fair dancer named her price.

Of himself, the Tetrarch would have shrunk from shedding blood; and he may have feared lest it might not be safe to shed the blood of a man so popular as John. But his word was pledged; the captains who had heard him swear sat round about him; and in all that riotous company, courtiers and soldiers, sycophants and slaves, the Baptist was without a friend So it went hard with him, as it always does with the friendless in an Oriental court. Panting, beautiful, and exposed before all those men, Salome stood, demanding the preacher's head in a charger; nothing more, nothing else; and the tipsy Tetrarch having at length given his orders, an officer went out from the feast, and slew the prophet in his cell. Herodias was avenged on the man who had dared to tell her the unwelcome truth.

Among the Jews, the consternation caused by this murder was deep and wide; for the Baptist's

followers considered him a great prophet; a new Elias, if he were not Elias himself come back from the dead. Even in the camp of Antipas there were many who resented their master's crime, as an act which would bring down upon them and upon their children the curse of blood.

Had Antipas Herod been a ruler of the Jews only, he would scarcely have been able to stand his ground against this military discontent, and this popular aversion; but the laws of marriage not being the same among his Greek and Syrian subjects as among the Jews, many of his people, and especially his officers and courtiers, accustomed to the license of Egypt—marriage of brother with sister—would see nothing unnatural, perhaps nothing offensive, in his union with a brother's wife. But this Greek indifference to his crime, though contributing to his safety, could not lighten the weight upon his mind. In some sort Herod was a Jew; having the fears and superstitions of a Jew. He believed in the avenger of blood; he trembled at the awful name of Elias. After the deed was done at Macherus, he more than half believed, with many of his people, that John had been Elias; and that in a mad moment he had slain the most terrible of all the prophets. Then he recollected that if

Elias had once come back from the dead, he might come again; and hearing, soon after the Baptist's murder, that a new prophet had arisen in Galilee, one who by a word of his mouth, was curing the lame and the blind, who was doing these wonders at the gates of his capital, almost in the doorway of the Golden house, a chill of terror struck to his heart. Could this man be any other than John, come back to haunt his footsteps, and to punish his crimes?

On his return, therefore, from Perea to Tiberias, the Tetrarch sent one of his officers to find out JESUS and invite him to the Golden house.

The Lord had no mind to enter the Greek capital, and to confront the weak prince, and his wicked wife. Nothing could be easier for him than to avoid this call; he had only to step into Peter's boat, cross the lake into Gaulonitis, and take up his abode for a little while on the other side. So he went over to the Gamala shore, into the territories of Philip, the second Herodian of that name, where he would be safe from the curiosity of Antipas, the malice of Herodias.

Only a few days after his flight, JESUS came back over the lake to Capernaum; and from this time he went more openly about Galilee, as the hour

to announce himself drew nigh: healing the sick, comforting the needy, calling to his side the lowly, eating bread with publicans and sinners, everywhere softening the hearts of men towards each other, and preparing the way for his great declaration that Jews and Greeks were alike the sons of God.

A providential act allowed him to hint these tidings to his own people before the day arrived which he had chosen for a public and solemn revelation of the truth. There lived at that time in Capernaum, a Roman officer, whom St. Luke calls a centurion, who was obviously a man of high rank, of vast riches, and of liberal mind. He seems to have commanded the Roman troops at this frontier town. Willing to please the people, and holding, like every one trained in the Greek philosophy, that it was wise to propitiate the local gods, he had built a synagogue on the hill-top, and had given it as a splendid present to the Jews. This good man having a servant whom he loved and whom he saw sickening to the point of death, the elders of the town came to JESUS in his name, and besought him that He would heal the sick man for the centurion's sake; saying, that this Roman officer was worthy of all good, being

a man who loved the Jews and who had built them a synagogue. At the desire of these Jewish elders, but contrary to the Separatist policy, JESUS went with them towards the stranger's house; in the streets of Capernaum they met the friends of the centurion coming out to meet them, with a request from that officer (who was aware how much a Jew objected to enter a Roman house) that the Lord should not come into the sick-room, but should speak the word and his servant would be healed. Turning to his disciples, JESUS said:

"I have not found so great faith: no, not in Israel. And I say unto you that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven."

The centurion's servant was healed the self-same hour: this being the first miracle which the Lord performed on any man not of the sacred race.

One day when surrounded by a multitude of people, JESUS was startled by the appearance of Mary and his brothers, who, on hearing that his cousin John had been put to death, had come down the valleys to Capernaum in search of him. They feared the wrath of the adulteress; and they wished to get him away from that dangerous

vicinity of the Golden house. JESUS, knowing that the hour was now nigh, when, in words no less than in deeds, he must announce himself and complete his work, said to those who stood near him, and who told him that his mother and his brethren were among the crowd, striving to push through it:

"Who is my mother? Who are my brethren?"

And then stretching out his hand over those who clung about him, the Lord added:

"Behold my mother and my brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

Yet he went up with his mother into the hill country of Galilee, and again dwelt with her in the old house at Nazareth; that he might now, in a more formal, a more solemn manner, commence those trials which were to bring him a martyr's crown, by an express announcement to the Jews of his Messiahship, made in the very synagogue in which he had prayed when a little child.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SYNAGOGUE.

WHEN he was gone into his own country, says St. Matthew, JESUS taught them in their synagogues. He loved to teach and pray in the synagogue; a popular institution; which the great priests disliked, and in which they had no official part.

The synagogue was not a very old thing in Jewry; though it was older than the Maccabees; being a popular growth, as the Sanhedrin was a patrician growth. When every child could read Hebrew, when every man and woman could repeat the shema, and when every harper and singer could rehearse at evensong the psalms of David, there had been little call for any other than household worship. Every tent was a chapel, every father a priest. Moses had thought it enough for the sacred books to be publicly read once in seven years. Every man was supposed to know the Law

by heart, and the object of reading the law in public was not so much to teach it, as to guard against corruptions of the text. But when the scroll was lost, and the tongue in which it was composed more than half forgotten, fears might arise lest the sacred records should disappear. Then, the instincts of shepherds and villagers saved them by humble and unexpected means. Ezra had founded a weekly meeting of neighbours, to sing psalms, play the pipe and tabret, and listen to good words. These little meetings became popular: and in due time, a house, big enough to hold ten persons, in some cases more than ten, was built in every town. This house was called a synagogue, a meeting-house, in Latin ecclesia, in English church; a Greek name which fixes within certain limits the date at which it was introduced.

No synagogue of the time of Christ is now standing in Nazareth, or even in Galilee, to picture the place in which Jesus taught. Sun and rain, theft and malice, have been hard upon these frail tabernacles; the soft stone of which they were built, and the need and greed of the Arab peasants, having either ground them back into dust or stolen them away for the erection of hut or fence. Yet a man like Gilbert Scott, from

such ruins as abound within twenty miles of Nazareth, would rebuild a synagogue of Galilee, true to its original in every stone. At Capernaum, at Kedesh, at Beth Arbel, at Meiron, at Kefr Birim, at other spots, all lying between Nazareth and

SYNAGOGUE AT KEFR BIRIM, GALILEE.

the lake, you find ruins of synagogues, in some of which it is certain that JESUS must have prayed and taught.

These fragments, more or less perfect, more or less near to his time in date, would afford to an architect who reads the Bible every sort of hint

from which to draw his plans. The remains at Meiron and Beth Arbel are of the period of the Herods; giving proof of their past splendour in broken column and colonnade; many of the fallen shafts being adorned with Corinthian capitals. Those at Kedesh and Kefr Birim are perhaps of the third century; having the lintels and doorways highly wrought, and the wall over the main entrance decorated with fruits and flowers. The synagogue built at Capernaum by the Roman centurion was of noble style, if it may be judged by the pillars and friezes which lie partly buried in the mould, now covered with brambles and prickly pears. These buildings for village worship were brightened in detail by the prevalence of Grecian taste; but the plan was everywhere the same; the outline being that of the Tabernacle in the desert, of the Temple on the Sacred Mount; the ornaments only, the friezes, flutings, capitals, colonnades, being added to the simple block by those who built synagogues on the more costly models of Antioch and Rome. Take the foundations which still peep out from the soil at either Kefr Birim or Capernaum. Cast away the Greek additions; work out the hints afforded in the Bible and Talmud; add some

knowledge of the ritual now used in Safed and Zion; and it would be no hard labour to rebuild the meeting-house at Nazareth and to restore the worship in which JESUS took a part.

A synagogue, whether small or large, had the form of the temple and the tent; but the idea of a synagogue, like that of a church, is not a pile of stone, having this or that shape and height, but a gathering of the people to read the Law. The House of Meeting was built on the highest ground of Nazareth; with its door on the north side, away from Jerusalem, like the principal gates of an English church; so that a worshipper, when entering the holy place, and when throwing himself on the ground in prayer, might have his face towards the Temple hill.

In early days a balcony hung above the door of a synagogue, as a balcony still hangs over the door of some Syrian houses; but when the first traditions of the Exile had passed away, when Greek art had become familiar to the Jews, and foreign masons, deft and supple in their craft, had come to be employed in erecting sacred structures, as they were on nearly all private and public buildings, the simple balcony gave place to a handsome portico. Such a change, however, is

not likely to have occurred in Nazareth, an obscure hamlet, peopled by peasants and shepherds, and lying away from the Roman road.

A house of unhewn stones, taken up from the hill-side; squat and square, of the ancient Hebrew style; having a level roof, but neither spire nor tower, neither dome nor minaret, to enchant the eye, like some of the houses and mosques of the modern town; a pile to be noticed in the group of buildings only for its situation and its size—such was that simple synagogue of the Jews in which JESUS taught. The front, though otherwise plain, would have a wreath of fruits, either tooled or painted, in imitation of the clustering vine above the Temple door.

Inside, a Syrian synagogue is like one of our parish schools; with seats for the men, rough sofas of wood, half-covered with rushes and straw; a higher seat stands in the centre, like that of a mosque, for the elders of the town; a desk for the reader of the day; at the south end a closet, concealed by a hanging veil, in which the torah, a written copy of the Pentateuch, is kept in the sacred ark. A silver lamp, kept always burning, a candlestick with eight arms, a pulpit, a reading desk, are the chief articles of furniture in the room. The

floor is rough, often unpaved, and the raised bench in the middle, from which the elders lead the service, is painted in a crude style of art with lakes and gardens, boats and flowers. The walls are bare, with no gold, no colour upon them, though they seem to be occasionally washed with lime. Nothing in a Syrian synagogue appeals to the sense of beauty, mystery and awe, like the majestic art employed in the synagogues of Amsterdam and Livorno; art which the Jews of those cities may have learnt from the Moors and carried with them out of Spain.

In olden time, women were allowed to enter the synagogue with the men, as they still go into the mosque; though they were even then parted from father and son by a wooden screen. They are now shut out. A few females may be admitted, as in Zion, to an adjoining room, from which they can peer into the holy place through a grill; others may climb into a gallery near the roof, which they gain from the outside; and others, again, are content to crowd about the building, and to peep at what is being done through windows opening on the street. No female foot is now suffered to tread the synagogue floor.

Before entering a synagogue, as before entering

a mosque, a man is expected to dip his hands into water; and where there is no stream or fountain near, it is usual to provide a trough. To cleanse the body is everywhere in the East the first part of an act of worship. A scraper stands at the synagogue door, lest the filth from the street should be brought in to defile the place; this scraper being a fixed part of the arrangements, like the bench raised from the floor and the lamp swinging from the roof.

Ten persons being necessary to form a meeting, every town or city having a synagogue, appointed ten men, called Batlanim (idlers—men of leisure), who were bound to appear in their places at the hour of prayer; and were otherwise made useful in collecting alms for the poor. Higher in office than these Ten was the Chazzan; a sort of deacon, who took charge of the house and of the scroll, who opened the synagogue door, who kept peace within the court, and did the rough work of police; expelling the unruly, scourging the wicked, executing justice on the condemned.

Next came the Meturgeman; an interpreter of the Law, whose duty it was to stand near the Reader for the day, and translate the sacred verses, one by one, from the Hebrew into the vulgar tongue.

Above him, again, were the Elders; in large towns a college of Elders, with a general charge over the flock; at the head of whom was a Chief Elder, a man chosen for his age, his piety, his beneficence, perhaps for his money; who presided over the college, and was the chief reader of the day.

When the people came in, they first bowed to the ark; the elders took their places on the raised platform; the rich went up to high seats near the ark; the poor sat on wooden sofas matted with straw; the little boys, many of them all but naked, rolled and tumbled about the floor. A bright, fierce, eager look—half-scowl, half-rapture—like that of famished lions—burned and lowered in the faces of men and women. A prayer was said, and one of the psalms of David sung. The chazzan walked up to the veil, which he drew aside with reverence, lifted the ark from its niche behind the veil, took out the torah, a roll on which the Five Books were written, carried this roll round the benches, every one striving either to kiss or touch it with his palm; until he reached the platform, and delivered it to the Sheliach.

This old man, taking the scroll into his hand, rose from his seat and began his task; every one

of his hearers following the text with his eye, his arms, and his very soul, as the elder, in a fierce drone, read and the interpreter rendered the sacred words; every syllable, every pause being marked. This lesson of the day was called the parascha; at its close, the elder expounded the text in a sort of sermon called the midrash, when the torah was carried back through the crowd, the women sobbing and stretching out their hands towards it; the men kissing, crying, wailing, touching it as before, until the ark was closed and the curtain drawn.

The torah being replaced in the ark by the chazzan, the prayers began; first the shema from Deuteronomy:

"Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength."

There being no priest, no doctor, no official expounder of the law present in these acts of village worship, every hearer had, in those old times, a right to express his opinion of the sacred text and of what it meant.

The views of an elder, chosen because he had made money and built a big house, might be either

futile, false, or wrong. A midrash delivered by such a man might contain bad history, false quotation, weak logic; in which case any one of his hearers could start to his feet, demand the roll from the chazzan, open it again at the lesson, and preach against the sheliach; putting him to the question, forcing him to explain, confronting him with chapter and verse. On certain days of the year this right of free inquiry and exposition was always used; the debate growing warm, the commotion strong; and the prize of the contest going to the man of most fluent tongue and most easy mastery of his text.

This service of the synagogue, a practical assertion that the Jews were still a nation of priests, could not begin until the batlanim, ten men free and of full age, were in their seats; these men representing the people and having a function in the synagogue, which the prince and high priest had not. This village meeting employed no priest, allowed no slaughter of doves and rams. It was always a rival, and threatened to become a successor of that Temple service by which the sacerdotal bodies lived and ruled. In time it was so.

This humble rite of prayer and reading, not the magnificent sacrifice in blood and flame, has made

itself the basis of every religious system of East and West, being adopted alike in the Arabic mosque, in the Jewish synagogue, and in the Christian church. The temples of kings and high priests have passed away, their glory fading into a dream; while the chapels of the goatherd and the fisherman remain, the types of celestial beauty, in every corner of the earth.

CHAPTER XV.

EXPULSION FROM NAZARETH.

"AND he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up; and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up to read. And there was delivered unto him the Book of the prophet Isaiah, and when he had opened the book he found the place where it is written:

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me; because he hath *anointed* me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, and to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

JESUS closed the roll, handed it to the chazzan, and sat down on his bench; having spoken the most memorable words that have ever been uttered by the tongue of man. We read that the eyes of

all of them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. They might well be so.

A young Nazarene—thirty-one years old, known to every one present as a child, as a youth, as a man; a carpenter, the son of a carpenter; one whose father had sat in that place, not in one of the high chairs near the veil, but among the humbler folk; whose mother was even then sitting among the women behind the screen—standing up and demanding the roll, had turned to the proof prophecy of their Messiah, and reading those awful words aloud, had closed the parchment, announcing that he, JESUS the carpenter, son of Joseph and Mary, whom they all knew as neighbours, was the Anointed One.

No Jew had ever yet heard such a saying; for the boldest of the many false Messiahs of that age had shrunk from openly announcing his claims in words. The Galileans who believed in Judas of Gamala, the Herodians who accepted Herod the Great, the Hillelites who clung to their Babylonian master, had never heard either Judas, Herod, or Hillel, proclaim himself the Anointed One. This was the first time that JESUS had taken upon his head the glory of that name.

In that congregation of his townsmen, from the

sheliach and the batlan, to the poorest Jew who crouched at the gate, there was perhaps not one who was not dreaming by night, watching by day, for a Deliverer to appear; they were all either Pharisees, Galileans, or Herodians; but the Deliverer for whom they prayed was to be a mighty prince, a greater than Joshua and David, one who would come to them in clouds and fire, with chariots and horsemen, with banners and triumph, with such state and glory as that in which the Moslem Arabs, their descendants, believe that JESUS will appear at his second coming; and this celestial warrior was, in their belief, to put the Roman legions to the sword, scorch up the Greek cities, and destroy the temples of Diana, Ashtoreth and Bel. JESUS had none of the marks by which they fancied they should know their Lord. He was not a prince; he was not a soldier; he owned neither riches nor state; he had no learning; his calling was obscure; his followers were the wretched ones of the earth. For twenty years, while toiling in his useful craft, he had been at every man's beck and call; to make and to mend; ready with his axe and line to repair the sheliach's lintel and the chazzan's roof.

They had heard of his doings in Cana, in Caper-

naum, in the towns of the plain; for the wine had been made, the sick had been healed, the blind had received sight, only a little way from their doors. But a Jew would be far less struck by these miracles than a man who had never yet heard of such things being done. His sacred books were full of signs and wonders. Every prophet in Israel was expected to work them; false prophets no less than true ones; the question with the Jews being, not whether miracles were wrought, but how they were wrought. Was it by the power of God, or by that of Satan? The Nazarenes were eager and scornful; slow of belief; impenitent of heart.

Closing the roll, JESUS turned to the people, and said: "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears."

Reader, chazzan, batlan, meturgeman, all the members of this Nazarene congregation, gazed round the room: saying one to another:

"Is not this Joseph's son?"

They bade him perform a miracle in their sight, as though he had been one of those Syrian jugglers who attend fairs and feasts, and do tricks for money. JESUS refused; he had never yet put forth his power to excite curiosity, to compel belief; only to alleviate pain, or to reward acts of faith.

But this refusal to please them by doing in their synagogue that which he was said to have done in the street only vexed their pride. Why should he decline to perform wonders before them? Were they less worthy than yon rabble of the way-side? They knew that he cast doubts on the fact of Jews being the sole heirs, the one chosen race, the exclusive and peculiar people of God. They heard that he was in the habit of entering into strange houses, and of leaving blessings instead of curses when he went away; a course of proceeding opposed to the lessons of their Oral Law.

For this great sin against Israel, his townsmen cried in a loud voice against him. JESUS appealed to their sacred books, in evidence that men of other nations than the Jews had been called and saved:

"I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout the land, but unto none of them was Elias sent save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow. And many lepers were in Israel in the days of Elisha the prophet: but none of them were cleansed save Naaman the Syrian."

What could the sheliach, the batlan, the people

say? The words which he read were true. Their sacred writings told them that God had given life to the dead son of the Sidonian widow; that God had cleansed the leprosy from the Syrian soldier, by causing him to plunge into the Jordan seven times. Could they refute Elias? The young preacher gave them chapter and verse;—and that, again, was an offence. They could not answer him out of the law and the prophets. Let the sheliach denounce, let the chazzan threaten, let the batlanim yell and curse, as only a crowd of Jews can yell and curse, the appeal to their written history and prophecy stood unimpeachably clear and strong.

But they could rise upon him; they could howl him down; they could push him from the house; they could cast him out from the congregation. Yea, cast him out: the lost man, the bad Jew, who taught the false gospel that God could have other children besides his own. Put him out: not from the gate only, but from the earth, from the sight of living men!

Like Islam, Jewry is a church; a church including within itself the most terrible functions of the state. When Galileo was condemned by the Pope in Rome, he was still an Italian; but when

Spinoza was cast out from the synagogue in Amsterdam he ceased to be an Israelite, and abandoned his Hebrew name. A heretic cannot be a Jew; cannot live in Jewry. When there is no longer a place for a man in the synagogue, there is no longer a home for him in the city in which that synagogue stands. With that compact and terrible body of men, religion and society are one. An outcast from one is an outlaw from the other. Thus, the Jews of Nazareth, finding JESUS at fault on two of their capital tenets, selectness of the Holy Race, and monopoly of Divine favour, rose upon him as a false Messiah, and thrust him out from the synagogue as a man worthy of instant death.

The office of thrusting him forth belonged of right to the chazzan; but the sheliach and the elders rose upon him, seized his person, dragged him to the height above the village, and would have put him to death by hurling him from the rocks.

Then occurred the first and last miracle which the Lord deigned to perform at Nazareth. As the loud and tumultuous people surged around him, yelling and cursing, hurrying him towards the brink of the precipice, he became invisible to their eyes, walking away untouched through their

midst, so that when they looked for him he was gone.

Yes: gone away; gone away from them for ever!

CHAPTER XVI.

CAPERNAUM.

GOING down from the hill country of Galilee, from the home of his youth, into the lake district, JESUS carried with him his mother and his brethren, who could no longer dwell in peace at Nazareth. In the fishing towns on the lake and the great road, he would be freer to preach and teach than in his own place, for in that low country the Pharisee and the Galilean had little power, half the people being Greek or Syrian, and the legions of Rome being present to keep the peace.

If the tetrarch in Tiberias was less zealous for the Oral Law than either a high priest on Moriah or a sheliach in Nazareth, the emperor in Rome was less zealous than even a tetrarch in Tiberias. Under the Romans a man was free to speak the truth. All ages, all events, all men, had from the first been tending towards this point; a state

of things in which a doctrine necessary to mankind, yet abominable to a Jew, could be preached in Palestine, made acceptable to some of its people, and sent through these willing agents to the far away ends of the earth. Only under the Roman eagles could such a thing have been done; only under Cæsar's reign could JESUS have been left to preach a common salvation for Greek and Jew.

Capernaum, into which he now came to dwell with his mother, and in which he made himself a home, was a busy, bright little town; a station on the great road; a garrison for Roman troops; a port for collecting dues by land and lake; a place of tanners, dyers, soap-boilers; a market for oilmen, shepherds, cheesemongers and fruit-growers; a halting ground for the buyers and sellers of every kind, the corn-chandlers, the fishermen, the wool-staplers, the vintners, and the gardeners. Being the first town on the lake of Tiberias as you ride in from Damascus, as Arona is the first town on Lago Maggiore as you come from Turin, it was the port at which any one coming that way would embark for cities lying south and east on the shore. Standing on a hill of limestone, rough and rich with the flow of basaltic rocks from higher volcanic hills; having the rich plain and cool lake of Gennesareth

at its feet, with the palm, the orange, and the pomegranate blooming everywhere about, Capernaum became, like Como or Palanza nearer home, a retreat for the rich as well as a field of labour for the poor. Most of the Jewish inhabitants, net-makers, fishermen, farmers, were believers in a physical Messiah; followers of Herod, of Judas, of Simon, of John; Jews of an earnest and yet a most worldly type. The strangers who dwelt among those Jews, like every one trained in the Hellenic schools, were liberal and tolerant in affairs of faith. Had not the Roman governor built a synagogue for the Jews at his own expense?

Capernaum, properly spelt Caphar na Hum, was one of the towns most favoured by the Lord. It was the first place to which he came after his baptism by John. There he dwelt for a little while with his early disciples, Peter and Andrew, James and John. There lived the good nobleman whose son he cured. There, too, he healed the demoniac in the synagogue; relieved the mother-in-law of Peter; healed the man sick of the palsy; and restored the withered hand. There he made whole the Centurion's servant, and raised the daughter of Jairus from the dead. From the

blue waters of the lake, he obtained the tribute money; and on its sunny shores, among the brambles and vines, he spoke the parables of the Tares, of the Sower, of the Treasure, of the Merchant, of the Net. In the White Synagogue built by the Roman soldier, he pronounced his discourses on Faith, on Fasting, on Humility of Spirit, on Brotherly Love. Near to Capernaum he fed the Five Thousand, walked on the sea, and preached his Sermon on the Mount. He loved the busy, basaltic town, and after his expulsion from Nazareth, he made it the scene of his ministry. In the words of St. Matthew, a native of the place, it became his own city.

Where then was this favoured spot? In his later days, the Lord denounced it as an ungrateful place, unworthy of his love; yet the hearts of men will for evermore stir with a tender yearning towards the sands on which his feet then trod, and the traveller will seek for some safer knowledge of the site than we yet possess.

Strange to say, the great Churches of East and West, while bent on fixing the sites of events in the sacred story—the scene of the annunciation, of the Virgin's travail, of the baptism, of the last supper, of the agony in the garden, of the betraying

kiss, of the crucifixion, of the burial, of the ascension into heaven—kept no clear record of the scene of so many miracles and sermons as Capernaum. The Churches are dumb. Critics have been busy with the site; but busy to no end except that of making and unmaking books. One party writes in favour of Khan Minyeh, a ruin on the western bank of the lake, lying midway from Tiberias to Bethsaida-Julias. A second party is in favour of Tell Hum; a mound of rubbish, also on the western bank, rising in the northern corner of the plain of Gennesareth, about two miles nearer than Khan Minyeh to the spot on which the Roman road once bridged the holy stream.

The weight of evidence appears to me all in favour of Tell Hum. Unhappily, while the name of Capernaum is nowhere found in the older Biblical writers, the Evangelists knew the place too well to think of giving any such bearings as those by which a distant reader may recognise the true sites of Shiloh, Ebal, and Jacob's well. But Josephus, a stranger, writing for strangers, supplied the want. Twice he uses the word Capernaum; once in his history, once in the account of his own life. The first time, he speaks of a fountain of Capernaum; and every one admits that this fountain, if

it could be found, would be an index to the site of the town, as free from cavil as those springs of Elisha by which we fix the site of Jericho. The task is to find this fountain. In the plain of Jericho the fountains of Elisha flow alone; but the western bank of the Sea of Galilee abounds in copious springs. Three of these springs: Ain el Madawarah, Round Fountain; Ain et Tiny, Fountain of the Fig tree; and Ain Tabiga, Fountain of Tabiga: share the prize between them. Josephus marks his fountain of Capernaum by three facts: it is copious; it contains lake fish; it waters the plain. Now, Madawarah is copious; it helps to water the plain; but it does not, and could not, from its distance, contain fish of the lake. Ain et Tiny, from its level, could never have been turned into the corn-fields of the plain. On the other hand, Tabiga is a copious spring; it abounds in lake fish; and it is surrounded by the tanks and conduits which in olden times carried its waters into the low-lying land. If these hints in Josephus stood alone, the aspect of the present springs and ruins would lead you to fix the fountain of Capernaum at Tabiga and the town at Tell Hum; the spring having the same relation to Capernaum that the Virgin's fountain had to Nazareth, and that of

Siloam to Jerusalem. But these hints do not stand alone. In the account of his own life, Josephus speaks of being wounded in the marshes of the Jordan, near the point where the river flows into the lake, and of being carried to a village which he calls in Greek Kepharnoum; which place could have been no other than the Syrian Kepharnahum. This village exactly answers to the position of Tell Hum, and to no other ruin on the lake. The site of Tell Hum was the nearest inhabited spot to the Jordan marsh.

Now let us turn to the Gospel histories, for the little light which they afford. Capernaum was a large town; large enough to be called a city. It lay along the shore of the lake on its western bank. It stood near to a creek in which boats might ride. Bethsaida lay to the north, Magdala to the south of it. The great road from Damascus to Tiberias ran through it. In its highest street stood a synagogue built by a Roman officer, as a gift to the Jews; an edifice which must have been built in the style of art introduced by Herod the Great, with a Grecian portico, having marble columns, cornices, and walls. These points are enough, when taken together, to constitute proof; and on a close scrutiny of the present ruins, it will be found that these

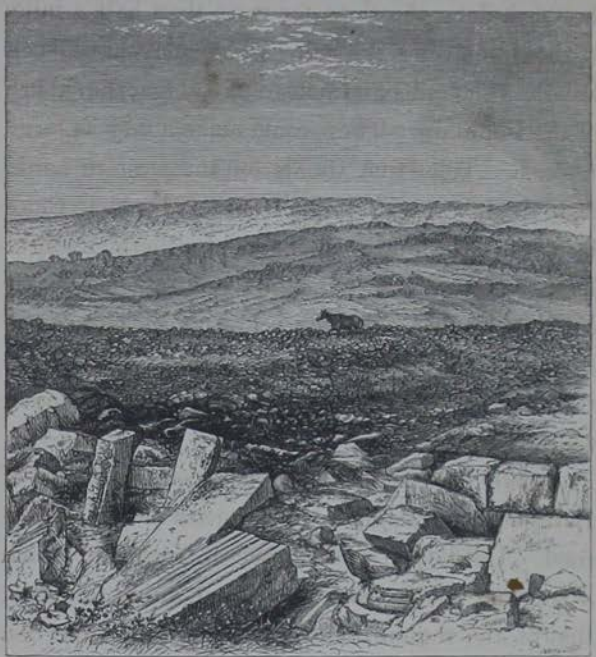
conditions meet in Tell Hum, and in no other place than Tell Hum.

The wreck of Tell Hum is that of a big town; for the stones of black and unhewn basalt lie tumbled along the slope for more than half a mile, without counting the ruins which may have been left from the mills and houses of Tabiga, the suburb of the Fountain. They would make a city as large as Jaffa. Tell Hum stands on the western bank, near the lake, about a mile from the Jordan. Close by it there is a fine creek, in which fishermen might haul their frail craft in a storm, and in which a boat could so lie that a man on board her might address a multitude standing on either bank. Creeks are rare on this abrupt coast; and at Khan Minyeh there is only a deep shore line.

Again, Capernaum stood between the towns of Bethsaida and Magdala, on the path of the Roman road. Unlike the surface rock of Nazareth, which is soft and friable, easy to cut and quick to decay, that of the region round the upper end of the Sea of Gennesareth is a black basalt, as hard to tool, as slow to decay as marble itself. In making their roads, the Romans chopped through this solid rock, and a piece of their noble work is still visible near Tell Hum. No man can doubt that the

great road from Damascus to Tiberias passed through Tell Hum.

And, again; no other town on this part of the lake shows any traces of having had a Greek syna-



RUINS OF THE WHITE SYNAGOGUE AT CAPERNAUM.

gogue. At Tell Hum, tossed and buried among the thorns and brambles, lie the ruins of a synagogue, fine as the wrecks of either Kefr Birim,

Meiron, or Beth Arbel; a large pile, ninety feet long, in plan and material such as a Roman officer, bent on making a magnificent present to the Jews, would build. The walls were of fine blush marble; very white, of strong texture, admitting a very high polish; a material which becomes almost luminous under a Syrian light. It was adorned with a Greek portico; a colonnade, a noble cornice, and finely-wrought shafts, with capitals of good Corinthian art. These ruins remind you by their size and beauty of many a mound about Ephesus and Syracuse. In the days when Jesus dwelt in Capernaum, the white marble synagogue would be all the more brilliant from the fact of its being surrounded by houses and magazines of black volcanic rock.

In the last place, there is the sharp identity of name. Kefr na hum is the old form of Capernaum. Nahum is apparently a proper name. Kefr or. Caphar, means village, and is used very much like the Arab Tell, a village on a mound. An Arab calls every heap of stones and dust a Tell; and in his eye it suffices for a Kefr to be abandoned and destroyed in order to become a Tell: that is to say, a mound, a heap. Thus, Capernaum and Tell Hum are but two forms of

the same name, like Sarum and Salisbury, like Eboricum and York.

Two facts of another kind may be added. Arculf, the earliest Christian traveller, found the ruins of Capernaum at Tell Hum; and all natives of the country, whether Jews or Arabs, believe that Capernaum and Tell Hum are one place, in name and in site.

If this chain of facts be strong enough to bear the inference which runs along it, and Tell Hum can be accepted as the true site of Capernaum, the Lord's "own city," then this mound of marble, basalt, pottery, dust and sand, is one of the most sacred spots on the earth's surface.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

ONE Sabbath day, in the midst of his labour, JESUS entered into the white synagogue of Capernaum to pray and teach.

St. John, who lived hard by on the beach, among the boats and nets, and small fishermen's huts, has pictured the striking scene.

The marble pile lay bathed in the morning light; the blue lake shone below, the blue sky shone above; the rosy front of the Greek portico gleaming all the brighter from contrast with the dark surface of surrounding houses. On the steps stood an anxious and wondering group; men whose tongues were all busy, whose thoughts were all swollen, with the story of a strange event; for on the eve of that Sabbath day, in the sight of thousands of persons, both Jews and Greeks, the new Teacher who had come amongst them, the

son of Joseph the carpenter of Nazareth, was said to have performed a stupendous miracle; one without fellow since the day when the Lord had said unto Moses: 'At even ye shall eat flesh and in the morning ye shall be filled with bread, and ye shall know that I am the Lord your God,' and in the evening there had come quails and in the morning manna had been found lying on the ground; for this JESUS of Nazareth was alleged to have fed a vast multitude of people on five barley loaves and two small fish from the lake. Could these things be true? And if so, how had they been done?

Jews who had shared in the feast over night told others who had not been present, how JESUS left Capernaum in a boat with John, Philip, Andrew, Simon, and his other disciples to go away into a desert place beyond the lake; how the people, both men and women, flocked to him from Bethsaida, Gerasa, and the hamlets lying along the shore; how boats came over from Tiberias, the Greek capital, bringing crowds of men and women eager to see him heal the sick and to hear his parables; how a great company of Jews, going up to Jerusalem for the Passover, by the usual caravan road, avoiding Samaria, came about him, until the multitude could be counted by

thousands; how the Teacher, sitting down on the hill-side, in a place where there was much grass on the ground, explained to them the dark sayings of their prophets; how, in listening to his words the moments slipped away, until meal time came round and the people were hungry and athirst; how he then paused in his discourse, and turning to Philip of Bethsaida said: "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" and Philip, not seeing that the Master was but trying him, replied—"Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one may have a little;' how Andrew, the son of Jona, then observed to his Master, "Here is a lad which hath five barley loaves and two small fish; but what are they among so many?" how JESUS commanded the people to sit down on the green turf in rows, while he brake the bread and blessed it, giving it into the hands of his servants to carry round, so that every man, to the number of five thousand, besides women and children, ate and was filled; how those who went round the seats after this strange feast was ended picked up twelve baskets full of meat and crumbs; how the people, being amazed by these signs and wonders, cried aloud that surely this man was the Messiah

that was to come, and would have seized him by force and proclaimed him King, but that he, knowing their minds, suddenly withdrew himself from their sight, and went up into the mountain, like Moses into Sinai, alone.

Nor were these marvels all they had to tell.

As night came down over that desert place, the company had been compelled to disperse into the towns and villages on the lake; for the next day being the Sabbath, on which day it was unlawful, according to the doctors, for a Jew to do any kind of work, to cook his dinner, to light a fire, to gather sticks, to step into a boat, to walk a mile, (the sabbath day's journey of the Oral Law being only six furlongs), any man who remained on the beach until sunset would have to stay in that desert place for twenty-four hours without shelter, food, and drink. No Jew, therefore, could think of staying until the sun went down; even though in going away to his boat he might have to leave his Lord behind. Most of the crowd had not far to go; Gerasa being only four or five miles to the south; Bethsaida-Julias three or four miles to the north; Capernaum, on the opposite bank, about six miles west; and Tiberias, the capital, ten miles west by south. Many of those who had come from

the Greek city took boat when the feast was over. Others waited on the strand expecting to see JESUS come back. Among the last to leave were Simon and the brethren; but when the sun began to droop over the hills of Galilee, even the poor fishermen, seeing that the wind was rising on the lake, that they had six or seven miles to row, and that the Sabbath, on which no man could labour, was coming on, snatched up their oars and put out to sea, intending to make their own little creek before night and storm overtook them. Then, but not till then, the last of those who had loitered near the beach, that they might see Him once more, pushed away; quite sure that JESUS had been left behind them in that desert place.

But now, on the Sabbath morning, it was known to every man in Capernaum, that as darkness came down, a squall of wind from the hills lashed the lake into foam and lifted the waves into billows, against the might of which Simon and his fellows in their frail bark pulled in vain, their utmost strength of arm being weak as that of children in the buffetings of such a storm, until, peering out into the dim night, they saw the Master walking towards them on the water like a spirit; that the fishermen were sore afraid of this

vision, until the Lord spoke to them, saying, "It is I: fear not;" that they knew his voice and took him into their boat; that so soon as he was come on board, the sea became still, and their little craft lay quiet on the beach of Capernaum in front of their own house.

Such was the tale debated by eager men under the Greek portico of the synagogue. The crowd was great; for boats had been darting in all day from the neighbouring towns. Many persons were curious about one who could give them bread without toil; who could increase the barley loaves at his own will, just as God had done with the manna in olden times, so that he who gathered little had no lack. If JESUS could feed them by a word of his mouth, must he not be that Christ that was to come?

JESUS sat in the synagogue in his usual place.

The Jews poured in, each man and woman making lowly reverence towards the ark; the rich folks going up to the high seats near the veil, the elders mounting the stairs of the platform, the batlanim seating themselves on the benches, and the women going apart behind the screen. The services began with the prayer of sweet incense; after which the congregation, the batlanim leading,

sang those psalms of David: "O, give thanks unto the Lord," "Bless the Lord, O my soul," "The heavens declare the glory of God," "Praise ye the Lord," and other chants which are still dear and familiar to the Christian heart. When these psalms were sung, the chazzan, going up to the ark, drew aside the veil, and took out the sacred roll, which he carried round the aisles to the reader of the day, who raised it in his hand so that all who were present could see the holy text. Then the whole congregation rose and cried:

And this is the law which Moses set before the children of Israel:
The law which Moses commanded us:
The inheritance of the congregation of Jacob:
The way of God is perfect:
The way of the Lord is tried:
He is a buckler to all who trust in him.

Opening the scroll, the Reader read out the section or chapter for the day: the people following him with their eyes and with their lips, nearly every one having the chief parts of the law by heart. When the lesson for the day was finished, the chazzan took the scroll from the reader, and carried it back to its place behind the veil, the people crying after it with a loud voice:

Let them praise the name of the Lord;
For his name alone is exalted;
His glory is above the earth and the heavens!

Then, when the roll was restored to the ark, they sang other psalms of praise and supplication; after which the chief elder delivered the midrash, an exposition of the text which had been read. The time being now come to question and be questioned, all eyes turned on the Teacher who had fed the five thousand men with a handful of barley loaves, who had disappeared from the midst of those who wished to proclaim him King, and who had walked over the sea and soothed the storm. No one troubled the chief elder that day. No one bade the chazzan bring him the book. All minds were busy with the astounding miracles which they had seen, or of which they had heard.

Their questionings were sharp and loud:

"Rabbi, when camest thou hither?"

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye ask me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye ate of the loaves and were filled. Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life; which the Son of man shall give unto you: for him hath God the Father sealed."

Then they asked him:

"What must we do that we may work the

works of God?"—that is to say, works which are pleasing in the sight of God.

To which he answered, with a second public declaration that he was Christ, the Son of God:

"This is the work of God," that is to say, the works most pleasing in the sight of God, "that ye believe on him whom He hath sent."

"What sign showest thou then, that we may see and believe thee? What dost thou work?"

Full of the great act, which many witnesses declared that they had seen in the desert beyond the lake, they wished to have it repeated before their eyes. Now, in the opinion of every Jew, one of the chief miracles in their history as a nation was the finding of manna, a gift from heaven, for forty years; and this fresh act of feeding a great multitude on five small loaves and two fish appeared to them like a challenge and declaration that the new Teacher was equal in authority to Moses. So they said to him:

"Our fathers did eat manna in the wilderness; as it is written: He gave them bread from heaven to eat."

JESUS took up their thought:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not the bread from heaven; but my Father giveth

you the true bread from heaven. For the bread of God is that which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world."

"Rabbi, evermore give us this bread."

JESUS answered them:

"I am the bread of life. He that cometh to me shall not hunger, and he that believeth in me shall never thirst."

Some part of the debate is here lost; we have only the concluding words of the Lord's discourse:

"But I said unto you, that ye have seen me and believe not. All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. For I am come down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me, that of all which he hath given me, I should lose nothing, but should raise it up at the last day. For this is the will of my Father, that every one which looketh on the Son and believeth in him, may have everlasting life, and that I should raise him up at the last day."

The elders, the batlanim, the chazzan, gazed into each others' faces and began to murmur against him, just as the men of Nazareth had murmured against him.

"Is not this Jesus the son of Joseph, whose

father and mother we know? How is it then, that he saith, I am come down from heaven?"

JESUS spoke to them again:

"Murmur not among yourselves. No man can come to me except the Father which sent me draw him; and I will raise him up at the last day. It is written in the prophets, And they shall all be taught of God. Every man that hath heard of the Father, and hath learned, cometh unto me. Not that any man hath seen the Father, save he which is from God; he hath seen the Father. Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life. I am the bread of life. Your fathers ate manna in the wilderness and they died. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever; yea, and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."

Strange doctrines for the Jews to weigh! Then leapt hot words among them, and some of those who had meant to believe in him and to follow him drew back. If he were the Christ, the Son of David, the King of Israel, why was he not

marching on Jerusalem, why not driving out the Romans, why not assuming a kingly crown?

"How can this man give us his flesh to eat?"

The Lord spoke again; still more to their discontent and chagrin, seeing that they wanted an earthly Christ:

"Except ye eat of the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you."

This was too much for many, even for some who had been brought to the door of belief. Eat his flesh, drink his blood! "This saying is hard," the nearest disciples whispered to each other. It was not what they wished to hear from him; for all these Jews, even those whom he called his own, were expecting to eat and drink with him, to share his power, to sit on his right hand, to be his captains and councillors in a visible kingdom of God, having its seat on Mount Zion, and its worship on the Temple hill. "I am the living bread," they quoted to each other; "this saying is hard, who can stay and listen to it?" And many of them rose up and left the synagogue. Even among the Twelve there were some who felt doubt and discontent growing up in their hearts.

"Doth this offend you?" said the Lord to his own: "What then, if ye should behold the Son of

man ascending up where he was before? It is the Spirit that giveth life; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I have spoken unto you are spirit and are life. But there are some of you that believe not:" referring, says St. John, to that Judas Iscariot who was to betray him in the end to death.

The service of the synagogue ended, the elders came down from the platform, the chazzan put away the sacred vessels, the congregation came out into the sun, angry in word and mocking in spirit. They wanted facts; he had given them truth. They hungered for miraculous bread, for a new shower of manna; he had offered them, symbolically, his flesh and blood. They had set their hearts on finding a captain who would march against the Romans, who would cause Judas of Gamala to be forgotten, who would put the glories of Herod the Great to shame. They had asked him for earth, and he had answered them with heaven.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PHARISAIC RITES.

YET only some of the Pharisees, not all, went about to kill JESUS; for in the most active and hopeful sect in Galilee, a sect which was coming to include the great body of professing Jews, many persons still imagined that in his own good time JESUS would declare himself their king.

The Separatists reasoned from a dream to a dream. Were they not the Messiah's people? Had he any other friends? Did the Sadducee want a Deliverer? Did the Essene cry to heaven for a Prince? The first was happy in his purple and his palace; the second in his goatskin and his cave. Judging from what they felt, the Pharisees concluded that when Jesus should think the time had come to connect himself with any party in the State, it must be with their own. Heaven divided him from the Sadducee, earth from the Essene.

In opposition to the Sadducees, JESUS taught the providence of God, the efficacy of prayer, the rewards of a world to come; in opposition to the Essenes, he preached the holiness of marriage, the charities of mirth, the duty of bearing and overcoming the present life. All these were Pharisaic doctrines, taught in the schools of Hillel and Shammai. It was true that as yet he had given no sign, that he had spoken no word, committed no offence, against Rome. On this account, some of the Galileans waxed wroth against him; but these were only the younger and more impatient spirits. On the side of patience, it could be urged that he had been born and reared according to Pharisaic rule, under the accepted ritual of the Oral Law; dwelling in their houses, praying in their synagogues, offering his dove and his sacred shekel, keeping the feast of Purim, and eating his share of the Paschal lamb. JESUS had been circumcised by the priest, and presented in the Temple; his ransom had been paid; and he had been properly received as a son of the law. When he began to teach and preach, he laboured among the Jews, and among the Jews only. His friends were Jews, his disciples Jews; and like a good Pharisee, like a man set apart, he abstained from entering into

the Greek cities, and declined an invitation to the Golden house. Once, he declared that his message of grace was less for the Gentile nations than for the Jews—those lost sheep of Israel which had gone astray.

There was room for doubt; though the fears and hopes which wait on doubt were not quite equal in their force.

JESUS gave deep offence to these Pharisees by showing that their ritual observance of the Sabbath was not true piety; he gave still more offence by asserting that a good man might eat bread with unsprinkled hands. Purifying hands before meat was a cardinal test of the true Separatist Jew.

Any one who has lived in a tent, eating pottage of lentils and flesh with Arabs, knows how much good sense there is in the custom, prevalent from Cairo to Damascus, from Stamboul to Bagdad, which compels every man to wash hands before sitting down to eat. Arabs are not served on separate plates, and every man's fingers go dipping into the common dish. They have no knives, forks, napkins, spoons, and glasses; none of those dainty evasions by means of which a Frank can defy the inequalities of cleanliness between guest and guest.

A neighbour at our feasts may have been spare of soap, without forcing us to swallow any portion of his dirt. Not so an Arab. Every time he dips his fingers into the dish, he contributes his share of impurities to a common stock. For the Orientals of the lower class have only one dish out of which the family, the company, must eat. A rug is spread upon the ground, either outside the tent or in the lewan of the house; in the centre of this rug the pottage is placed in a single trencher; a stew of fowls and olives, of veal and cucumbers; the flesh being minced with lentils, gourds and tomatoes. The diners squat round in a circle, each man on a corner of the carpet; when the chief of the feast, taking a bit of black bread between his thumb and finger, souses it into the pottage, leaving a few crumbs, perhaps, behind, but catching up a piece of the flesh, and bringing the bread back into his mouth soaking and savoury with herbs and oil. The next man does the same, and so round the ring. A Syrian's fingers are his knives and forks; and during a single meal they may plunge a hundred times into the common mess. If they are clean, it is well for him who has to come next and next; if they are either grimy with dust or gritty with sand, the friends

with whom he eats will each receive some of the unkindly benefit of his filth.

Hence, the custom of washing hands before meat is an act of comfort and politeness, of which the Hebrews in ancient days had a sense as quick as Turkish gentlemen in our own. They all rinsed hands before dipping into the dish; Boaz, Solomon, Hillel, like their Oriental brethren, Pharaoh, Hiram, and Haroun; cleansing themselves in the same manner and for the same cause. No law was needed, and no law was given, on this social usage. A Syrian passed his fingers through the water when he ate, as he scoured his pans when he cooked his mess, and spread his rug when he fell asleep. There was no more piety in plashing his hands than in paring his nails. Yet under the Maccabees, the Separatist Jews began to make of a habit which was common to all Arab tribes a law to themselves; asserting for it a Mosaic origin, and teaching in their schools of learning that any breach of this law was a sin against God.

It was one of a thousand cases in which they replaced Moses by Tradition; but this ceremony of washing hands being generally performed in public, it was a point on which the Pharisees were strict.

Being raised into an act of worship, the neglect of which rendered a Jew unclean, it became necessary to define the rite—to point out the true method of washing hands, so that a Jew might sit down to eat without fear of sin. A code of rules was framed for his use, which fills a good many pages of the Mishna. Some of the rules which a Pharisee was bound to know, were general:—to wit, that washing his hands was understood to mean washing his hands in water; that his hands were understood to be his hands up to the wrist; that water was understood to be water contained in a vessel, not running in a stream or lying in a well; that washing was to be understood as cleansing his hands with water three times. Each rule had its exceptions and explanations, which a pupil of the law must bear in mind. Then came the particular rules, four in number, which he must carefully observe. First, the water in which he was about to wash hands must be of the proper kind; second, it must be sufficient in quantity; third, it must be held in a proper vessel; fourth, it must be poured out upon his hands with a certain force. Each of these rules had its expansions and limitations. A volume would not hold the Jewish debates on the single question—What is the proper kind of water?

Some of the defining marks were clear; others were not. It could not be sea water. It could not be mill water. It could not be water which had done any kind of work. But then arose the query —What is work? Is breeding fish work? Is boiling eggs work? The water, it was agreed, must be fresh. But what is freshness? A brackish spring was not fresh; but was the liquid held to be fresh, ceremonially, in which vinegar had been mixed, or a lemon had been squeezed, to keep it fresh naturally? So with the second rule, as to quantity. Less than a quartern for two hands would not serve; for one drop short of the true measure would have left a Jew in sin, black as that resulting from his having told a lie, or stolen his neighbour's ass. The third and fourth rules were also edged round with snares into which he might haply fall. The water must be poured out in a way that required art to do it well, and the degree of force with which it streamed from the spout was a capital point. A jerk of the vessel might destroy the whole efficacy of the rite.

Had the pupil come to an end of these ritual laws at last? Far from it; he was only in the first and easiest stage of his journey. He might

wash his hands with strict attention to all these rules, and yet remain unclean in body and in soul; every virtue in the act being destroyed by the law of vitiation.

Certain things were held to vitiate washing. What things? The elders differed in opinion as to detail; but the guiding rule was that everything which would have vitiated baptism, also vitiated washing. This rule, however, only changed the ground of debate; since no one could enumerate all the flaws which might destroy the virtue of baptism. Some points were admitted by all the schools; for example, that the rite would be vitiated by these impurities of body—a film outside the eye; dry blood on a wound; plaister on the skin; the incrustation inside a scab; dirt under the nails; mud on the flesh; and potter's clay in the pores.

This mode of washing hands, so essential, yet so difficult, was observed by a Jew according to rules not less complete than those which governed the rite itself. He began on rising from his rug. Until his hands were ceremonially cleansed, an evil spirit was said to rest upon them, so that if he chanced to rub his eyes on waking he was told that he would lose his sight. This evil spirit being

present, he was not suffered to touch his mouth, his nose, or his ears, lest the devil should slip from his fingers into his head. Some kinds of food required the hands to be cleansed after eating; as particular sorts of bread, all preserved meats, and everything in which there was salt. The same with respect to certain days in the year; for a Jew had to pour water on his hands three times after the recital of particular prayers and benedictions, all of which regulations must be borne in mind, on penalty of being struck blind. For a Jew to fail in this rite of purifying hands, was not a sin only, but a crime, punishable by the law. In depth of guilt, such a failure of duty was considered equal to fornication; the case of Eleazar ben Chatzar being a favourite illustration of the sin. Eleazar refused to wash hands according to the ritual; for which offence he was cast out from the Jewish church; and, on dying in his impenitence, a piece of rock was laid upon his coffin, at once to mark his grave for dishonour, and to signify that his body was stoned by the holy law.

Against all these Pharisaic rules, injunctions, and exceptions, JESUS set his face. He said they were not of God. They were not found in the

sacred books. They were not only superfluous, but mischievous, in so far as they deceived men into thinking the letter of equal virtue with the spirit.

JESUS told the people that these rules for washing hands were but idle legends; the act which they regulated being a social custom, not a religious rite. To show them by example how little it concerned their welfare what kind of water they used, in what sort of vessel it was held, and in what quantity it was poured out, he allowed his disciples, when eating bread in public, to omit the rite altogether.

The Pharisees, following and watching him, came and said: "Why do thy disciples transgress the tradition of the Elders, for they wash not their hands when they eat bread?"

JESUS answered them that their tradition was not in the law, but was in opposition to the law, in substance and in spirit. And turning to the multitude, he added:

"Now hear and understand: not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man."

The Pharisees were much offended. One day he

went home with one of them to dine, and on entering the house, sat down and broke bread without waiting for the ewer to be emptied over his hands. The host began to chide, on which he said:

"Ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness. Give alms of such things as ye have, and behold all things are clean unto you."

CHAPTER XIX.

LIGHT OF THE GENTILES.

AFTER that day of tumult in the white synagogue, when so many of the Capernaum Jews parted from JESUS, and like their brethren of Nazareth began to seek his life, his labour moved more rapidly than before into its final stage: that of an open call to men of all tongues and races to the kingdom of God.

But if many fell off that day, some few remained staunch. Drawn to their Lord by love, and not by reason, the chosen twelve were fast learning to see with his eyes, to speak with his voice, to breathe in his spirit. These men, now ready to be tried in the fire, to be proved to the death, had seen their most cherished illusions fade into air; yet they had not turned back from the Lord, and were now the pillars of his Church. Others, less strong in character and in faith, had been shaken by the

aspect of affairs; and even among those who stood nearest him, and appeared most true to him, some were stung to despair on hearing that they must preach salvation alike to Jew and Greek.

This thing was harder to them than eating bread with unwashed hands, than doing good on the Sabbath day.

JESUS was not a good Jew in the only sense which they knew how to give that name: a man conscious and proud of being a member of a chosen race, the salt of the earth, the one people for whom the sun shone, the harvests ripened, and the whole world had been made. Even those who loved him in the flesh, often grieved over him in spirit; for to them the Son of David appeared to be wanting in Hebrew pride. They blushed to find him talking with a Samaritan woman at Jacob's well. They grieved to see him lodge with the men of Sychar. They marvelled to hear him say that nations from the East and from the West should find rest with the patriarchs. All these things were dark to their narrow and clouded minds.

But if Peter and John, who stood by his side and shared in his counsels, could not see into the mysteries of his grace, how were the lost and

untaught Galileans, red with the strife, drunk with the hope of Judas and his sons, to understand this gospel of peace and love? They could not. Such a doctrine as that of peace on earth and good-will to all men, was new to their ears, offensive to their pride. So when JESUS left Capernaum as he had left Nazareth, fearing for his life, to be henceforth a wanderer, no crowds of men ran after him, catching at his robe, and praying him to come back and dwell in their midst. The last time he had gone away from Capernaum the whole town followed him into the road, and the apostles prayed him to return, saying—"All men seek thee." Now, no men sought him, except the Pharisees, who would have scourged him with whips and bruised him with stones. Cast out from the synagogue and the city, he turned his face from the blue lake, going up into the hill country of Galilee, and beyond it into the Plain of Tyre, until the sharp quest of the sheliach should have died away.

To train his disciples for their public work, he made a long and difficult march on foot, mainly through the Greek and Phœnician territories; setting out from Capernaum in May, when the sun is fierce, the herbage is burnt up, and the rivers have run dry; continuing his course

through the summer heats; extending his travel from the plain of Sidon to the mountains of Gilead.

Our notes of these movements are brief and scant; yet enough is recorded by St. Matthew and St. Mark to show that they comprised three journeys, occupying about six months.

In his first journey, JESUS passed down from the hills of Galilee, by way of the wadies flowing westwards to the sea, into the Plain of Tyre, where he sought shelter from his own people among the worshippers of Ashtoreth and Baal. In the first stage of his flight, he neither preached the gospel nor healed the sick; but his fame having gone before him into those parts, a Gentile woman, a Syro-Phœnician, having a daughter a lunatic, ran after him in the road, crying with a loud voice for him to come into her house and heal her child.

To do so, would be to make himself known, to bring the Jews upon his track. Fearing to be discovered by their enemies, the disciples urged him to send her away. Turning to the poor woman, JESUS said gently:

"I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of Israel."

But she continued her prayer, crying, "Lord help me!" until he turned to her again, saying:

"Great is thy faith, O woman: be it unto thee as thou wilt."

This was the first instance of his divine power being used spontaneously to heal a Gentile; for in that case of curing the Centurion's servant, the healing act was done, not in opposition to Jewish instincts and desires, but on the prayer of elders from the synagogue. Now, a Gentile woman was called into the Church, and a Jew's pride, as one of an exclusive race, was dashed for ever to the earth.

In his second journey, JESUS passed into the Decapolis—region of the Ten Cities—a Greek League, of which Hippo, Gadara, Pella, and Scythopolis, were then the chief places. This district of the Ten Cities lay about the southern shores of the Lake of Galilee, and on both banks of the lower Jordan, though the Greek cities were mainly built on its eastern side. Peopled by Greeks, or by men of Greek descent, this country offered him a safe retreat, in which he might pursue his work in peace. In one place the people brought to him a man who was dumb and had an impediment in his speech, which JESUS cured, telling them not to speak of it; for he did not wish to excite and offend the Jews. But they talked of him all the

more for this injunction; a great crowd following him from the Greek cities, until the number rose into thousands; when, being on the lake, in a desert place, he felt compassion for this multitude, and having made them sit down, he fed these Gentiles on a few loaves and fish, as in the early spring, within a dozen miles of that spot, he had fed the five thousand Jews.

Then he took boat and crossed the lake to Magdala, a village on the Galilean bank; but he found no rest there; for the Pharisees and Herodians, hearing that he had come over, pressed upon him with their perfidious questions, calling upon him to give them a sign of his Messiahship from heaven. JESUS, says St. Mark, sighed deeply in his spirit, as he answered them:

"Why doth this generation seek a sign? Verily I say unto you, no sign shall be given unto this generation."

Sad in soul, he stepped into the boat, so hastily that his disciples had no time to buy bread, and put off from Magdala, the land of these Galileans, Herodians, and Separatists, for the Greek shore, where he might again find refuge from his countrymen in the stranger's land. When his disciples began to murmur at the lack of bread, and at the

prospect of having to bake and eat unleavened loaves, he turned their thoughts to the higher question of the spiritual danger from which they were escaping:

"Take heed: beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the leaven of Herod."

In his third journey, he travelled from the Ten Cities up the left bank of Jordan to its source; pausing for a moment at Bethsaida-Julias, where he led the blind man out of the house and cured him; climbing the hills into Paneas, now become the Greek city of Cæsarea Philippi; reaching the limits of his march in one of the peaks of Hermon, the mountain of the Transfiguration, where a special glory was to mark the foundation of his Church.

That leaven of the Pharisees, of the Herodians, had so far entered into the souls of men, that the staunchest of his disciples could not yet conceive how the kingdom of God could be other than a kingdom of the earth. They were growing up slowly towards the light: but growth is a work of time, of favouring soil, and of furthering sun and rain. When JESUS told them that his kingdom was not of the world, that he was never to assume an earthly crown, they could hardly believe that

he spoke the truth. But as they wended along the base of Mount Hermon, he put them face to face with the highest fact:

"Whom do men say that I am?"

They answered him that men said he was John the Baptist come to life; this error of the Galilean court being also an error of the Galilean synagogue and market-place; but they added, "Some say Elias, and others one of the prophets."

"But whom say ye that I am?"

Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ."

As Christ then he told them that his time was nigh; that he must now go up to Jerusalem; that in place of being made a king of men, he would be rejected of the Sanhedrin and the people, as he had been rejected by the synagogues of Nazareth and Capernaum; that he would be put to a shameful death, and on the third day would rise again from the dead. Peter, still strong in his Galilean tenets, still dreaming of an earthly sceptre, turned on JESUS, saying: "This shall not happen unto thee."

Swiftly from JESUS came the rebuke of this carnal spirit:

"Get thee behind me, Satan. Thou art an offence

unto me. For thou savourest not the things that be of God; but those that be of men."

Six days later, he took Peter, James and John into the mountain, where he became transfigured before their eyes, his face shining like the sun and his garments becoming white as light.

CHAPTER XX.

BETHANY.

TOWARDS the end of the fall, while the olives were being shaken from the trees and the grapes were being trodden in the wine-press, JESUS and his little band of disciples came back from the mountain of the Transfiguration to the lake country; not to abide there any more; but to rest for a few days; to say adieu to old friends, and push on to the city in which the Son of man was ordained to render up his life.

The harvest being got in and the feast of tabernacles nigh, large companies of Jews were gathering about the lake, preparing to attend this feast; making their journey to Jerusalem in caravans for safety against the Arabs, and by way of the Jordan valley, so as to avoid touching Samaria and rendering themselves unclean. It was the way that JESUS had gone in his father's time. Now, he

meant to attend this feast, but he kept his counsel as to how and when he should go up. To walk by this lower road, among these Jewish companies, would be to expose, in a mere broil, in a desert place, among unknown men, a life which it was part of his divine career that he should yield in the Holy City, after public process, under accusation of the high priest, and by sentence of the Roman governor, in the presence of a mighty concourse of Jews and Greeks. His death must be as evident to the world as his resurrection from the dead must be clear to his Church. So he allowed his disciples to go up to Jerusalem by the caravan; and after they were gone away from Capernaum, he went up alone through the hill country of Samaria, by way of Shechem, Shiloh and Bethel, the three sacred cities which preceded Zion as the selected Mounts of God.

Entering Jerusalem by the great suburb and the north gate, he would see, on his left hand, Bezetha, with its ridge of houses and synagogues, and the new palace built by Antipas Herod; on his right hand, Gareb, with its gardens and villas, its place of public execution, and its occasional caves and tombs. Passing down the great street of the Cheesemongers' valley, and turning about

midway in that street to his left, he would go from the city by the sheep gate (now called St. Stephen's), crossing the dry Cedron bed, and circling the west shoulder of Olivet, come through plantations of figs and olives to a small hamlet, two miles from Jerusalem, called Bethany (Bethanyah, House of the Poor) where the caravan from Galilee stopped and where he had always lodged.

Sixty generations of men have come and gone since that day, yet Bethany is still the abode of poverty: a heap of stone sheds, mixed with some ruins, and peopled by a rabble of Arab peasants, too lazy to work, too abject to thieve. Only two miles from Jerusalem, only one mile from Galileans' hill, it is yet out of the world; standing on a ledge of live rock; looking down into the Cedron gorge, across to the opposite ridge of Abu Dis, then into the intricate maze of limestone hills which go dropping from shelf to shelf into the plain of the Dead Sea. A track from Jerusalem to Jericho winds through it, over slippery sheets of stone, on which horse or camel finds it difficult to keep his feet. A carob here, a fig tree there, make the absence of verdure more keenly felt.

The situation of Bethany, if lonely and exposed,

is also commanding and picturesque. At the head of two wadies, covering the chief tracks through the wilderness, it is a needful outpost for Jerusalem, and must have been used as a watch-tower from the earliest times. Some old foundations, of Jewish style and bevel, would seem to show that Bethany was one of those places on the desert edge in which the kings of Judah built watch-towers to protect the wells. Around this tower poor people would creep and huddle; throwing up their booths and houses beneath its walls; and nothing is more likely in Palestine than that such a village should be called by the name of Bethany—House of the Poor.

These cowering Arabs still call it El Azariyeh, from the name of Lazarus; said in their country traditions to have been the village sheikh; very much as they call Mohammed Arekât, the sheikh of Abu Dis. From what is told by St. John, it may be inferred that Lazarus was rich, well known, and of good repute: to wit, from his dwelling in a large house, from his habit of receiving guests, from the costly unguents used by his sister, from his owning a rock-hewn sepulchre, from the concourse of Jews who came over to mourn for him when he died. He may have been all that these Arabs say; the sheikh of a poor village of lepers and paupers; in

which case the excavated chamber now shown may have been his tomb.

The biggest ruin in Bethany is said to be that of the house in which Lazarus lived and JESUS lodged. The whole hamlet is a mound of dust and ashes; not one good house remaining with a roof above it. The little gardens, the little courts, are gone; nor does the eye of an observer rest on a single Saracenic dome. In many old walls the lewan is visible; but in every case the arch has been filled with rubble; for a lewan is only built in a good house, and its presence implies a court-yard, if not a bit of garden, with its fig-tree or its vine. The former dwellers in this Village of the Poor could hardly have been so abject as they seem to be now.

Still, some notion of the house of Lazarus, in which Martha and Mary lived, in which Jesus lodged during his visits to Jerusalem, may be got from these crumbling stones. In Syria there is little change in either men or houses. As Abraham pitched his tent in Bethel, an Arab sheikh would now set up his camp; and much as David built his palace on Mount Zion, a Turkish pasha would now arrange his house. Whether he be prince or slave, Moslem or Jew, a Syrian eats and drinks, buys and

sells, builds and plants, by an all but immutable law; a fact which renders the daily life of Palestine a continual illustration of the sacred text. In every street you see the hairy children of Esau squatting on the ground, and greedily devouring a mess like that for which the hunter sold his birthright. Along every road plod the sons of Rechab, men who drink no wine, plant no tree, enter within no door. At every khan you find the young men seated round the pan of parched corn, dipping their morsel into the dish. Job's plough is still used, and the seed is still trodden into the ground by asses and kine. Olives are shaken from the boughs as directed by Isaiah, and the grafting of trees is unchanged from the days of Paul. And so with the fashion in which a Syrian builds his shed, his synagogue, and his mosque. Not being an artist by nature, he has never been led astray from his primitive type.

A Syrian house is a stone tent, just as the temple was a marble tent. In changing the material of which it was made, a Hebrew camp did not change its name; but whether erected of canvas or of rock, it was always a beth, in Arabic a beit, expressing a tent, a house, an encampment, a town.

In form an oblong; in height some twelve or

fifteen feet; a blank wall, broken by small square holes; a low roof, flat, with neither cornice nor chimney—such is the rude exterior of a Syrian house. Where there are two stories, the higher

SYRIAN HOUSES.

rooms may have windows covered with lattice-work, admitting the flow of air, but shutting out neighbouring eyes. No chamber can be seen from the street. In good houses there may be a kind of tower, called an upper-room, on part of the roof; a cool and pleasant place, built like the miradores and ventanas of the Moors. When a house has more than two tiers, as in high parts of Jaffa,

and in the crowded quarters of Zion, it will probably be found that one lodge has been raised on the top of another: the custom of this country, stronger than any code of laws, permitting a poor man who has no home of his own to erect a cage on his neighbour's roof, to burrow a den under his neighbour's floor, if he can only find a way into this lodging without passing through another man's gate.

In the houses of old cities, such as Hebron, Zion, and Nabulus, the flat roof, laid with a plaster of lime and sand, sometimes has a parapet of open tiles and clay; a light, strong fretwork, three feet high, and going round the edge; a screen which prevents children from falling off and women being seen. "When thou buildest a new house," said the law, "then shalt thou make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy head if any man fall from thence." On the flat roof, within this guard of tiles, the Syrian females, shorn of their veils, their slippers, and their cloaks, spread maize to dry, feed doves and pigeons, and in the evening bathe and spin. It was on such a roof, so screened, that Bathsheba bared her bosom, on seeing which David fell into sin and crime.

In front of the house is the lewan; a great arch

and recess, answering to the doorway of an Arab tent. The lewan is often level with the ground, though a man who has to rear children as well as goats, will raise his floor a few steps above the open court in which his animals feed and lodge. This floor is covered, like the roof, with a thin layer of mud and lime.

On each side of the recess, a doorway opens on a room. In a big house, two or three rooms may extend from each wing: but this extension is rare: and every house that is more than a hole in the earth or a sty upon it, has a lewan in the centre, and an apartment on each flank. A piece of ground, enclosed by a hedge of rough stones, advances from the wings and bows out in front; forming a little court or garden, in which there is commonly planted either a figtree or a vine. For three parts of the year, the lewan and the court are the real house of poor people; the two rooms being rarely used. A Syrian household, father, son, and grandson, gathers in the lewan, where, sheltered from the sun, yet open to the breeze, they cook and dine, and smoke and sleep. Here the young damsels work and wash, while the poultry chuck and crow, and the infants crawl and fight. Except in the short rainy season, and

during the few cold nights, people spread their mats and quilts, which our Bible calls their beds, either on the plaster floor or under the branching vine, and the whole family lie down together, father and mother, son and daughter, with their wives and husbands, and their brood of little folks. Knowing no shame, the darkness covers them with its robe. When the night grows chill, and the fear of dysentery comes down upon them, they creep into one of their tiny rooms, closing the doorway with a hanging mat, just as their fathers closed the Tabernacle entrance with a veil.

Into those rooms a stranger rarely, if ever, enters. An outer stair leads up to the flat roof; and in the lewan itself a visitor hangs his lantern. The rooms are plain and empty; having none of the pretty trifles which adorn an English home. Books, pictures, vases, chairs, pianos, clocks, are never to be seen in a Syrian's house. The walls are bare; the floors are mud. A couch is laid along the wall; being a lounge by day, a bed by night. A lamp of red clay, a wooden stand, a cradle, a chibouque, a corn-mill, a cruse of water, make up the list of furniture. Most of the work is done away from home; either in the fields, the bazaars, or in

the sooks. A goldsmith has his forge, a cobbler his stall, a tailor his goose, in the bazaar; while a carpenter puts his bench and a barber his basin in the public way. A man's house is neither his workshop nor his place of reception, as it is so often with a Frank. Fear lest his women should be seen prevents a Syrian from bringing home his friends, except on the three or four grand solemnities of his life. Can he not see his brother in the mosque; his neighbour in the market? There is not much news to relate. When a new pasha comes to Damascus, when a Maronite sheikh burns a Druse village, when a Salhaan bandit murders and robs a Frank, can he not hear of it in the city gate?

It was in such a house; squat and bare, with an open roof, a plaster floor, a little court or garden; looking over the Wady Cedron, the Dead Sea, and the Moab mountains, that Martha and Mary lived, and that JESUS, on his visits to the Holy City, lodged.

Going every morning into Jerusalem to teach and preach, he walked back to Bethany in the afternoon, that he might sup and sleep among the poor. It is nowhere hinted that he stayed in Jerusalem a single night.

NOTE

ON THE NAME BETHANY.

BETHANY, the residence of Lazarus, and consequently of Martha and Mary, is usually described by the commentators and lexicographers as Beth-any, House of Dates: that is to say, in our English idiom, the Village of Date-palms. Such a description sets before the mind a picture of the place in which Jesus lodged having a certain character; a degree of rural beauty, greenness and fertility likely to have made it a resort for pleasure and relaxation; a Jewish Richmond or St. Cloud.

In the text of this work I have ventured to depart from this common usage, for the following reasons.

One day, when riding with an English friend, a naturalist and man of science, over the brow of Olivet down into the village of Bethany, I was struck with the dry and rocky aspect of the ledge on which the hamlet stands—broad sheets of limestone, bare and shining—and I called to ask my companion where those famous palm trees which are said to have given their name to the village could have grown. My friend was puzzled to say where. He knew that the date tree is a tender plant, a nursling of art and skill, not a wild wanderer of the desert. He knew that it requires a peculiar soil, a mixture of sand and loam, with a little salt, and not a little moisture. Looking at the smooth surface of the ledge at Bethany, it seemed pretty safe to say that no palm trees had ever grown upon that rock.

Not being then aware that my rough notes of travel would have to do public duty, I pushed the question no further; though I left the neighbourhood of Jerusalem under a strong impression that either the derivation was false or the site was wrong.

The authority held responsible for this derivation is Lightfoot; a man of consummate learning in his day; a scholar of whom it is impossible for a critic to speak otherwise than in terms of high respect. No more striking proof of his authority in sacred literature could be given than the fact that a mere guess of his—a guess to which he assigns no

particular value—should have imposed on nearly all modern writers this derivation of Bethany from House of Dates. That Lightfoot attached no importance to this suggestion is evident from the fact that he subsequently makes several different suggestions as to the derivation of Bethany: such as from Place of Wool, Place of Sheep, House of Exposition, House of Tradition, and others. He winds up a long argument with the assertion that he is only jesting and playing with the subject of this obscure but very important derivation. Yet in spite of this final abandonment of his own etymological theory, Lightfoot's hint was followed by succeeding scholars; and this in the face of a perfect silence among Jewish writers as to the fact in issue—the existence of palm trees at Bethany.

No such fact is mentioned.

But the commentators, having got hold of an idea, and supposing that they had Lightfoot's name for it (the very important second paragraph in which he confesses that he is only playing and jesting with the subject, having escaped the index makers) they clung to it as a saving truth.

Whitby, writing in 1703, says, "Bethany took its name from a tract of ground so called from Athene, which signifies the cluster of palm trees, which grow there plentifully." (*Com. Scrip.* iv. 1208.)

Since this great body of commentaries appeared it has been the usual (though not invariable) practice to describe Bethany as the Village of Dates, and consequently as a resort of pleasure and relaxation for the people of the great city. (Porter's *Handbook of Syria*, 1, 188; Kitto's *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, i. 344; *People's Dictionary of the Bible*, 150; Arrowsmith's *Geographical Dictionary of the Holy Scriptures*, 61; Winer, *Biblisches Realwörterbuch*, i. 167; Renan, *Vie de Jesus*, 341).

Yet this large consent of modern opinion is far from settling the matter. If it be the fact that palm trees never could have grown on the bare rocks now strewn with the ruins called Bethany, one of two things must follow: either (1) El Aziryeh does not stand on the site of Bethany; or (2) the name Bethany is not derived from dates.

When I began to put my rough notes into order, it was necessary to pursue this alternative to its natural term. I took the situation first. Of the Evangelists who mention Bethany, Mark only gives bearings, and John distances; but their expressions are tolerably precise. Mark describes the Lord's arrival at Bethany, by way of the road from Jericho:

"And when they came nigh to Jerusalem, to Bethphage and Bethany, at the Mount of Olives" *καὶ ὅτε ἐγγίζουσιν εἰς Ἱερουσαλὴμ εἰς Βηθφαγὴ καὶ Βηθανίαν πρὸς τὸ ὄρος τῶν Ἐλαιῶν*)—showing that Bethany stood on the slope of Olivet, on the eastern side, and on the road from Jericho. John gives the exact distance from Jerusalem: "Now Bethany was nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off" (*ἦν δὲ ἡ Βηθανία ἐγγὶς τῶν Ἱεροσολύμων, ὡς ἀπὸ σταδίων δεκαπέντε*).

The early pilgrims were not generally exact in recording distances and positions; but it happens that, with regard to Bethany, the indications are sufficiently numerous and precise to fix the site. Three or four examples will suffice to show that the chain of evidence is continuous and complete. In 867, Bernard the Wise described Bethany as lying on the south of the top of Olivet, on the slope of that mountain, and a mile from the summit. (*Early Travels in Palestine*, 28.) In 1102, Sæwulf wrote: "Bethany, where Lazarus was raised by our Lord from the dead, is distant from the city about two miles to the east, on the other side of Mount Olivet." (*Early Trav.* 44.) In 1322, Mandeville said: "In descending from Mount Olivet to the east, is a castle called Bethany, where dwelt Simon the leper." (*Early Trav.* 177.)

As this evidence of the Evangelists and early travellers appeared to me sufficient to establish the identity of Bethany with the village now known as El Aziriyeh—Place of Lazarus—and as it appeared to me equally clear that date trees never could have grown upon that stony site, it became necessary to seek some other derivation for the name than the one accepted by so many commentators.

I therefore took the word. Bethany nowhere occurs in the Bible, and, I am told, nowhere in the Talmud. We possess the name only in its Greek form of *Βηθανία*. What Hebrew word, or combination of words, can this form represent? The fore part of the name gives us no trouble; Beth is pure Hebrew; a word as common as Ham in English, and having pretty nearly the same cumulative force of expressing either house, homestead, habitation, village, or town. But what is *Ania*? Turning to Gesenius, I found no *Ania* among the many names for a palm tree. But I found Anyah (עניה) to be very good Hebrew for Poverty. Conscious of my own inability to pursue this interesting inquiry through the Chaldee Targums, the mazes of Talmudical and post-Talmudical lore, the Syriac version of the New Testament, and the rest, I placed the matter, at this point, with an account of my observations and

surmises, in the hands of Mr. Emanuel Deutsch, of the British Museum; and no words of mine can express the obligations which I feel to that eminent scholar for his readiness to enter upon a critical and toilsome investigation of this nature. His remarks, which have a value far beyond my crude speculations, must be given in his own words:—

March 1, 1865.

"After careful consideration of your question, together with your own notes and suggestions, regarding Bethany, I beg to offer you the following remarks:

"*Bethany* has, since Lightfoot, commonly been held to mean 'House of Dates,' and has, after him, been adduced as a proof of the fertility of Mount Olivet and its neighbourhood. He identifies it with בית היני, Beth-Hene, a place, the green or *unripe figs* (פגי) of which he finds in Pes. 53 *a*, together with the unripe *dates* (אהיני, Ahine) of another place called Tubne (Tubania, Tabenia), and its name is, he thinks, 'drawn from אהיני, Ahene, which signifies the dates of palm trees, *not come to ripeness*.'

With regard to this derivation, it must be observed, in the first instance, that a supposed place, בית אהיני, Beth-Ahine, 'House of Unripe Dates,' could only have been transcribed in Greek Βηθαινη, Βηθαανη, or Βηθηνη; and even assuming the *A* to have dropped (although, often as the word Ahine occurs, it never once is spelt without it), no other Greek form could have been adopted than Βηθινη, or Βηθηνη; for there is some method in these transcripts, however manifold their apparent irregularities. Instead of either of these forms, we invariably find in the New Testament Βηθανία, and in the Syriac Vers. ܒܝܬ ܥܢܝܐ (Arab. بيت عنيا), exactly corresponding to the Chaldee בית עניא. The Aramaic word Ahen, pl. Ahine or Ahene (Arab. إهان), 'Scapus racemi dactylorum quum viridis est' F.), does mean, as in the passage adduced, any unripe fruit, especially unripe dates, but Bethany has, even according to Lightfoot himself, absolutely nothing to do with that fruit. He does not indeed derive its name from its ability or inability to mature dates, but, he avers, it 'lay over against a certain tract of Mount Olivet;' *i. e.*, 'fifteen furlongs from Jerusalem,' or about half as much from that same tract, '*where you may see palm trees growing*.' Why a town, the *figs* of which are mentioned, should be emphatically called the Place of *Unripe*

Dates, and in the very same passage where *another* place is mentioned for its unripe dates: simply because a certain distant tract of Olivet is supposed to bear palm trees, it is very difficult to understand. Nor is this difficulty removed by Lightfoot's utterly gratuitous assumption of that certain tract, seven furlongs 'over against it,' bearing date-trees, but being incapable of bearing ripe dates; and by that further stretch of his imagination, that it was *therefore* originally designated by that misnomer, and imparted it to a village which grew *figs*.

"As for the בית היני, Beth-Hine or Beth-Hene itself, mentioned, together with a place Tubenia, in the passage adduced above (Pes. 53 *a*), it would be exceedingly difficult, whatever be its derivation, to fix by its site that of Bethany. In the first instance there is absolutely nothing to show where Beth-Hene lay; and, secondly, it probably never existed at all. For it appears to be simply a corrupt reading for בית יוני, Beth Yone, which is still found in the parallel passage (Erub. 28, *b*), from which our passage quotes. This Beth-Hene is unknown to the Aruch (s. v. פני); Mussafia (seventeenth century) first notices it as a variant. Thanks to the united efforts of transcribers and printers, it has crept into the printed text of Pesachim, 53 *a*, as בית היני, and into the third parallel passage (Tosefta Shebiith vii. 11), as בית אוני Beth-Oni, and on the first corruption Lightfoot grounds his argument, heedless of parallel passages, linguistic laws, and logic. The mistake of the text in this instance probably arose from the similarity of the word *Ahine*, which stands close to it. The first critical edition of the Talmud will have to sweep away many a blunder of this kind, and very many of much greater import.

"Of a Bethany-Bethania, בית עניא, itself, either mountain-tract or town, I can find absolutely no trace in the Talmud. It is neither Lightfoot's בית היני (*not* found originally in Pes. 53, *a*), nor the one *found* in Chul. 53, *a*. It is also neither בית יוני (Erub. 28, *b*), nor כפר היני (Kethub.), nor בית היני [בני חנון] (Bab. Mez. 88, *a*, Jer. Peah I. 16, *c*). Respecting the latter (Beth-Hino), our author argues, in another place (vol. x. p. 220), in this wise: "The Talmudists *call* [mark the certainty he has arrived at now, having previously only ventured on the remark that Bethany *seemed* to be the same with בית היני 'among the Talmudists'] Bethany בית היני, to which how near does Beth-Heno come!"—Thus, according to his etymology, *Ahine* (green dates) would first be altered into *Hine*, then into *Hene*, then

into *Heno*, and finally into Ἀνία, with the accent, be it well understood, on the *i*.

"All this is mere trifling, and, in truth, no one is better aware of it than Lightfoot himself. Further on in the same volume (x. 309) he explains the reason of Bethamara being changed into 'Bethania:'—'since,' he says, 'Beth-Amara, being writ בית עמרא signifies a place of wool, and Bethania *being writ* בית עאניא (*Beth-Ania*) [היני is here suddenly metamorphosed into עאניא] *signifies a place of sheep*' (!!). He then goes on to conjecture that Bethabara was changed into Bethania because the former might have been taken as בית הברה (?) 'the House of Exposition,' and might have been explained on the margin to mean בית חניא (??) 'the House of Tradition.' He further derives these extraordinary words from the no less extraordinary בר תניא, בריא, etc.; and concludes, characteristically enough: 'Further, *had I either leisure or will to play any longer about the word* Βηθανία, we might *suppose* it written בית עאניא, which in the Syriac idiom (among whom it is no unusual thing to change ש into ע, [??]), agrees with בית שאניא Beth-Shania.'—But enough of this.

"Bethany, حسا حسا, means, according to all reasonable etymology, nothing but 'House of Misery,' 'Poor-House.' The only reason why many people have clung so pertinaciously to a derivation contrary to linguistic laws, as well as to the real facts—a derivation, moreover, thrice denied by the author himself—seems to me to lie in the equally pleasing and absurd parallelism of Beth-Phage, where, according to Lightfoot, 'you may see fig-trees growing, and *that* place likewise [as well as some other place 'over against it'] was called 'The place of green figs.'

EMANUEL DEUTSCH.

An additional reason why the commentators have clung to the false derivation of Bethany from House of Dates, is found in the circumstance of the people carrying palm branches as they marched along, singing their hosannahs. But the fact is (a fact which Mr. Grove's keen criticism of the sacred text detected) that these palm branches were carried from Jerusalem, being taken from the palm garden in the Temple enclosure. On the moral value of a correct definition of Bethany, there is no need for me to dwell. There is obviously a great difference between the choice of a home in the Village of Dates and in the Village of Misery.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SANHEDRIN.

WHEN JESUS began to speak more openly of being sent down from heaven to save the world from death, the Temple courts in which he prayed and taught were filled with tumultuous crowds; men who had come from all parts of Jewry to keep the feast, and were eager to see whether this JESUS of Nazareth was the Christ whom they had sought. Some believed in his words; still more believed in his acts; for in his last few weeks on earth, his miracles increased in number and in power.

The two great parties which divided Jewry treated these tumults in a different way.

If the Sadducees gave them any thought, it was only in so far as they disturbed the public peace. Having much to risk, and nothing to gain by change, the aristocratic party were anxious to keep things safe, so as to prevent any action on the

side of Rome. Avoiding the mistake of Gratus, Pilate left the priests alone; so that Annas remained sagan, and his son-in-law high priest; and Annas being content, his partizans were calm. Having no expectations of a Messiah's kingdom, the rich and ancient families of Judea preferred a government of priests and nobles, supported by Roman legions, to the license of a new Judas of Gamala, and the exactions of a new Simon the slave. They cared nothing for the delusions of a mob; but in the cause of order, even these unbelieving Sadducees might act.

The Pharisees took other ground. As a body, they might have changed their demeanour towards JESUS even now, had he been willing to accept their policy; that is to say, had he consented to declare himself a prince of their royal house, an upholder of the Separatist policy, an admirer of the Oral Law, a restorer of their independent rule; in one word a King of the *Jews*. But Jesus urged on them more than ever the necessity for adopting a new law, a new commandment, a new form of prayer, a new religious life. He profaned their Sabbath, he abolished their ceremonies, he decried their righteousness. When they found that he would make no terms with them, they went up

to the Temple and laid a charge against him before the Sanhedrin, of preaching false doctrine and leading the people astray.

This Sanhedrin, the Great Council of Jewry, met in the Lishcath ha-Gazith (Paved-hall), the largest of many cells or chambers built on the Temple hill, and used as offices for the guard and watch; just as the domed houses under the high terrace of the rock are still used by the dervishes who watch and guard the holy Mosque. The Lishcath ha-Gazith seems to have stood on the great wall; part of it being in the Israelites' court, part in the Gentile court, so as to admit of the entrance of Jew and Greek; probably on the western side, facing towards Zion, near the most public entrance into the Temple courts.

The great council before whom the Pharisees laid this charge of false teaching against JESUS, consisted of seventy, seventy-one, perhaps seventy-two members, chosen by vote from among the wise, aged, and wealthy Jews, not of Jerusalem only, but of every city in which they dwelt, even from Egypt, Babylon, and Greece. Until the times of Herod the Great, the powers of this body had been royal and more than royal; for the Sanhedrin professed to hold the keys of heaven no less than

the sceptres of the earth. It was a court of appeal in all cases, civil and ceremonial, and its sentences were good for ever, unless they should be modified by itself. No man was too great, no offence was too small, to come within its grasp. The members of this dread tribunal could elect and dethrone kings; name provincial councils; decide all questions of peace and war. They judged the offence of a guilty tribe, of a false prophet, of a bad high priest. They declared when an elder had become a rebel, when a Jewish city had been seduced; announcing the crime and awarding the punishment. No army could march to battle without their license; no addition to either court or city could be made in opposition to their voice. They, and they only, had power over life and death.

This body of men elected their own members and promulgated their own decrees. They made laws, and prescribed the spirit in which those laws should be received. They required from all Jews the most servile obedience. Any elder who dared to raise his voice against them, was held to be worthy of death, and the schools and colleges taught the young men of Israel that if the Sanhedrin said black was white, that the left hand

was the right hand, they were bound to believe the lie on pain of sin against God.

But the Sanhedrin's strength had been reduced: first by Herod the Great, afterwards by the Roman governors of Judea. Herod, on capturing Jerusalem, had seized the whole body of the Sanhedrin, thrown them into prison, and, with two illustrious exceptions, put them all to death. Around Hillel and Shammai, the men whom Herod had spared, a new council had been formed; but the prestige of the Sanhedrin could never be restored. Pilate abridged their rights, taking from them more particularly the faculties of life and death; yet even after they had lost the right to torture prisoners and stone offenders, they still exercised a vast authority in Jerusalem and in every other Jewish city.

Pilate himself could not dispute their jurisdiction over Jews, in whatever land they dwelt, as to all that concerned their faith, ritual, and education. They had the right to fix all festivals, to judge all doctrines, to expel sinners from the Church, to regulate colleges and schools, to punish offenders against the law, so long as, in the exercise of their rights, they refrained from encroaching on the civil power. Their edicts went far and wide, and

just as a Papal decree may smite a sinner in either Prague, Dublin, or New York, a word launched from the Lishcath ha-Gazith would chastise offenders in either Memphis, Babylon, or Rhodes. They could still condemn a man to death; though they could only proceed to execution after their sentence had been confirmed by a Roman judge.

When this judge was a soldier like Pilate, a criminal whose sins were of a kind to baffle the shortcomings of Roman wit, would commonly be safe; for the lives of his subjects belonged to Cæsar, and only at the will of Cæsar could they be taken away. Yet the case might easily occur in which, if the priests and people appeared to be united, the governor might yield to their prayers for the sake of peace. To preserve their faith intact was the business of Jewish doctors, not of Roman soldiers; and seeing that the priests could be either useful allies or desperate enemies, to offend them, except on adequate grounds, was not the policy of Rome.

The Sanhedrin comprised three classes: priests, Levites, and ordinary Jews. The priestly element was strong. Caiaphas, being the official high priest, had a right to preside over their debates; if he were not present in person, the chair was

filled by Simeon, Rector of the Great College. Whoever filled the chair was considered as sitting in the seat of Moses. The vice-president was styled Father of the House of Judgment. Two secretaries sat on his right and left; one for acquittals, one for condemnations; while the remainder of the seventy magistrates seated themselves before him on the paved floor in the form of a great half moon.

On the charge of false teaching being laid against JESUS of Nazareth before the Sanhedrin, officers of that court went out to arrest him; but these priestly guards came back into the hall, saying that they dared not lay hands on him, for in listening to his words they had felt that no mere man ever spake as this JESUS spoke. All this time he was preaching in the Temple court, close to the Paved-hall; and the accusing Pharisees, vexed by this turn of the affair, demanded whether these officers had also been led astray by the Nazarene? They sneered at the rabble, as ignorant of the law, and asked to be told whether any great Pharisee, any member of the Sanhedrin, believed in this man?

There they fancied they were safe. If the Great Council were of one mind as to this offence, those

officers would be sent out again, and made to arrest the Teacher; but the court being called on to speak, it was found that the Elders were not all of one mind. Nicodemus, a priest, a kinsman of Hillel, rose and put the question:

"Does our law judge any man before it hears him and knows what he does?"

The turn which Nicodemus gave to the debate appears to have been this: the Pharisees had made a charge, but they had offered no evidence in support of it. Could the court proceed without proof? To arrest a man was to accuse him; and what evidence of crime were the Sanhedrin in a position to lay before a Roman judge?

Surprised at a defence of JESUS by a kinsman of Hillel, the accusers cried out upon Nicodemus: "Art thou also of Galilee? Search and look; for out of Galilee cometh no prophet." How little they knew of their own sacred books! The greatest of prophets since the time of Moses, Elijah the Tishbite, had come out of Galilee.

Until evidence was laid before it, the Council could take no further steps; and JESUS went on preaching and teaching; vexing the Pharisaic mind by openly sitting down to meat with sinners and by doing good deeds on the Sabbath. He

taught his followers a new prayer, in which they were to ask forgiveness of God only so far as they forgave their fellow-men. He stood in the Temple court and told the people a story of a Good Samaritan. A *good* Samaritan! On the Sabbath next after that scene in which Nicodemus saved him from arrest by the Sanhedrin, he exasperated his accusers by curing the blind man.

But JESUS held his course. Every day he came in from Bethany through the olive plantations to pray and teach. Standing in Solomon's Porch, and looking towards Olivet, he told the people he was the Son of God, sent down by the Father to save the world. A shout went up from the Pharisees against him; the man blasphemed, they said; and as their rulers of the Great Council gave them no help, they caught up stones and would have bruised him to death, but that he withdrew from their sight as he had done in Nazareth, going straight through the crowd and out of the Temple court unseen.

CHAPTER XXII.

BOTH SIDES OF JORDAN.

PASSING from Solomon's Porch into the Cedron valley, JESUS went through the white graveyards, and by way of Olivet, to his lodgings in Bethany; where, the house of Lazarus being well known to the Jews, and only two miles distant from Moriah, it was no longer safe for him to dwell. A daily tumult would have surged about the door; some men shouting to make him King, while others were plotting to take his life; and his hour being still to come, he took leave of Martha and Mary, dropping down the Wady el Haud towards the Jordan.

To go down this road, as JESUS went down, on foot and with a company of men, made a journey of two days. A mile below Bethany, in a wild glen, they came upon a little spring of pure water, then called En-Shemesh, and now known to travellers and pilgrims as the Apostles' Fountain. Be-

tween that spring on the hill-side and Jericho in the great plain, there was only one spot in which a man could find shade and drink; the half-way house, the khan at which caravans rested and travellers slept for the night.

In going to and fro, between Galilee and Judea, JESUS must have often lodged in the arches of this khan. The wild glen, the desert country dividing two rich cities, offered every temptation to daring thieves, and nothing was more usual than for the people lodging at this inn for the night to see unhappy men who had been robbed, disabled and left in the sun to die. Such a sight must have suggested the parable of the Good Samaritan, spoken in the Temple court; for the Lord's habit was to illustrate moral truths by circumstances which were as familiar to his hearers as light and air.

Where stood this way-side khan? The site should not be far to seek. A Syrian khan is a thing not easily lost; and in this case of the Good Samaritan's inn, nature and art combine to indicate the spot, within certain limits. It stood about midway in the descent from Bethany to Jericho, in a position commanding a view of the road, above and below. As for ten months in the year no rain

flows down the wady, the khan must have been built near a copious spring. Here then, are three bold marks to control the search: a midway position, a high ridge, a deep well. Again, the inn must have been a big edifice, capable of housing large caravans; and from what we can still see of the style in which Jewish khans were built, it ought to have left, when perishing of neglect, some traces of its grandeur in the desert dust. Are any such traces to be found?

Yes. On the very spot where search would be made for them, if no such ruins were suspected of existing, stands a pile of stones, archways, lengths of wall, which the wandering Arabs call the Khan Houdjar, and still make use of as their own resting-place for the night. These ruins are those of a noble inn; the lewan, the fountain, and the court, being plainly traceable in the ruins. The walls are solid, the well is deep. That a half-way house from Jerusalem to Jericho stood on this ridge, looking over the limestone wastes above it and below, can hardly admit of doubt. Where, then, if not here, shall we seek the Good Samaritan's inn—the site of that khan in which JESUS lodged? Where, if not here, shall we find a central mound, with a ruined inn and an abounding well?

Early on the second day of his journey, JESUS would reach the City of Palms, and crossing the Ford into Perea, would find himself in the dominions of Antipas Herod, comparatively free and safe.

In its lower course, the sacred stream divided the Roman province of Judea from the semi-independent province of Perea, as in its upper course it parted Galilee from Trachonitis. The eastern bank lying in another country to the western, a man living near the Ford had the privilege of being able to select his own time for accepting any process of arrest; unless, indeed, Herod, who was still conducting operations on the desert frontier against Aretas, should think proper to give him up to Pilate; an event unlikely to occur, even if Pilate could be persuaded to ask it, since it was well known in Jewry that the procurator was on very bad terms with the prince. Pilate had been the cause of a great crime, which Antipas considered, and justly considered, an infringement of his sovereign rights. This offence, known in history as the Massacre of the Galileans, is connected both in its origin and in its results with the foundation of our Church.

Of the Jewish sects which troubled Pilate's re-

pose, that of Judas of Gamala appeared to his mind the most criminal, since the Galileans, persuaded that Cæsar's reign in Syria must be short, were always getting ready for a brush with the Roman troops. Lapse of time, instead of cooling their passions, only fanned the fire into flame. Every year, as they went up from Galilee to Jerusalem at the time of Purim and Passover, they imagined that their day had come. How long, O Lord, how long? was the Galilean's daily prayer, as he received the water of ablution on his palm. In every street fight, in every Temple riot, he was the first to attack, the last to retreat. Day by day he became less careful to avoid offending those soldiers who garrisoned Antonia and guarded the city gates. When Pilate hung up some brazen shields as trophies, his were the prompt hands to pluck them down. Very bad blood was excited between the legionaries and these provincials, needing no more than a pretext to explode into murderous strife. The day of collision had come when Pilate, eager to distinguish his reign in Judea by erecting public tanks for the comfort of rich and poor, began to build one of those noble aqueducts which in every part of the empire imitated, if they could not pretend to rival, the

conduits pouring rivers of water into Rome. This aqueduct was to have been twenty-five miles in length; being a longer, and perhaps a finer work, than the Aqua Julia.

Wanting funds to execute this mighty scheme, Pilate employed the Corban—the money laid up in the Temple as given to God; Caiaphas either consenting to this public employment of public money, or agreeing to make no stir in the affair.

But the mob of Separatists, excited to madness by Pilate's appropriation of these sacred funds, gathered in thousands and in tens of thousands, before the palace gate, demanding that the water-works should be stopped, the corban restored; clamouring with voice and gesture; cursing alike the aqueduct and the man who made it. The Roman general, not to be governed by a mob, sent a company of legionaries into the streets and the Temple courts, having cloaks over their armour, and orders to set upon these rioters and beat them down with staves. But the passions of his men being roused by previous insult and present opposition, the soldiers drew their short swords, and charging upon the Galilean rioters, threw them to the ground, trampled on them, drove them to the altars and into the shops for protection, so that

many fell under their gashes and still more under the feet of their escaping countrymen. The Temple court was strewn with dead, whose blood was said to have mingled that day with the blood of the sacrificial goats and lambs.

Peace was restored to Jerusalem by this murder of unarmed men. Though the innocent had been butchered with the guilty, no stir was made by the priests, no complaint by the Sanhedrin, for these Galileans, strangers in Jerusalem, rioters, provincials, had few friends and many foes, and fear of Cæsar weighed heavily upon all men's minds. Even to the Lord's disciples, this slaughter of their countrymen was a cause of secret joy. Peter and John would not grieve very much over the fate of enemies, whom they appear to have considered as being overwhelmed by a judgment from heaven. When, safe in Perea, they spoke of this massacre in the Temple court, JESUS turned to them and said:

"Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell ye, nay: but except ye repent, ye shall likewise perish."

Antipas Herod, while operating against Aretas and the desert tribes, received the news of this slaughter of his people. Pilate excused the crime

by saying that his soldiers in their fury had used their swords instead of using their staves; an explanation which in no degree mollified the Tetrarch's wrath; other events of his life having quickened into morbid activity his fear of still further encroachments on the part of Rome.

Under the safeguard of these suspicions and animosities between the two rulers, JESUS could remain near the Ford; preaching to the crowds who followed him from Jericho and the hamlets of Perea; and waiting for the time of the great Feast, when he proposed to go up with the Galilean caravan to Jerusalem and accept his appointed crown of thorns.

When JESUS had been living five weeks in Perea, news came down from Martha and Mary that their brother Lazarus lay sick and likely to die; on hearing which He told his disciples that he must go up into the hill-country for a little while. "But the Jews will stone thee," they objected. Then he told them that Lazarus was dead; and that he should be raised again to life, to the intent that they might all believe in the Son of God. Some were afraid, remembering how the Galileans had been slain and how JESUS had been threatened with stones, until Thomas the Twin spake boldly to his

follows, saying, "Let us also go, that we may die with him."

After resting two days in Perea, they clomb the wady towards Jerusalem, staying the third night at the great desert khan, the Good Samaritan's inn, and coming nigh to Bethany on the fourth day after Lazarus died. Then was performed the most imposing of many miracles; performed in open day, in a public place, on the body of a great person, in the presence of many Jews. At a word Lazarus came forth from the sepulchral vault.

Many of those who had come from Jerusalem to mourn with Martha and Mary, stayed with him and believed in JESUS; others ran over Olivet to the Temple courts, spreading the news of his having come back, and of his having raised the dead man whom they all knew to life.

The high priests, hitherto so calm, appear to have grown uneasy about the public peace. A meeting of the Sanhedrin being called to consider these reports, Caiaphas went over from his palace on Zion to the Lishcath ha-Gazith to preside. As official high priest he had a right to the chief seat; but in what he laid before the elders he must be taken as speaking, not only for himself, but for Annas, for the Sadducees, and for all those poli-

ticians who leaned on Rome. Details are not given, but his line of argument is suggested by St. John. People were expecting a Messiah; one who could command the secrets of nature, who could free them from the stranger's yoke; and a man who was reported to have raised the dead to life, would be sure to draw away the multitude, to excite disturbance, and bring on their city and nation the wrath of Rome. Caiaphas said nothing about false teaching; for what could a philosophic Sadducee care whether a mob of dyers and porters believed in a resurrection, in rewards and punishments, or not? Caiaphas had faith in the power of Cæsar, and a riot in Jerusalem meant to him a visit from Pilate, an addition to the garrison, perhaps a change of high priests. He hinted that though they had lost much by tumults, they might lose yet more. Was it not better that one man should die, than that a whole people should be swept away?

Then the Sanhedrin agreed to consider JESUS a dangerous man, a disturber of the public peace. Orders to arrest him were given, and every one who knew of his coming and going was warned to send news of it to Caiaphas.

To avoid this proclamation until his time should

come, JESUS left Bethany and the living witness of his power; going first to Ephraim, a place on the edge of the Wilderness of Judea, eight or nine miles from Jerusalem on the north, near Salem and those Springs at which he had parted from John the Baptist; making thence a secret and obscure journey, through a part of Samaria, perhaps of Galilee; passing thence to the lower Jordan and the Ford from which he had first set out.

Spies from the Sanhedrin met him in Perea, where they had so little power to hurt him that they condescended to guile and fraud. They spread a report that Antipas Herod, troubled by the Arab war, was eager to seize and put him to death; but he answered them, by a saying, that he should not perish out of Jerusalem. Then they came to him with the question: as to whether a man could put away his wife for every cause? This point of law was moot in the schools of Hillel and Shammai: more important still, it was the chief practical question in Herod's court. Citizens argued it in gates, and soldiers wrangled over it in camps. John the Baptist answered it with his blood. Aretas had declared war upon it. But Jesus, seeing the snare they laid for him, answered them not as a partizan of either Herod or Aretas, but as a teacher of

moral truth—that man and wife are one flesh, joined together by God, never again to be separated except by sin against the marriage-bond—by that crime of adultery which corrupts and severs the sacred tie, like death itself, without the intervention of human laws.

A time was now coming when JESUS would meet such snares, not with this lofty and patient wisdom, but with the resignation of one who is about to die.

Early in April, while the corn was still waving and the palms were in flower, the caravan arrived at the Ford from Galilee, on its way up to Jerusalem for the Passover: with it, apparently, the Virgin-mother, the holy women, and many of those disciples in whose presence it was right that he should suffer death; so that many witnesses who knew him in the flesh could testify his return to life. With them he crossed the Jordan for the last time; marching over the burning plain and under the branching dates to Jericho at the mountain base. This Jericho of to-day—a hedge of briers, a dozen round huts, two copious springs, a beck of water, a square stone pound, a patch of swamp, a ruined aqueduct, a mound of earth in which may lie column and statue, a handful of men, neither Jews

nor Arabs, but a peculiar people, small in size, moon-faced, blue in tint, tatooed, and women who are soft and winsome, like the Egyptian almeh in style and figure—is not the Jericho into which Jesus marched with the Galilee caravan.

Jericho was a City of Palaces, smothered in balsams and scented shrubs. Cleopatra loved it. Herod the Great lived in it and died in it. Its towers, its gates, and theatres might have won the prize from Cæsarea and Ptolemais. Gardens of oranges, dates, and pomegranates extended from its ramparts on every side; a circus stood beyond the wall; a college flourished within; a town adding the charms of a Nilotic climate to the artistic beauties only to be derived from Greece. This shining city was no fit home, not even for a night, of poor Galilean boatmen, carpenters and potters; men who drove their own asses, baked their own bread, drew their own water, and either carried their own tents or slept on the bare ground. So the caravan of pilgrims marched through the city, in by one gate, out by another; the women seated on asses, the men and lads trudging beside them, bearing sprigs of myrtle and fronds of palm; the whole company singing hosanna as they wound their way past the portico of Herod and the temple of Zeus.

In the western suburb of this royal city they encamped.

JESUS passed through the streets with this caravan: not staying in the Greek city; but on its skirt, in the house of Zacchæus, whom he called from the sycamore-tree.

Zacchæus was a member of a class, Jewish by birth, Roman by adoption, whom their countrymen called sinners; that is to say, not men who were living an immoral life, but who openly discarded the precepts of their Oral Law. Like St. Matthew, he was a tax-man, a servant of the State, having dealings with the Gentiles, which rendered him ceremonially unclean. JESUS called him from the tree; spoke softly to him; went home with him to be his guest; circumstances over which the multitude mourned and murmured, saying, he had gone to lodge in a house that was defiled. As yet, they could not see how much of their Oral Law, with its fancies and traditions, had been swept away. Even among the Twelve, strange doubts appeared to remain; for when JESUS told them his hour was nigh, they imagined that he was at length going up to Jerusalem to assume his earthly crown, and they began quarrelling among themselves as to which of them should sit on his right hand, which

on his left. Again, he had to rebuke their pride; again he had to tell them that in his kingdom the highest office was that of being the servant of all.

Next day, being Thursday, the caravan moved up the wild and steep ascent of the wilderness; first climbing up the Wady Kelt, along a Roman road; then rounding the shoulders of stony hills, here and there speckled with grass and shrubs; toiling up, higher and higher, through desolate glens, in which the bandit and the panther lurked, until sundown brought them to the desert khan. Early next day on foot, the caravan would reach Bethany about noon; and there, in the house of Martha and Mary, among the outcast and the poor of Israel, JESUS took up his abode for the Holy Week.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GATHERING FOR THE FEAST.

Coming into Bethany, the nearest point of the great road to Galileans' hill, the caravan broke up; the company dispersed to the south and north; some seeking for houses in which they could lodge; others fixing upon the ground where they meant to encamp. Those marched round Olivet to the south, following the great road, crossing the Cedron by a bridge, and entering the Holy City by the Sheep gate, near Antonia; these mounted by the short path to the top of Olivet, glancing at the flowers and herbage, and plucking twigs and branches as they climbed. Some families, having brought their tents with them from Galilee could at once proceed to stake the ground; but the multitude were content with the booths called Succoth, built in the same rude style as those in which their father Israel dwelt.

Four stakes being cut and driven into the soil, long reeds were drawn, one by one, round and through them; these reeds, being in turn crossed and closed with leaves, made a small green bower, open on one side only; yielding the women a rude sort of privacy, and covering the young ones with a frail defence from both noontide heat and midnight dew. The people had much to do, and very little time in which it could be done. At sundown, when the shofa sounded, Sabbath would begin; then every hand must cease its labour, even though the tent were unpitched, the booth unbuilt, the children exposed, the skies darkening into storm. Consequently, the poles must be cut, the leaves and branches gathered, the tents fixed, the water fetched from the wells, the bread baked, the cattle penned, the beds unpacked and spread, the supper of herbs and olives cooked, before the shofa sounded from the Temple wall. But every one helped. While the men drove stakes into the ground and propped them with stones, the women wove them together with twigs and leaves, the girls ran off to the springs for water, the lads put up the camels and led out the sheep to graze. In two or three hours, a new city had sprung up on the Galileans' hill; a city of booths and tents;

more noisy, perhaps more populous, than even the turbulent city within the walls.

This Galileans' hill made only one field in a great landscape of booths and tents. All Jewry had sent up her children to the feast; and each province arrayed its members on a particular site. The men of Sharon swarmed over Mount Gibeon, the men of Hebron occupied the Plain of Rephaim. From Pilate's roof on Mount Zion, the lines and groups of this vast encampment could be followed by an observer's eye down the valley of Gihon, peeping from among the fruit-trees about Siloam, dotting the long plain of Rephaim, trespassing even on the Mount of Offence, and darkening the grand masses of hill from Olivet towards Mizpeh. All Jewry appeared to be encamped about the Temple mount.

From sundown all was quiet on the hill-sides and in the valley; only the priests and doctors, the Temple guards, the money-changers, the pigeon-dealers, the bakers of shew-bread, the altar-servants, being astir and at their work. There was no Sabbath in sacred things. But everywhere, save in the Temple courts, traffic was stayed, movement arrested, life itself all but extinct.

On this Sabbath-day, the last that JESUS was to

spend on earth, He took his disciples to dine at the house of Simon the Leper: a thing most sternly forbidden by that ceremonial law which he had come to fulfil and supersede.

A leper was then considered as a man abandoned by God. The Greek poets, the Persian magi, the Egyptian priests all taught this doctrine of the Jewish rabbins; that the leper was accursed, and his affliction a sign of the celestial wrath. In some few cases (if modern experience of the malady in Jerusalem may be trusted) the disease may have been nature's own penalty for secret sin; but in many cases, especially among the poor, it was a misfortune rather than a punishment. For in a dry climate, under a burning sun, among a people living in the open wastes, eating their food in the streets, sleeping in dusty caves and in the shade of trees—a people who have little water, and who rarely bathe—it is all but impossible for a poor man to keep the pores of his skin free and healthy; yet when the grit which blows into his face, and the dirt which gathers on his body have choked up those pores, a train of disorders—itch, abscess, scurvy, freckles, fungus, raw flesh, elephantiasis, cancer, vitiligo, ulceration—may come on. All these affections of the skin may be leprous. In the

days of Exodus, when leprosy was thought to be contagious and incurable, the law was made excessively severe against the unhappy wretches so afflicted with disease, and nothing had been done by the schools of Hillel and Shammai to soften the severity of that ancient code.

The leper was not regarded as a living man. He was dead to the law, dead to civil life, dead to the Temple service. He could not enter into a synagogue, into a friend's house, into a public place. He was compelled to go about bare-headed; to dress in a condemned garb; and to wail as he went along the warning cry—Unclean! Unclean! As a dead body could not be kept in Jerusalem for a single night, so a leper, being dead to the Law, was thrust out from the city gates—out into Hinnom and Jehoshaphat, into the valley of Gehenna and the valley of Death. This miserable being sought a refuge among the peasant's huts, and in the caves of the wilderness. One at least of these outcasts found a home in Bethany, Village of the Poor.

It was to this sufferer's house that JESUS went with his disciples on the Sabbath-day. It was at this outcast's table that Christ was anointed for the sepulchre.

Martha served at the table; and while they sat

at meat, Mary opened a box of ointment, made of liquid nard, and poured it on the head of JESUS, over which it ran down his body even to his feet. Judas Iscariot grumbled at this waste, even though the gift was Mary's, saying the box might have been sold for three hundred denarii, and the money given to the poor. Judas, son of Simon, the last and lowest of the Twelve, was a Jew of Judea, not of Galilee; a man close and secret, fond of money and of power; inclined to Essenic views and habits; a narrow bigot in heart and brain. His office among the brethren was not to teach and preach, but to carry the bag, to pay the bills for food and lodging, to dispense alms to the needy. The fund was perhaps getting low in his purse; for they had been living much in the desert; making many quick journeys from place to place, followed by swarms of the poor and ailing, whom they were often obliged to feed. That box of unguent would have sold for three hundred denarii; a large addition to his chest. A denarius was a silver coin; the size and value of a Tuscan lira; eight-pence of our English money. It was a labourer's wages, and something above a soldier's pay. Three hundred denarii made ten pounds; a very large sum in the miser's eyes.

When JESUS rebuked him for his blindness in not seeing that Mary was anointing her Master's body for the tomb, Judas rose from the table in a rage, went out from the Leper's house, and going over the hill to Jerusalem, sought that High Priest who had commanded every one to denounce JESUS, and on finding him, offered to betray his Lord to the Sanhedrin for thirty shekels; being less than half the price which Mary had poured in ointment upon his head.

Next day, about the hour of noon, a day to be known in His Church for ever as Palm Sunday, Christ and his followers set out from Bethany, JESUS riding on an ass's colt, a symbol of his sacred office. On the way they met a multitude of men and women coming out to them from Jerusalem, all eager to see the man who had raised Lazarus from the dead; and, as their fashion was, carrying palms in their hands and singing hosannas in the highest as they swept along. Meeting the crowd coming from Bethany, they paused, and came back with them round the hill, waving their green boughs and chanting their noble psalms.

As they were turning the south side of Olivet, just before the road sinks down towards the Cedron,

the great city, with its Temple, palaces, and towers, burst upon their view; the procession halted; every voice being hushed before that majestic picture; and gazing on the doomed metropolis of his people, JESUS wept.

"If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side; and shall lay thee with the ground, and they shall not leave in thee one stone standing on another."

Crossing the Cedron, JESUS entered Jerusalem by the Sheep gate, and having gone for a little while into the Temple courts, he returned to Bethany for the night.

Monday and Tuesday, he came early to the Temple; mixing among the people, restoring sight to the blind, and preaching to the poor. On Tuesday, certain members of the Sanhedrin came into the court where he was preaching, to question him and collect evidence against him; being sent by the Council after Judas had been closeted with the high priest. They found JESUS among a crowd of

Baptists, followers of his cousin John; and they demanded of him by whose authority he taught? It was a question in which Pharisees, Sadducees, Herodians, Boëthusians, Sethians, could all concur; the Sanhedrin in which all the princes sat being the sole judge of doctrine, without whose license no man had a right to teach. Christ answered these Elders of the Sanhedrin by asking them the question whether John's baptism was of heaven or of man; which they dared not meet with an open yea or nay; for if they said of heaven, he would have asked them why they did not receive him; and if they said of man the multitude might have stoned them. So the chief Elders of the Sanhedrin had to confess before all these people that they could not say whether John was sent of man or of God!

Then each party in the Council put a question for itself; in the hope of finding Him at fault.

The Pharisees, against whom he appealed to the sacred books, brought to him a woman taken in the act of adultery; a crime which the Mosaic law punished with death. Under the influence of their Greek teachers, the Jews had very much softened towards the fair offender; trial by the waters of jealousy had become rare; and the Sanhedrin was on the point of abolishing for ever a

punishment which the people had ceased to crave. Adultery was not capital under the Roman law, and Pilate would have seized as a murderer any man who should have stoned the woman to death. Their case seemed one which would compel JESUS to offend against either Moses or Rome; but he baffled their cunning device by turning to the witnesses of her crime, and bidding the man who was innocent among them cast the first stone at her.

The Herodians tried to ensnare him on the question of paying tribute; a point as fiercely contested among the Jews as either a physical resurrection or an advent of Elias. A Jew had two kinds of tribute to pay; a tax to God and a tax to Cæsar; neither of which was paid without much dispute. Whether the Temple tax should be forced or free had long been debated between the Separatists and Sadducees; a question like that of church-rates in England; but the Separatists, carrying their project into the Sanhedrin, after a debate renewed and adjourned during eight days, had gained their point. The tax had been laid; a half-shekel; to be paid in the sacred coin; levied on the first of Adar (end of January, early in February); receivable at the feast of Purim;

finally due on the first of Nizan (March or April); the fund being applied to the purchase of firewood, incense, shew-bread, and scapegoats, and to

SACRED SHEKEL.

the payment of servants, guards, and priests. It was a popular tax, and had been carried against the aristocrats by a popular vote. Not so the Roman poll-tax: on which the same divisions had taken place. Here the Sadducees had been for payment, the Separatists for resistance. Happy in their high places, the priests, the magistrates, were accused of caring more for this world than they cared for God. But these men, knowing that societies cannot be governed without cost, knowing also that unless the people were induced to pay tribute their houses would be entered, their goods confiscated, and their persons seized, had counselled submission for the sake of peace. Joazar, the Boëthusian High Priest, had taken the lead in advising his flock to pay; a course in which he had been seconded by Hillel and supported by all

the moderate Pharisees. The tax, a denarius, had been levied; the Jews had learned to bear it; all except the Galileans, who spurned these lessons of placemen and cowards, continuing to denounce the impost as a sign of bondage, and the man who paid the denarius as a slave. The Separatist paid it under protest and remonstrance. It was an unpopular tax, and one who courted the multitude would hardly dare to defend it.

On this view of their case the Herodians spoke. If JESUS should deny the tribute he offended Pilate; if he should approve it, he put their duty to Cæsar on a level with their duty to God.

They approached him softly, saying:

"Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth; neither carest thou for any man, for thou regardest not the persons of men. Tell us therefore, what thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar or not?"

They did not know that he had met this question, not as a mere phrase, but as a practical human fact; that he had acknowledged the Roman right to raise funds; that he had dwelt in the house of one tax-man, and chosen another as one of the Twelve. He said to the Herodians:

"Shew me the tribute money. Whose is this image and superscription?"

ROMAN DENARIUS.

"Cæsar's."

"Render therefore to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

Then the Sadducees came up, tempting him with questions of the Resurrection, a doctrine in which they themselves had no belief. Since the theory of a physical return to life sprang up in Jewry, the Sadducees, making merry with the vulgar creed, had proposed the question as to which of two brothers who married the same woman could claim her at the resurrection for his wife. The schools were divided by this debate; for on one side it was urged that the first man would plead the right of an original contract; on the other that this right would be considered as having been lost by the failure of issue; and that the woman would be judged as belonging to the father of her child. The Great College took note of a question which led to many jealousies and bickerings; and the

rabbins ultimately pronounced that the elder brother could claim the rising woman as his wife.

This problem the Sadducees brought to JESUS; saying that a woman among them had been married to seven husbands, and requiring to know from him whose wife she would be in the world to come. JESUS answered them:

"In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels of God in heaven."

Confounded by the new light in which he put their case, the jesting Sadducees retired; and the Pharisees, happy in this rebuke of their aristocratic rivals, came once more to the front with a fresh question. One of their body, a doctor of the law, inquired of JESUS—which was the great commandment? This was another moot point in the schools. Moses had put the fear of God first, the love of man second. But this order of ideas had fallen into dispute. The Sadducees, rejecting a future life, conceived that the better part of righteousness consisted in man's conduct to man. A moderate party among the Pharisees favoured a doctrine which appeared to encourage virtue and to promote peace; and to this party Hillel lent the weight of his name when he declared in the

Great College that doing as one would like to be done by was the whole law, the rest being only legend and commentary. But the main body of the Separatists, together with the Essenes, the Galileans, and other ardent sects, regarded the social virtues as of little or no account; the highest of them being of far less value in the sight of Heaven than the meanest ceremonial rite. For what was man in the sight of God? Dust and ashes, scum of the earth, froth of the sea, vapour of the sky. God was everything, man was nothing. All these men held that the first commandment was not only the greatest, but of higher significance than all the rest.

JESUS raised the question above all these wrangles of the schools by his answer to this Pharisaic doctor:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength; this is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

CHAPTER XXIV.

OLIVET.

When Jesus turned away from the Temple court, leaving this holy mount for the last time, one of the Twelve, a Jew, and proud of the great works going on around him, bade the Lord look at the mason's art expended on wall and colonnade; at the huge stones of the foundations, twenty feet, thirty feet, long; at the columns and cloisters of pure white marble; at the halls and chambers, solid as the living rock. Crowds of artists were labouring on the pile; building the hhanoth, polishing the shafts, inlaying the floors, finishing the stairs. A nation's wealth was being lavished on the Temple hill; an offering of stone to One who required from the Jews the sacrifice of a regenerate life.

Jesus gazed on this goodly work, the pride of Herod, the glory of Annas, and then turning to his disciple, said:

"Seest thou these great buildings? There shall

not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down."

Quitting the Temple, the company went down from the city by the Sheep gate into the Cedron bed, and crossing the hollow near the garden of Gethsemane, they walked in the cool evening over the brow of Olivet, through the Galilean camp. On the hill-top, within sight of Moab, Zion, Ramah, and the Dead Sea, they sat down together for the last time on that sacred spot. They sat over against the Temple mount; that is to say, with their backs to the Dead Sea, their eyes turned towards Jerusalem.

The scene on which they gazed in the waning light, was one that even apart from the interest derived from its sacred history, had no equal on the earth. Where else could they have sought a great city far from either sea or river and seated among the highest peaks of a mountain land? Where else could they have seen such heights as Zion and Moriah, populous with life, swept round by such grand ravines as Gihon, Hinnom and Jehoshaphat? Where else could they have found this double spectacle of a festive city within the walls, and a second festive city encamped about it in booths and tents?

Low down at their feet lay the Cedron bed, dry and stony, flowing through ranges of graveyards into the desert, on its way into the Dead Sea; the ledges of hill dropping down to this dry brook being terraced for vineyards and olive woods, and dotted with men and herds. The ravine through which the Cedron flowed was dark, and the bare rock on its sides was shaped into the monuments of forgotten priests and kings. Midway down this ravine, stood the little garden called Gethsemane, meaning Old Presses, in which grew some aged olives. A mile lower down, where the river bed opened and brightened into verdure, lay the busy fountain of Siloam and its ruined tower. Beyond the whole length of this sombre valley, quick and high rose the scarp of Moriah, the Temple hill, with its magnificent breast of wall; a wall of which the stones could be seen from the opposite hill, so that a man might have counted the tiers and told off the mason's work; here the grand art of Solomon, marked with the Tyrian bevel; there the more hasty labour of Nehemiah, shewing columns of porphyry and serpentine flung into the mass; the whole riveted and topped with the less solid but more regular masonry of Herod the Great.

Above this strong line of wall stood Solomon's Porch; over which, tier on tier of marble, rose the Gentile court, the Israelite court, the Women's court, the Priest's court, with their colonnades, stairs, and chambers; and, crowning these terraces, stood the Temple proper, the Holy of Holies, with its front and cressets of burning gold.

Right of the Temple, joined to its courts by a colonnade, frowned the castle of Antonia; one of the two great centres of Roman power. Away to the right of Antonia, on the same ridge of hill as the sacred buildings, though divided from them by a natural dyke, spread the great suburb of Bezetha; already a city in the magnificence of its houses, palaces, and courts; conspicuous among which rose the palace of Antipas Herod, now swarming with his household and his guards. As yet this suburb lay beyond the walls. Behind this first ridge of the city, dropped the Cheesemongers' valley, parting it from the ridge of Zion; in which valley lay the Xystus, the great bridge, the Maccabean palace, with mansions and gardens unseen from the place on which JESUS sat; but beyond this valley sprang the majestic hill of Zion, rising higher than the Temple roof, so that the inhabitants could glance down into the Israelite and the Gentile courts;

being the first grand fastness, the City of David, covered by the oldest wall and defended by the strongest works; a mass of noble structures, palaces, walls, and towers, conspicuous amongst which stood the great Synagogue, the Roman Prætorium, the house of Caiaphas, the towers of Hippicus, Phasaelus and Mariamne, and beyond all these adornments and defences, rose on the brow of Mount Gareb a tower, called Psephinus, of enormous size and strength.

"There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down!"

Peter and Andrew, James and John, gathered around JESUS, saying, "When shall these things be, and what shall be the sign?" And JESUS sat with them on the Mount of Olives, discoursing of the fall of Jerusalem, the end of an old world, and the beginning of a new, until the sun went down.

Next day, Wednesday, he remained at Bethany, in seclusion, while Judas was arranging with Annas and the Nobles how he should be seized, so as to avoid creating an uproar among the common people, always the first consideration with the aristocrats and their high priest. On Thursday JESUS sent Peter and John into Jerusalem, to prepare the Passover, in the guest chamber; and

at sunset of that day the Twelve sat down to the Last Supper. Judas left the room to see Annas, and after singing the usual hymn of that feast, the other disciples rose from the table, and passing through the Sheep gate into the Cedron valley, came to the cluster of olive trees which marked the site of Gethsemane, the Old Presses. Here JESUS went apart, and while his disciples slept in the warm spring evening, he watched and prayed, until the betrayer came and delivered him over to his enemies with a kiss.

In the dead watches of the night, the Sanhedrin were called together, not in the Lishcath ha-Gazith on the Temple hill, but in the Sagan's palace, near the great bridge over the Xystus. Those members who came early to the call, found Annas with his prisoner in the audience chamber, trying witness after witness as to His acts and words; but finding nothing to sustain a legal and open charge, such as could be laid before a Roman magistrate. Annas bade him speak for himself, but he answered not a word, until the High Priest said to him—"Art thou the Christ?"

Then the Lord opened his lips, saying:

"I AM."

Then Annas bade him say who were his disciples

and what were his doctrines; for the magnificent High Priest, the chief ruler in Zion for twenty years, had paid little attention to what must have seemed to him the youngest and obscurest of the Galilean sects. JESUS replied:

"I spake openly to the world; I taught in the synagogue and in the Temple, whither the Jews resort: in secret have I said nothing. Ask them which heard me. They know what I said."

An officer of the temple smote him on the face, saying—"Answerest thou the High Priest so?"

Annas commanded the priestly guard to bind him with cords; and when it was day, being Friday, they went in a body, Annas and the Great Council, to the palace of Caiaphas, nearer to the Prætorium on Mount Zion, the Sanhedrin having a legal right to meet in their President's house. Here the Lord was questioned again, in a formal manner, and answering before Caiaphas that he was the Christ, the official high priest rent his clothes, in sign that these words were blasphemous and worthy of death by the cruellest punishment—that of the cross. The Sanhedrin pronounced him guilty, and the officers seizing his person, bound him again with cords, and carrying him to the

Prætorium gates, delivered him a prisoner into the hands of Pilate's guards.

Unable to pass those gates, since to enter into a Gentile dwelling might have rendered them unclean, the elders waited and clamoured before the court until Pilate awoke and came out to see them. What did they want? They had brought him a prisoner. What was this person? An evil-doer; or they would not have brought him to the Judgment hall. Then why not have tried him by their law? They could not; the case was grave; and they had no power to put a man to death.

Death! That word was a surprise. Pilate might go far to be friends with the high priests and with the people; but offences worthy of death could only be judged by the Roman law.

Going away from the elders, he sent for JESUS into his court, and put the plain question to him—"Art thou the king of the Jews?"

"My kingdom is not of this world," said the Lord. That answer seemed enough for the Roman soldier. Careless about empires in the clouds, indifferent to crimes of thought, Pilate went out to the elders, saying he could find no fault in this man—no fault against the Roman law. They cried, that he was a leader of sedition; one who

had stirred up tumults in the land from Galilee to Jerusalem. Galilee? Pilate caught at this word; for if JESUS were a native of Galilee, his own prince, Antipas Herod, then staying in Bezetha for the feast, had the right to judge him.

Pleased by this deference of the Roman governor to his wishes, Antipas received the elders and their prisoner in the midst of his guard; listened to the accusation, and then began to question JESUS. But the Lord stood dumb. He had refused to appear in the Golden house; and being brought to the Bezetha palace, bound and by force, he refused to answer one word to the husband of Herodias, to the murderer of John. Vexed, uneasy —for his conscience pricked him, his people murmured, and his very soldiers canvassed his offences —Antipas would do nothing with the Silent Teacher; neither free him from the accusation nor condemn him upon it. He merely sent him back to Pilate, to be dealt with according to the Roman law; a return of courtesy which had the happy effect of making the Jewish prince and the Roman procurator friends.

Unwilling to offend the high priests and Sanhedrin—that is to say, all the chiefs of parties through whom he ruled the people—Pilate went

down once more to the palace gate, and sitting in his chair on the Gabbatha, proposed to the Jews that as nothing appeared against JESUS worthy of death, his offences should be treated like other synagogue transgressions; that is to say, that he should be scourged and expelled from the Temple court. The elders would not hear him. One of his wife's pages now came out from the palace, saying that Claudia had been warned by a dream, and that she begged him not to assist in shedding a good man's blood. Then, Pilate suggested to the people, that if they considered his crime of treason penal, he, as Cæsar's officer, should pardon and release him, giving his life to them, as their custom was at every celebration of the Passover. Still, they would not hear him: crying about his chair of state—"Release to us Bar-Abbas, release to us Bar-Abbas!" This man had been condemned for murder and sedition, and was therefore a political criminal—a genuine offender against Cæsar's power.

The Procurator held out long; his practical Roman genius making him but a mild judge of such treasons as Annas and Caiaphas found in JESUS. Quick to see the offence of tearing down his brazen shields, of refusing to pay his poll-tax, of hustling

and stabbing his guards—he was slow at comprehending such crimes as talking with a Samaritan, doing good deeds on the seventh day, breaking bread with unsprinkled hands, announcing the kingdom of heaven. Again and again he cried—What evil has he done? To which the elders answered with a loud shout—"Away with him! Crucify him!"

Pilate, still doubting what he should do, loth to shed blood for an offence which he could not understand, the elders turned upon him also, raising the cry of treason: "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend! He who makes himself a king speaks against Cæsar!" A dangerous cry; and one which might imperil both Pilate's fortunes and the public peace. Political considerations weigh heavily with a politician. Pilate had made a friend of Antipas by sending Jesus to Bezetha; now he had a chance of conciliating the whole Sanhedrin by sending him to Golgotha. So, calling for water, he yielded to the Jews, but saving himself, as he thought, by saying that he washed his hands of innocent blood; of innocent blood according to the Roman law.

Jesus was now led away from the palace, by way of David's tower and the Almond pool to

Genath, through which gate of Jerusalem the procession of soldiers and people marched into the nest of gardens and tombs below the city wall.

At the cross, dying between two thieves, on a charge of blaspheming God, the human part of His story closed.

What followed is a tale for other pens to tell.

His parting words to His Church—His sudden appearance to the Magdalene and the holy women —His conversation with the two disciples going into Emmaus—His revelation to the eyes of Peter who took him for a spirit—His coming into the upper room—His promise of a further Gift—His rebuke of Thomas the Twin—his walk by the lake of Galilee, early in the morning—His ascent from Olivet to heaven :—these details of a second portion of the Sacred Story seek no illustration from scenery and books.

They form a divine episode in the history of man, and must be left to the writers who could not err.

CHAPTER XXV.

AFTER EVENTS.

MANY of those priests and elders who stood on the city wall overlooking Golgotha until JESUS died, and then hied away home before sundown, so as not to profane the Sabbath day by walking a mile after the shofa sounded, lived through the troubled years which followed that event. Some lived to see the camp-fires of Titus, and to perish miserably in the wreck of Jewry and Jerusalem. Annas survived until after the great revolt, and was the victim of an atrocious scene in the civil war.

The chief dates may be given in a few words.

In 29 A.D. (as we reckon the time—an error of four years having crept into the record) JESUS suffered death.

30. Simeon, son of Hillel, died; and his son Gamaliel, chief of the moderate party among the Pharisees, became Rector of the Great College.

33. Annas, Caiaphas, and their partizans, alarmed by the increasing numbers of the new Church, seized Peter and John, called a meeting of the Sanhedrin, and charged the two apostles with disturbing the public peace. It was the old police affair; no question of their faith or teaching; only of their right to teach at all. These Sadducees cast them into the common prison of Jerusalem; the doors of which were opened by angels in the night. Next day, in the Sanhedrin, Gamaliel spoke in their defence; advising that they should be left alone, for if their work were of men it would perish, like that of Judas the Galilean, and if it were of God they would not be lifting up their hands against the Most High.

The new Church went on increasing.

36. Pilate, after ten years of service, was disgraced and called to Rome. One of that cloud of false witnesses which sprang up every year, told the people of Samaria that he knew where the sacred vessels lay hid, and fixed a day when they should meet him in thousands on Gerizim, the Mount of Blessings, to dig them up. Hearing of this movement, Pilate sent troops into the highways and villages round Shechem, and these soldiers, setting upon the people, slew the innocent with the

guilty, and put the whole body of Samaritans to flight. A great cry for vengeance arose in Samaria; the Senate sent an embassy to Antioch; and Vitellius, a man of craft and policy, wishing to stand well with the Jews, put the government of Samaria and Judea into fresh hands, and commanded Pilate to report himself in Rome. Here we lose sight of him. Legends make him a suicide; some in a Roman prison, others in Gaul, and others again near the lake of Lucerne, on the summit of the mountain which bears his name.

Vitellius came up from Antioch to Zion, where he calmed many passions, and won over to his person both the people and the priests; the first by taking off the taxes on fruit, the chief article of food; the second by restoring to their custody the sacred robes. He conciliated Annas, just as Cyrenius had won him thirty years earlier, by settling the high priesthood in his house. In virtue of this new settlement, the Sagan's second son Jonathan succeeded his son-in-law Caiaphas, and his third son Theophilus succeeded Jonathan—for a little while.

Fortune began to frown upon Antipas Herod about the same time as she deserted Pilate. During a great battle with Aretas, the father of his

divorced and exasperated wife, some of his troops went over to his enemy, and the field was lost. But worse to him than the loss of towns and hamlets in Perea was the rumour which flew abroad like fire that the hand of God was now turned against him, and that his people had been slain on account of his crimes. The soldiers who betrayed him justified themselves by his offences, and from Judea to Galilee it was repeated in the gateway and the synagogue that Heaven was abandoning the murderer of John. Aretas occupied Damascus, and was the king of that city when Paul set forth on his journey.

38. Antipas, urged by Herodias, sailed for Italy, in the hope of being able to beg Samaria and Judea, and of receiving from Cæsar the rank of king; but Herod Agrippa, brother of Herodias, having poisoned the imperial mind against him, the Tetrarch, instead of gaining a crown by this journey, was accused before the Roman senate, deprived of his province of Galilee, robbed of his money, and banished into Gaul. Herodias, pardoned for her brother Agrippa's sake, refused the offer of a large sum of money, and clinging to the man whom she had ruined, went proudly to his exile in the West.

41. Prince Agrippa was made King of Judea, Samaria, Galilee, and Perea; in fact of all the countries which had owned the sway of Herod the Great. His arrival in Jerusalem was the signal for a change of men; the aristocratic party falling, the popular party rising into power. Theophilus the Sethian was deposed from the High Priesthood, and Simon, the Boëthusian, occupied once more the pontifical throne. The great works of Herod were now resumed with spirit; a third wall being added to the city on its northern side; taking in the new town of Bezetha, with a large part of Gareb, including the place of crucifixion and the site of Joseph's tomb.

But with all his vivacity and splendour, Agrippa could not govern the Temple through the Boëthusians, and after struggling for a few months against the Sadducean nobles, he was compelled to make terms with the aristocrats, put down his aged kinsman Simon, and raise Matthias, a fourth son of Annas, to his place.

44. The popular Agrippa died, and his son, also called Herod Agrippa, being thought too young for such a throne, Caspius Fadus came out from Rome as Procurator. Judea, Samaria, Galilee, became provinces of the empire; the responsibility

of naming high priests being left with the Herodian prince.

45. Theudas, one of the many false Christs, led a multitude of men from all parts of Judea into the wilderness; saying he would take them beyond the Jordan into a free country, where they should feel the stranger's yoke no more. Fadus sent out bodies of horse and foot; caught the seceding host, with all their flocks and herds, broke through their ranks, and seizing Theudas in their midst, struck off his head.

46. Tiberius Alexander, an Egyptian Jew, succeeded Fadus as Procurator of Judea. More false Christs appeared. As the people grew in turbulence, the Roman rule became more savage; but it was never so ferocious as when administered by this Alexandrian Jew. Every tumult was suppressed in blood; hundreds, nay thousands, were slaughtered in a single day; and the false prophets were either put to the sword or nailed to the cross. Among others who perished under this Jewish Procurator were Simon and James, sons of Judas, the two Galilean chiefs. This sect of Zealots, having strengthened itself in number, not only in Galilee, but in the hamlets of Perea and Judea, even in Zion and Jericho, until it included the most

active and daring of the population, fancied itself strong enough to begin the holy war. Simon and James gave the word to rise; but on Tiberius Alexander marching a cohort against the rebels they broke and fled, leaving their captured prophets to be nailed on a cross.

48. Ventidius Cumanus replaced Tiberius Alexander. The new Procurator put a strong cohort into Antonia, from which a colonnade ran to the Temple. The roof of this colonnade, open to the soldiers, looked down into the Israelites' court, and when the Jews came up to the feast of unleavened bread, the soldiers mocking and insulting them from the roof, caused a great uproar in the court; the Jews flinging stones, the Romans launching darts; until the riot becoming general, Cumanus sent for fresh troops, and his soldiers, forcing their way into the Temple courts, drove out the people in disorder, so that the gates were choked, and ten thousand men were trodden to death.

Quarrels also broke out between the Galileans and Samaritans. A Galilean caravan was coming up to Zion by way of Shefelah, instead of by the Jordan route; at Gemin, a Galilean was murdered by a Samaritan; on which the Galileans, not only from the north, but from Jerusalem also, marched

into Samaria, plundering and burning the houses and hamlets in revenge. Cumanus, at the front of his Sebastan cavalry, rode upon these rioting Jews, dispersing the mob, and making prisoners of their chiefs, whom he carried into his camp at Cæsarea. The nobles of Sebaste and Jerusalem appealed against each other to Quadratus, President of Syria, then staying at Tyre. Jonathan, son of Annas, represented the Jews.

50. Gamaliel died. Felix, a slave, and an empress's lover, succeeded Cumanus, and the Noble party gained the upper hand in Jerusalem. Jonathan son of Annas became high priest for the second time. The aristocrats, aided to the full extent of Roman power, made war on the reforming Galileans; who, since the massacre of Simon and James, having taken Menahem, a third son of Judas of Gamala, and Eleazar, a son of Simon, for their captains, had become a state within the state, a church within the church, absorbing many of the Essenes, most of the Pharisees, and counting within their pale a majority of the Jews. Moderation died with Gamaliel; the Separatists merged for a time into the warlike sect of the Galileans; and the war between the Sadducees and these Galileans—the Nobles and the People—became a war to the death.

Villages were burnt and razed; hundreds of Galileans were crucified; roads became unsafe; commerce declined; the old calm of prosperity was at an end. Having the legions at their call, the Sadducees, everywhere masters of the open field, pursued these dreamers of an earthly kingdom as a threatened oligarchy always pursues a crushed but still formidable foe. Every ditch had its cross, and the roads round Jerusalem were black with murder. Excess begot excess. Doras and a band of desperate fanatics, putting short swords under their cloaks, went up into the Temple, through the Israelites' court into the Holy Place, and finding the high priest Jonathan before the altar, rushed upon him, pierced him with their weapons, and left him dead on the ground, as Mattathias had struck down the false priest on Modin. Done in broad day, in the midst of crowds, this murder of Jonathan, son of Annas the Sadducee, was not avenged; for the common people felt with the assassins, and the Zealots declared that this deed was done for the glory of God.

Quick to perceive that the Temple and the Temple courts offered them a field in which they could meet their enemies in open fight, beyond Roman help, the Zealots went up again. No Gen-

tile could enter the sacred courts; and as Felix cared nothing about the Temple feuds, except so far as they might disturb the city, and as he had begun to favour the popular party, if he had not actually incited Doras to commit crime, he left the Jews very much to themselves; keeping the gates, and confining the riot and bloodshed to the Temple courts. So the Swordsmen (sikars) found an open field in the house of God; and after Jonathan's murder, they picked off several persons daily, glutting their vengeance on every man who had done them wrong.

Of the false Christs who rose in the reign of Felix, the Egyptian Prophet made the greatest noise. One of the Messianic prophets had foretold that the Deliverer would come up out of Egypt; a fact which conduced to the popularity of Simon the high priest, and of Tiberius Alexander, the procurator, who were both Alexandrian Jews. The Egyptian Prophet announced himself as Christ; set up his camp in the wilderness, among the Essene villages and caves; drew a vast multitude of dupes together; telling them that on a certain day he would lead them to the top of Olivet, whence he should command the walls of Jerusalem to fall down, as the walls of Jericho had crumbled

under the trumpet blast, and that he should march his disciples into the Temple through this miraculous breach. Four thousand men came up the wadies to Olivet; but instead of seeing the walls fall down and the legions fly in panic, they saw the Roman shields and helmets moving up the hill-side, solid, terrible in array. Four hundred of the fanatics fell in the first onset; two hundred threw themselves on their knees; the rabble fled into the wilderness; and the Egyptian Prophet disappeared for ever.

60. Portius Festus, the upright judge of Paul, came out as Procurator on the accession of Nero. He essayed to rule through an old and eminent race of high priests, the house of Fabus; procuring the re-elevation of that Ishmael, son of Fabus, who had first succeeded Annas in the reign of Valerius Grȧtus. But the time for men of easy manners and simple life had long gone by. The Galileans, under the various names of Zealots, Swordsmen, Brigands, were masters of the country, having persuaded the foolish Felix that they, and not the nobles, were the only friends of Rome.

On the other hand, the high priests, of whom there had been ten in thirty years, nearly all of whom were still living, raised companies for their

own defence. Every house was becoming a fortress; every servant a soldier. The partizans of Annas set upon those of Ishmael; at first with abuse, then with clubs and stones; and Festus, thinking he had no concern with these pious bickerings, left the rabble to fight it out.

Rapid changes now passed over the nominal priesthood. In a few months Ishmael gave way to Joseph, son of Simon the Boëthusian, and Joseph fell in turn before Ananus, fifth son of the old Sagan, under whom the Noble party regained its power. But though they won it bravely, they could not keep it long.

61. The Sethian faction being masters in the Sanhedrin, James and other Christians were condemned to death, contrary to the Roman law; on which account Ananus, after a reign of three months, was deposed from the office he had thus abused; being replaced by Jesus, son of Damneus, a man of weaker character and more moderate views; who in turn yielded his seat to Jesus, son of Gamaliel. These three high priests, appointed within a year, took arms against each other; filling the streets of Jerusalem with daily broils, until the wealth, daring, and connections of Ananus carried the day and put the city at his disposal.

62. Albinus arrived in Syria, and his object being to restore peace in Zion, he first made terms with the Noble party in possession, and then arrested ten of the most daring Swordsmen. By these acts of policy and vigour, the Sadducees were won to Rome, and the mutinous spirit of the Jews appeared to be quelled. But the Galilean bands were stunned, not crushed, by these blows, and society was become too corrupt for any sedative action of the public force. Knowing that Ananias son of Nebedeus (Paul's Ananias) was one of those who had prompted the seizure of their chiefs, the Swordsmen went up into the Temple, and carrying off the Temple scribe, a servant of his son Eleazar, the Temple Captain, sent to the High Priest and Temple Captain a message to this effect—that the secretary's life should be spared and his liberty restored on condition that the high priest persuaded Albinus to give up the Swordsmen's chiefs.

The priest went up to Zion with his tale of woe, and the Procurator, yielding to the man's miseries, set the Swordsmen free; an act of weakness which increased the evil it was meant to cure. Feeling their strength, since they had found a way to treat with Temple and Palace as an independent power, the Swordsmen, whenever a man of their party

fell into trouble, had only to seize a son, a nephew, a servant, of one of these priestly nobles, and so ransom him from death.

Some of these daring bands found leaders who were formidable to the high priests in another way; Saulus and Costobarus, princes of the line of Herod; who gathered troops of servants into their houses, and set up a kind of royal state, doing their own will in the city and allowing their followers to do theirs also. But in the Temple and the Palace, the Sethians held their own and even increased their power; Jesus, son of Gamaliel, being now formally deposed in favour of Matthias, son of Theophilus and grandson of Annas; and in the pontificate of this Matthias the great revolt against Rome took place.

CHAPTER XXVI.

REVOLT AND CIVIL WAR.

65. GESSIUS FLORUS came into Judea; a man unfitted by nature and education to control a society so corrupt as that of the Jews; being one of the basest of the base, and having in Cleopatra, his wife, a companion as black in heart and hot in blood as he was himself. Neglecting the nobles, despising the people, he, in less than a year of mismanagement, drove moderate men to despair, and Sadducees into revolt.

The first signal of the national war was given by a priest.

66. When Nero sent his usual offering to Moriah, to be laid on the Jewish altar, Eleazar, Captain of the Temple, being opposed in policy to Florus, Matthias, and the Romanizing Jews, persuaded the sacrificing priests to reject the emperor's gift; on which some of the elders,

timid and rich, went up to Nicanor's gate, opening into the Priests' court, and reasoning with the sacrificers, begged them to accept the imperial gift and perform the customary rites. But the people, relishing Eleazar's counsels, rose upon these elders, drove them from the bronze gates with threats and outcries, and the Temple guards and servants, snatching up spear and shield, ran through the courts and alleys of the city, shouting that the hour of revolt had come, and calling on every man to arm. In a few hours, the open city was in Eleazar's hands; the Romans, under Metilius, having quitted the Temple gates, retiring into Antonia and Zion, fortresses admitting of defence by a smaller body of disciplined men.

Either from the policy which so often puts father and son on opposite sides in a civil strife, or from his having been seized as a hostage by Metilius, Ananias (Paul's Ananias) remained in the Roman camp, while his son Eleazar led the city bands. Each party fought with undaunted heart; the Jews increasing in numbers as the country came in; the cohorts thinning by the daily waste of life. Judea, Galilee, Perea, joined in the insurrection, and night and day the bands came marching up the wadies to assist their

brethren and direct the war. In a week, the Romans were driven in upon the Prætorium; many noble houses in Zion were destroyed by fire, including Agrippa's palace near the great bridge, the Archives of Judea, and the house of Ananias. Then, the people assaulted Antonia, carried the fortress by storm, and put the whole garrison to the sword. Except Herod's palace on Mount Zion and the three great towers above it, Eleazar was now lord of every part of Jerusalem. But in the very moment of his conquest, the post of General of the Insurrection was wrested from his grasp by a man of bolder spirit and higher assumption than his own.

This new chief was Menahem, son of Judas of Gamala. Since the crucifixion of Simon and James, Menahem had become the great chief of this turbulent party of Galileans—Swordsmen, Zealots, Brigands, what not—having for his principal captain his nephew Eleazar, son of Simon. In Galilee, Idumea, and Perea, they made themselves masters of all the open country; in the towns they became strong enough to displace many of the old magistrates and generals; and even in the capitals, Tiberias and Jerusalem, they could carry everything before them which depended on audacity and

vigour. Joshua, son of Sapphias, one of their party, raised a great insurrection of sailors and shepherds in Galilee; and the time being come when they felt strong enough to march on Jerusalem and give battle to the Romans, Menahem and Eleazar drew their followers together into the wilderness, on the western shore of the Dead Sea, and seizing by stratagem the great fortress and armoury of Masada, put the Roman garrison to the sword. Arming his camp of shepherds and artizans, Menahem now instituted a body guard, assumed the office of Messiah, surrounded himself with royal state, and marched into the Holy City, where he deposed Eleazar, Captain of the Temple, from his command, giving the chief military power into the hands of Eleazar, his nephew, and pressing the siege of the Romans in Mount Zion with an irresistible ardour and success. The native troops begged quarter and retired. The Romans, too proud to sue, too weak to resist, abandoned their camp, retreating into the three great towers; at the very moment when Menahem was forcing their lines, massacring their stragglers, and burning their magazines.

Ananias (St. Paul's high priest), being found in a sewer of the palace, was put to death.

Then the new Messiah, robing himself as a king,

went up to the Temple, attended by his guards, to offer sacrifice to God; but on the Sacred Mount he was encountered by Eleazar, son of the murdered high priest, at the head of his Temple guards. Rushing upon Menahem, the Captain scattered his troops, and drove him out headlong and in disorder from the Temple courts. For some hours Menahem was lost in the vaults and corridors of the Temple, but a swift and stern pursuit discovered him in Ophel, under the Temple wall, when he was put to incredible tortures, and at length was mercifully slain.

Eleazar, Captain of the Temple, now resumed his command, prosecuting the siege of Metilius with as much furious valour as the false Messiah had displayed. Metilius, driven to despair, proposed to surrender the great towers, magazines, armouries, everything in his possession, if the lives of his soldiers should be spared; a base proposal, which Eleazar accepted, making it the basis of a treaty of surrender, which he signed and violated within an hour. Every man who marched out of David's tower was put to the sword; Metilius alone excepted; for on being offered his choice of death or circumcision, this unspeakably degenerate Roman consented to become a Jew.

The whole country now rose in revolt, and a war of races and of principles began. Every Jew tried to kill a Gentile, and as an act of safety the Gentiles began to massacre the Jews. On the day of Eleazar's treachery in Zion, every Jew in Cæsarea was slaughtered by the Roman troops. Sebaste was carried by assault, Gaza was reduced to ashes. Hippos and Gadara were the scenes of faction fights. Two thousand Jews were murdered in Ptolemais, two thousand five hundred in Askalon. In Tyre and Sidon none were left alive.

Cestius, president of Syria, now brought up the twelfth legion from Antioch to Ptolemais, Cæsarea, and Joppa, the last of which towns he plundered and burnt. Sephoris and Sebaste were soon occupied by the Romans, and a main part of the army, marching under Gallus into the hill country of Judea, encamped on Scopas, from which they entered into the suburb of Bezetha, and menaced Mount Zion itself with assault. The Nobles, welcoming this advance of Cestius, their only protection against the Swordsmen and Zealots, sent Ananus, son of Jonathan (that high priest who had been slain by the Swordsmen) to speak with Cestius from the walls, offering to submit themselves to Rome, and throw open the city gates. Cestius hesi-

tated to believe in these friends of Rome, until the Zealots, discovering this treachery of the Nobles, set upon them, pelting them with stones and driving them to their palaces. An open assault by the legionaries failing, Cestius retired to Scopas, galled in his retreat, and thence fell back to Bethhoron, Lydda, and the sea coast.

The Zealots were now masters of nearly all Palestine, and the people, many of them insincerely, professed the tenets of these triumphant Galileans. Not to bring ruin on their kin, the high priests and nobles had to humour the fighting sectaries; courting their leaders, praising their great deeds, and professing to share their zeal. In part they succeeded in allaying the old suspicions and animosities of the Swordsmen, and when governors and generals came to be appointed by the insurgent people, the Nobles secured a very fair share of power, especially in Jerusalem, where Annas was elected in a joint commission with Joseph, son of Gorion, to the supreme direction of affairs, with the special object of defence. Eleazar, the Temple Captain, a man of great services, but unsafe opinions, they sent as general into Idumea, naming as his coadjutor Joshua, son of Sapphias, the daring rebel, who preferred

to remain in Galilee, of which province he made himself a petty king.

Having a vast authority over the boatmen and peasants of the lake country, this Joshua led a great company of Zealots and idol breakers into the neighbourhood of Tiberias, whence he sent a message to the senators of that city demanding that they should deface the Greek sculptures and destroy the shining roof of the Golden house. The senate refused. Joshua marched within a mile of the city and renewed his demands. In the meantime messengers, among them Josephus the historian, had come down from Jerusalem to organize the national war; and these men of high rank insisted, like the sailors and shepherds, on the sculptures being cleansed from the wall and the golden roof pulled down. The senators of Tiberias, finding that they could not save the palace, even by risking the streets in which it stood, were about to yield the chief ornament of their city to the mob, when Joshua, vexed at the long and tedious parley of these old Pagans, burst into the town, put the Greek inhabitants to the sword, plundered the royal apartments, and set the magnificent pile on fire. The spoil of his bands was vast and precious; inlaid tables, candlesticks of Corinthian

brass, and quantities of silver bars, being found in every room. But when the flames ascended to the rafters, and the thieves expected the golden plates to fall into their laps, they were surprised and maddened to learn that, unlike the doors and roofs of the Temple, the timbers of the Golden house had been only gilt.

Joshua was not punished for this outrage against the Golden house. Josephus recommended the Sanhedrin to treat him well, lest he should do much worse; and as they could not punish him for his crimes, they counted his offences to him for virtues, took him into favour and rewarded him with the great command of Tiberias.

67. Vespasian was appointed President of Syria.

The Christians quitted Jerusalem; retiring with their pastors to Pella, the Greek city beyond Jordan.

The Romans conquered Galilee and Perea.

Being now the undisputed masters in Jerusalem, the Zealots deposed Matthias the Sethian high priest; and depriving the princely houses (Seth, Boëthus, Fabus, Damneus and Nebedeus) of their right to supply candidates for the sacred office, they cast lots for his successor, and the appointment fell on Phannias, a rustic who could scarcely

be made to understand what the priesthood meant. Annas, being one of the two official magistrates who had charge of everything in the city, protested against this stretch of lay power, and going with his son Ananus, and Jesus, son of Gamaliel, into the streets, exhorted the poorer Jews to rise up against the Zealots and wrest the Temple from their hands, offering to expend all that remained of his own bodily strength and mental force in this holy labour. While the aged priest was rousing the people to resist these spoilers of noble houses, the Zealots, hearing of all that was being done, rushed forth into the streets, and a fight began. The nobles came out with their sons and servants, and being joined by many of the citizens, they charged the Zealot bands; first throwing stones and darts at them, and when they saw their opportunity, dashing in upon them with their swords. Slowly, the Zealots fell back towards the Temple gates, through which Annas and his partizans pressed with the retiring foe, until the gates and the outer courts were won. Jerusalem might have been saved, but for a scruple which seized upon the advancing priest. According to the Law, no man could enter the inner courts until he had undergone purification:—and this aged Sadducee,

who rejected the doctrine of an after-life as a silly fable, paused at the inner gates, and drew off the victors from their prey, lest the victorious citizens should pollute by their presence the sacred ground! He set a guard of six thousand men about the cloisters, and sent the rest of his army home; hoping to persuade the Zealots to surrender and avoid any further desecration of the Temple courts.

This hesitation of the old man cost him his party and his life.

The Zealots had time to send into the country, and especially to Idumæa, saying that Annas meant to sell them to Cæsar, and begging their partizans to march at once on Jerusalem. Before Annas knew that a message had been sent, the Idumæans were at the city gates. A parley from the wall, in which Jesus, son of Gamaliel, urged them to go back, incensed the strangers, who replied that they had come to defend the capital of their nation and the altar of their God from enemies without and factions within. But the gates being closed, and a siege of the city beyond their means, they had to camp out in the open valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat. In a tempest of wind and rain the night came down.

Annas, saying that God was defending them by storms, neglected to go his usual round of the walls; and many of the nobles, deserting their irksome posts, went home to bed; setting servants and poor citizens to hold their watch. At midnight, in the midst of deafening thunder, the guards being housed or sleeping, the Zealots opened one of the gates, that nearest to the Idumæan camp; and the strangers, rushing into the city and spearing the sentinels and guards, drove back the citizen troops, giving and taking no quarter, but slaying the aristocrats as they sprang from their beds and sallied into the streets.

Day dawned upon a city of corpses. Eight thousand five hundred dead were carried from the Temple court. Every noble house was pillaged. Every man caught in a palace perished by the sword.

Annas—the aged high priest, the first among Jewish nobles, the official crucifier of Christ, the chief ruler of Jerusalem for sixty years—was found and murdered; and his body, reviled and spurned, was cast over the city wall to become the prey of dogs and wolves.

70. Titus captured and destroyed Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

In time, the remnant which was saved from fire and sword, from slavery and exile, ventured to return from Pella to Jerusalem, and to found among the ruins of an apostate city, the new Church of that Christ whom the Separatist people had put to death.

Gentile and Jew now became one in faith and fellowship; and in a little while Gentile bishops began to reign in Jerusalem over the common Church of Jew and Greek.

Constantine built a church over the Holy Sepulchre, which the Persians destroyed and Heraclius restored. More than once that church has been razed to the ground by Oriental sects; for the Resurrection of Christ is the cardinal fact of Christianity, and the Holy Sepulchre is the visible sign of that great event.

For a thousand years this central evidence of Christian truth has been left in the power of Islam, a second Oriental development of the Jewish church; and by the disciples of this Arabic creed, the Holy Sepulchre has been kept, on the whole, and with rare exceptions, open, free, and safe.

A first day spent in the Rotunda will not edify a pilgrim much: even though he should remember that it stands in an Oriental city, close to the wilderness and the Dead Sea, and subject to the spirit of such a place.

Passing from the open court into the low doorway of the basilica, his instinct of solemnity is shocked by noticing in a deep recess on the left hand a squad of Turkish light troops: picturesque, agile fellows, lolling on a mat, throwing off curls of smoke, and listening to tales of love and war. The men are grave and decorous, as Turkish soldiers are everywhere, except on the battle-field; yet their sabres clank on the stones, their jebilé rises into the fane, and their pistols and yataghans gleam, unbecomingly, in the house of God. But far more painful to the pilgrim's feeling than the presence of these soldiers in a church, is the fact that in three or four days he will become reconciled to it as a minor evil. A little experience of

life in the Rotunda, as it may be seen from dawn to sunset, more than at all other times in the holy week, will perhaps suggest to his mind some explanation of this great mystery—

Why has Providence, in its wisdom, taken from our care the custody of our most sacred shrines?

It is not because we are feeble. It is not because we are poor. It is not because we are distant and lukewarm. The masters of Delhi and Algiers might become the masters of Jerusalem in a single week, if it depended solely on the assertion of physical power. But we are weak in the spiritual charities of brotherhood and forbearance.

Among the crowds who gather in this porch and worship under this dome, there are twenty rivals, and not two brothers. A pilgrim of one country believes the pilgrim from another country to be a heretic and a scoundrel, a deserter from the true church, a denier of the true God. The monk of Mount Gareb scowls on the monk of Mount Zion as on a man who is hurrying to his bed of everlasting fire. What a Catholic peasant of Connemara thinks of a Presbyterian tradesman in Derry is something tolerant and fraternal compared with the bitterness of heart in which a Spanish

padre speaks of a Greek, an Armenian pastor of a Copt. With each it is a shrug and a curse. Every friar in Jerusalem imagines that his Christian neighbour is already damned beyond hope of mercy; being worse, far worse, than a benighted Moslem, an abandoned Jew. A Turk has no better light; a Jew has been cursed with a heart of stone; but what excuse can a Christian pastor imagine for a brother who has had his choice, and has wickedly selected an impure creed? Why, he asks himself, should the portion of a false Christian be made better on earth than it will be in heaven? In the world to come the schismatic will have to dwell among the lost: why, then, should he not be hated and reviled, condemned and spurned, by his fellow-men?

It is in this fierce spirit—a Galilean, not a Christian spirit—that we judge each other at the tomb of Christ. Greek meets Nestorian, Latin encounters Copt, on a spot which each professes to revere, asserting that his brother is not his brother; that he is a stranger and worse than a stranger; an intruder into the holy house, whose presence in the shrine is a positive abomination in the sight of God. Hence our only salutation is a scowl of hate, our worship is a scuffle, which requires the

presence of negroes and Bashi Bazouks to prevent from degenerating into a daily fight.

Each sect has a right to its turn of service before the shrine; a service of chants and candles, much clouding of incense, much blazing of flambeaux, much glamour of incantation in ancient and mystic tongues; making a scene as wild as the bronzed and picturesque men whom it appears to kindle into flame.

The Copts, say, are standing before the shrine: long before they have finished their service of sixty minutes, the Armenians have gathered in numbers round the choir; not to join in the prayers and genuflexions, but to hum profane airs, to hiss the Coptic priests, to jabber, and jest, and snarl at the morning prayer. The singers repay them in frowns and curses. As the hour draws nigh for these Copts to cease, the men who should be their brethren begin to rear and push: one side trying to remain a second of time beyond their right; the other side elbowing them away a second before they are bound to retire. To steal one moment from the false church is held to be a victory for the truth. Often these priests and worshippers come to blows; but on the very first cry of an attack—an affair of candles, crooks, and crucifixes

—the Turkish guard is under arms and on the spot; and unless blood has been drawn, in which case the church is cleared and locked up, the ferocious rivals are allowed to complete their hymns and prayers under the protection of a line of Moslem matchlocks.

Each party in these struggles regards the Turkish soldiers as its allies against the others; and it may be said in plainest words that among the Greek and Armenian Christians of Judea, many would not scruple to join the Dervishes and Fakeers in cutting every Latin throat in Jerusalem. The grave Arabs look on without a smile; saying to each other, "Allah is great—How these Christians love each other!"

Sitting under the great dome of the basilica, amidst scenes so wild and strange, it is not without shame that one recalls the beautiful Moslem service in St. Sophia—simple, fervid, pathetic—a service chaste and decorous to eye and ear, as that of an English abbey or cathedral church.

A common feeling for the decencies of public worship—a sovereign power of tolerating rival creeds—are but two out of a hundred points in which there seems to be an approach of character between the Saxon and the Turk; an approach of

character which the keen Asiatics, judging by visible signs, have not failed to seize. In truth, it has become a habit of mind with the Syrians to connect these races of East and West. A Syrian notices that the Turk is never mean; that he never lies or goes away from his pledge; that he is personally brave; that he is haughty yet reserved, masterful yet kind; that he speaks few words; that when pressed by danger he will fight rather than parley. And does he not find the same things in a Saxon? Then, again, does he not see that the Englishman and Turk are sworn brothers? Are they not always in the same camp? Who defends the Caliph against his enemies? Who drove Napoleon out of Syria? Who crushed Mohammed Ali? Who revenged Sinope? Who fought against the Russians in Kars? Those paler and less corpulent Turks who dwell in the far West, and come to Jaffa and Beyrout in ships. And if they have one camp, why not one creed? Many a smart Arab in Palestine believes that we English are Moslems, of a Western sect, as the Persians are Moslems of an Eastern sect; whom pride alone prevents from kneeling in the mosques of a humbler and darker race. A clever bey, who spoke French very well, though he had never been west of Jerusalem, said to me,

in substance:—"You English are not Nazarenes. I have watched you very closely, and you have none of the signs by which we know them. If you meet a bishop, you do not dismount from your horse until he is gone. When you pass a Greek or a Latin priest in the streets you never make the cross. You never kneel before idols. When you are at prayer, you neither screech in the voice, nor foam at the mouth, nor bump your head against the wall. When you walk into the Holy Sepulchre, you do not kiss the great stone at the door; you neither light a candle, nor tear your hair, nor begin to fight. You smile at the Christian singers; you part them when they quarrel; you pity them, just like an Arab. When I go up to your grand house on Mount Zion, what do I see? A mosque. You build no minaret; for every Englishman keeps a muezzin in his pocket to tell him the time of prayer; but you have built a mosque. A Nazarene church is painted with pictures; and lighted with candles when it is day; a wax image on this side, a wooden image on that; with friars carrying dolls and young men tinkling bells. You have no pictures and candles, no images and bells. You have no friars on Mount Zion. Your priest does not shave his head, nor wear any gown. Your house

has no cross on the top. Your priest is a mollah, and your people pray like the Moslem." The bey only argued from what he saw; and in likening an Englishman to a Mohammedan he meant to convey the very highest compliment that his idiom could express.

Standing before the shrine, a man cannot help inquiring—How long, how long shall we remain unworthy to possess our own? For upwards of a thousand years, watch and ward over the Holy Sepulchre have been given to Egyptians, Saracens, and Turks. How long will the Christian nations continue to be unworthy of possessing their sacred shrines? Why has our ark been taken from us? Is the Moslem Turk a nobler guardian of the Tomb of Christ than the Christian Greek? The facts reply:

Under Moslem rule, this Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the only Christian edifice in any great capital, to which the multitudinous tribes and peoples of our common faith can freely come, with the right to kneel at its altars, and in whatever tongue and ritual they may use, to offer up praise and thanksgivings to the Father who is in heaven. Would it be free to all, if it were governed by any single sect? Would the Russ divide his privilege of grace with a Frank? Would the Greek permit

the Copt to kneel at his holy shrine? Would the Chaldean tolerate the presence of either an English Quaker or an American Evangelical near the Tomb? No one believes it; no one imagines it.

Except among the Turks, there is no true toleration in the East; neither among the Arabs, nor the Greeks, nor the Jews; nothing but a deceptive truce in the midst of a cruel war. The Turk is tolerant and he is consequently supreme; a necessity, like the Saxon in Calcutta, the Gaul in Algiers, to all these inferior and more fanatical races of men.

To the Moslem rule in Palestine, it is due that we have still a Christian Church, as distinguished from the many churches of Christian sects; a visible type, perhaps a living centre, of that Christianity of the future in which a thousand peoples and congregations may be absorbed into the universal Church of God.

Look at the great dome. It springs over the Sepulchre, the Holy of Holies, the very Shrine of Shrines. If there is one piece of man's work on earth that should be strong and perfect, built of marble and gold, and of all that is costly and durable, surely it is yon vault over the Tomb. Yet the dome of the Sepulchre is a wreck. The

plaster is falling from the wall; the metal has been stolen from the roof; the paint is either washed away by the rain or scorched away by the sun; and the showers of winter come rattling through the rents. Any day, any hour, this magnificent Tomb may be destroyed by its crumbling canopy of stone and lead. And this danger to the basilica threatens, this scandal to religion lasts, not because the Christians are either few or poor, but because they cannot agree among themselves; because they are wanting in charity for each other. The vices of jealousy and hatred which we see in the rotunda, among friars and priests, have their springs in the cabinets of Europe, among statesmen and princes. Greek and Latin, each prides himself on being the elect, and treats his rival as the damned. The Russ will not share his part of the Sepulchre with a Frank, nor will the Frank divide his altar with a Russ. Every church would be master; each king would be lord of the keys; each priest would be the dispenser of favours on earth and in heaven.

So long perhaps as we Christians have so little of Christianity as to forget that we are brothers, the guardianship of the Holy Sepulchre will be left with the more liberal and impartial Turk.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JEWS.

In one of our rides from Olivet to Bethlehem, we find the Tomb of Rachel open; a mob of men, women, little ones, squatting on the stones; some droning prayers from printed scraps of paper; some beating their temples against the pillars; all crying piteously to the dead mother of Joseph and Benjamin for help.

The pillar which Jacob is said to have set up over the ashes of his beloved wife, is built of loose stones, bound together by cement; low in height; in form a rude altar; the surface being smoothed and whitened, and the fair page scrawled over with Hebrew names and ejaculations. A square room, covered by a Saracenic dome, protects this grave; in the eyes of Jew, Christian, and Mohammedan alike, one of the holiest spots of the earth. The outer chamber, serving for a door of entry, has been added by some native sheikh.

Once a year, the Rabbi comes from Jerusalem with a procession of men and women, to throw himself at Rachel's feet, recite a long form of prayer, and wail over the departed glories of his race. This passionate grief has spent itself for eighteen hundred years; yet the men seem choking with agony, and the women and children sobbing as though their hearts would break.

At Hebron, Zion, Safed, every place in which a Jew is found (not the trading Jew, who comes to Jaffa and Beyrout, buying and selling, and making money, as he would otherwise have gone to Glasgow, Fez, and San Francisco; but the Jew of Restoration theories, a man who has been drawn from his home in Houndsditch, the Marais, the Ghetto, the Juden Gasse, and sent back to Palestine by Christian help)—this peculiarity is to be noted about him:—that he is always wailing and at prayer; never cheery and at work. A Syrian Jew at work! the very words seem to spurn each other.

Taking into account the Ashkenazim, the newest comers into the land, there are said to be six or seven thousand Jews in Palestine, more or less restored, which means, in honest English, more or less dependent for their bread on alms. Oldest of these swarms on Zion is the colony of Sephar-

dim; men who claim to have been driven out of Spain by Isabella the Catholic, and to have found a home, denied to them by a Christian queen, under the benignant sceptre of a Moslem prince.

We Christians cannot pride ourselves on having been either very wise or very logical in our treatment of the holy race.

In the middle ages we shut them up in ghettos; we declared them infamous; we banished them, robbed them, roasted them alive; treated them as vermin, not as human beings. And why? Because in another age and country, an aristocratic and unpopular high priest, whom the people afterwards rose upon and murdered, had, from political motives, crucified our Lord? Far, very far, was that from being the cause. No passion will burn for a thousand years. The English who drove out the Jews under Edward, the Spaniards who banished them under Isabella, were thinking less perhaps of Annas than of Maimonides; less of the unforgotten Jewish crime than of the unsocial Jewish code. A Jew's hand was supposed to be against every man's, and by the rule of moral dynamics every man's hand was turned against him.

All that the Oral Law had made the Galileans, it made their children under the Dispersion. Every Roman writer, every Christian father, who refers to the Jews of his day, uses the language of denunciation; treating these exiles as a people of few talents and no virtues; gloomy, fierce, intractable; whose bravery in war was but a savage glee; in a word as enemies of the whole human race. Tacitus, Juvenal, Suetonius, felt no anger against them on account of Christ; yet these Pagan writers described them in the blackest tints. Lust of gain might tempt a Jew to sell corn and oil, to lend money on usury to a Roman; but not even lust of pelf could induce him to eat at a Roman table, sleep under a Greek roof, help a Gaul in his distress, or marry into an Iberian's house. All Gentiles were to him hateful and abominable. Nothing could persuade a Jewish beggar that a European prince was his equal; and pedlars who could not recite their own shema, prided themselves on their superiority to masters of Hellenic eloquence and art. This pride was carried so far, and shown so offensively, that eminent rabbins, even so late as the reign of Saladin, taught in the public schools of Spain and Egypt, that a Jew was so fenced about with holiness, he could not travel in

the same caravan with a Frank for fear of pollution.

Thus, the Jews, by their own acts and teachings, cut themselves off from fellowship with their kind; and hating the whole world, the world repaid them with scorn and wrong, confining them in ghettos, borrowing their money, putting them to the question, roasting them alive.

But the Western Franks, after taking a few centuries to think of it, have, of their own will, repealed these old and barbarous laws; allowing the Jew to come back into our midst; a free man, a citizen of London, Paris, New York; equal before the law, eligible for office; opposing our light and liberty to his darkness and superstition; convinced that in the long day of strife the noblest weapons will always win the fight. This confidence in light, justice, and fraternity, is the philosophy that JESUS taught. It came to us from a Jewish source, and in the fulness of time it is returning to the Jews from whom we learnt it. We begin to perceive that when a Jew has become a good Englishman, he has made a considerable progress towards the religion of Christ.

Some among us would go farther and faster. Action and reaction are equal; and as we went

very far astray in persecution, it is likely that we shall go far astray in patronage. Taking up the work of Providence, a number of zealous men and women have begun the mighty labour of transferring Houndsditch and the Marais to Zion. Does that duty lie upon us?

Is it certain that a bodily return of the Jews to Palestine is a Christian idea? Is it not rather certain that the physical kingdom is a Pharisaical notion, foreign to Christ? Surely, if the Jews are to be restored to Jerusalem at all, they are to be restored in the spirit, not in the flesh; by reconciliation to His people and communion with His Church. Our Lord founded his Church in Jerusalem, and by divine appointment that Church has never yet sunk into the home of a mere sect. It is the one true Church of Frank and Greek, of Copt and Armenian, of Chaldee and Maronite; its doors open to all; its services free to all; and a reconciliation with this Church, by the ways of culture, purity, and social progress, offers, as some think, the only restoration possible to the Jews.

In order to effect such a return, it is not necessary for Houndsditch to be driven across the seas and up the hills into Judea. The Church of Jerusalem is about us everywhere; for it is built in the

heart of every man who has learned the great law of loving his neighbour as himself.

There are said to be seven millions of Jews alive; of whom less than seven thousand have been landed in Acre and Jaffa; poured into a land without roads, capital, commerce, agriculture, peace. Who shall say at how much cost?

In the convent of Mar Elias I was told a story of one attempt to place this restoration movement on a rational—that is to say, an economical and practicable—basis. This tale, told me by a man who was perhaps wanting in reverence, since he had lived in Judea for twenty years, and had learned to regard men and affairs in that country from a humourous rather than a sentimental side, may be read, if the reader pleases, as an Apologue:

A man of science, living in New York, is said to have amused his leisure by writing down a list of the sums which had been spent in restoring about six thousand Jews to the Holy Land; showing the cost per head in hundreds of pounds sterling. He is said to have shrunk appalled from the line of figures when his zeal induced him to multiply the remaining seven millions (speaking roughly) by that average cost. England is known to have spent much money on war;

but her mighty mound of debt is a molehill beside the magnitude of that restoration fund. A doubt having seized this man of science, it was whispered from lip to lip, until the broad question got under weigh as to whether the societies of London and New York, aided by branch societies in Stoke Pogis and Pough Keepsie, would suffice to equip and transport the tribes, unless the six thousand Jews already sent home, and the fresh arrivals in due course, should begin to earn their bread? All the actuaries said—No. What then was to be done? Consult some of the best Jews of Jerusalem? Well, the Sephardim were consulted on the policy of asking the restored community to labour. Few men have any difficulty in seeing another man's duty; but the Sephardim could not easily see their way in that direction of getting the Jews to work. In their European homes, these Jews had been merchants; selling pencils, sponges, old clothes; but where in Zion and Hebron were the openings for such sales? As the Greek never writes, there is no call for pencils; as the Hebrew never washes, there is no demand for sponges; as the Arab wears no garments, save the rag in which he is born and buried, there is no supply of old clothes. But even if such trades were brisk, six thousand Jews

could barely expect to thrive on the wants of four or five thousand Arabs and Greeks. So, when sponges, rhubarb, toys, old clothes, and toothpicks had been weighed and set aside, some one took the liberty of suggesting land. There is always the land. Grain still waves in Sharon, olives and vines still bloom in Judea. Hinnom was once a garden, and the great plain of Rephaim grew barley enough to tempt the Philistines from the sea. But the Jews, it is said, felt safe against all these snares of science; for a Jew is an alien, and no alien in Syria is allowed to buy land. Yet, as men will go a long way for their theories, the reformers went to Stamboul, where by patience and piastres they succeeded in persuading the Caliph to grant them a special firman, enabling them to buy and to hold land in Judah. The battle was won, said the men of science. Having bought a noble piece of the soil from an Arab aga, they proposed that certain families of Jews should be chosen, as a privilege, to plant and tend it; being paid for their toil in wages and in kind; and after a few years of culture and success, receiving as a gift the land which they should have then made fruitful by their tilth and care. The families were chosen, the tracts laid out, the olive trees

bought. But the labourer slackened in his zeal; mid-day found him dozing in the shade; and in the morning he was absent from his patch. The planting was never finished and the crop never garnered. After three months of trial the experiment came to an end.

High words being spoken in the West, excuse was made for the poor Jews that the men had been badly chosen; the selected olive dressers being taken from the refuse of St. Mary Axe, men who had never before handled a rake, and who could not tell the good soil from the bad. Very well, said London and New York; try again, with these better lights. Among the poor Ashkenazim, being Polish and German peasants, there must be many who have been used to dig and delve, and to whom the culture of an olive garden near Jerusalem will not be a heavier toil than cutting fir trees in frost and snow. Yet the results were very much the same. Like his London brother the Pole escaped from his labour in the field, and could not be persuaded to return. In vain it was pointed out to him, that by steady labour he might make himself a man; that after ten or twelve years of earnest thrift he would be able to sit under his own vine and fig tree. He would not work.

Then the men of science, knowing that individuals and societies are governed by the same natural laws, insisted on inquiries being made as to why a knot of poor Jews, living on alms in the back slums and filthy alleys of Jerusalem, should have one and all declined to become cultivators of olive fields and vineyards, with a sure prospect of becoming in good time owners and occupiers of their fields? An answer was ready. The beneficence of London and New York, it was said, already sufficed for their simple wants; the rabbins who dispensed this beneficence to their flocks had no wish to see them withdrawn from the city; and in short the experiment failed because a committee of men of science presumed to direct and control Jehovah's plans.

And in making this answer (in other words, and with much courtesy of phrase) the Jews felt that their position was strong. They were not arguing with the world; only with those who considered it a duty to persuade the sponge-seller and old clothesman to go and live in Zion, not because he liked it, but because he would be paid for doing so. To those who would play Providence over him, had not the Jew a right to say: The return of Israel to the Holy Land is not a work to be conceived

by a committee, conducted on commercial principles, and made to pay ten per cent.? It is to be a miracle; a crowning act of love. As the Dispersion was, so will the Restoration be.

London and New York were made to feel that their part of the plan for restoring Israel was to collect piastres and hold their peace.

Then, the land which in a few years would have belonged to the Ashkenazim, passed over into the hands of the more worldly and industrious Greeks; men who, long in foresight, knowing the landlords' power, and looking to the future of their Church, buy up every rood of ground that finds its way into the market. Sales of land are rare. A Moslem aga has an English squire's humour for the possession of much dirt, and the State policy discourages any transfer of the soil into alien hands. Yet the shrewd, insinuating Greek is slowly gaining for himself the few corn-fields, the best olive-groves in Judah; and among the great barons of Palestine must be reckoned the Priors of St. Constantine, Mar Saba, and the Holy Cross.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SYRIAN CONVENTS.

A SYRIAN convent may belong to any one of the grand divisions of the Christian Church; for Greek and Latin, Copt and Armenian, Melchite and Maronite, have each and all availed themselves of Moslem toleration to set up their own chapels and religious houses. People who in their own countries are weak enough to refuse a Jew permission to build a synagogue, a Mohammedan to erect a mosque, are not ashamed to enjoy under the Sultan's rule the most perfect liberty of worship. Even Spain, which repels the Hebrew and the Moor from its soil, and refuses the Anglican and the Greek the comfort of having a church in Madrid, may in Palestine construct its convents and altars in ostentatious rivalry to the native mosque. We Franks have much charity to learn from these Orientals.

But of all the Christian churches in Palestine the Greek Church alone appears to see how its religious houses can be turned to any practical account in mastering the country and its people.

The Greek convents had a different origin to the Frank. From Alexander's days, the Greeks have been in Syria; for a long time they were its rulers, and they have always been either its secular or its religious guides. They built the first Gentile churches, and they inherited the Essenic settlements in the Dead Sea wastes. They were, in fact, the original Christians of this land, and the convents which they built in Judah were their natural homes. A Latin convent, on the contrary, was by its very nature a stranger's house; serving, in the first place, as an hotel, in the second place as a fortress, in the third place as a prison. When a stream of pilgrims from London and Paris, Rome and Vienna, began to flow into the Sharon ports, bringing a crowd of men who were nice in their habits, rich in their attire, to whom a lodging either under the tree at Kuryet el Enab or by the tank at Jericho, was odious, a demand for bed and supper, for cells and stables, caused the Latin hospice to start up. A traveller in a land like Palestine is content with little: a high wall, a

strong gate, a cool chamber, a well, and a cook. To these things add a long table, plenty of spare cells, with just as many friars as may suffice to serve the guests, and your establishment is complete. The Latin convent is in theory an asylum, not an inn. No bill is made out and signed; for you are supposed to be a pious pilgrim, making a holy tour, and carrying no purse and scrip. No; there is no charge. Your highness may drop a dole into the common box, if your highness pleases. Of course you will please. Gold will not offend the brethren. You must not fancy you are paying a bill: but giving to the poor and lending to the Lord. Charity knows no tariff; on Carmel you may pay twenty piastres for a cup of coffee, at Nazareth ten piastres for a glass of lemon-water. A month at Mar Elias will waste your means like a month at Brighton, and a sojourn with the Armenian fathers on Mount Zion is no less costly than a residence at Long's.

Yet none of these Latin convents pay their cost. They are never full of guests, and for months together they may not behold a stranger's face. Ramleh and Nazareth are the busiest; but they do not pay their expenses. Carmel is conducted at a serious loss. If the Greeks do better than the

Franks, it is because the inmates of their convents are colonists; because they know the country, and practise the arts by which laymen thrive.

A convent may be one thing or another. It may stand in the mountains like Carmel, or nestle in a hollow like the Holy Cross; it may camp out in the wilderness like Mar Saba, or dominate a caravan road like Ramleh. It may be of any age and style; for in the Russian convent of New Jerusalem the mortar is not yet dry, and the legends of the Maronite edifice on Mount Sinai go back for a thousand years. Yet the main distinctions among these religious houses, are the uses to which they are severally put by Frank and Greek.

The Latin convents, however much they may differ as to site, service and government, have certain negative properties in common which they never shed. A Latin convent in the Holy Land is not a nursery of learning, not a hospital for the sick, not a missionary station, not a school of agriculture, art, and trade. The fathers seek no duties among the people in whose towns and villages they dwell. To count their beads, to repeat their offices, to sing lauds and complines, and, like St. John of the Cross, their mystic model, to dream away the day and night, is their rule of life. Their deeds

are not for men, and they must hope to be saved by grace and not by works. They neither feed the hungry, nor clothe the naked. Not one man in a hundred among them ever sets himself to learn the native tongue. They take no measures for the rescue of Paynim souls. Hating the country, despising the peasants, they regard their convent as a prison and their residence as an exile. As a rule, they have not come into Palestine of their own desire, nor do they live here now with their free consent. Of course, it would be unfair to cast a reproach on all; among hundreds of holy men, many must be truly devout and honest: worthy to be called the brethren of St. Francis and St. Theresa; still, the great monastic bodies of Syria regard their residence in the land as banishment from a more joyous home in Italy or Spain.

The truth must be told:—a convent in Syria has been found a convenient jail. Having no Australia, no Cayenne, of her own, the Latin Church is said to have made a handy sort of penal colony in the Holy Land, for such priests and friars as are either too good or too bad for Europe to endure. A monk who has scandalized Madrid, a brother whom Naples cannot forgive, may be sent away by ecclesiastical orders, without incurring noisy pro-

test and public scandal, for a dozen, or twenty years; in the firm hope, not often thwarted, that the unruly fellow may find peace from either fever, dysentery, or an Arab lance. It may be doubted whether this penal discipline is a good thing for the Latin Church in Palestine. Bating the want of freedom to go astray, the life led by these exiles is not a very hard one. A monk of Carmel never goes among the poor, a brother of Gareb has no charge of souls. His chief duties are to dangle after pilgrims, to chatter about the news, to show the lions of his abode, and to wait with a dumb and eloquent hunger for his vails. Beyond these troubles, he has only to recite a daily prayer, to lock his doors against the Ishmaelite, and to keep his shaven crown from the noontide sun. He may indulge himself with many carnal comforts. Wine is cheap. Fruits are abundant. Tobacco is not forbidden. In some religious houses they keep private stills and make tolerable cordials. A Greek is far less lax in his discipline than a Frank, yet even in the Essene settlement of Mar Saba, where Demetrius denies you goat's flesh and mutton in favour of roots and wild honey, you will be proffered the consolation of raki. The Latins eat flesh, which they know how to stew in oil.

In this world of tears, every man has some drawback to his happiness; but grant the Latin monk a good conscience, a skilful cook, a flask of sweet Cyprus wine at table, with an afternoon pipe on the convent roof, and he may learn in time to endure the privations of a convent life.

How far the Latin Church may gain or lose credit by having such men to represent her in the Holy Land is another thing.

The course pursued by the Greek communities is wiser. The Greek father makes himself at home in his convent and in the country. He lives there, he means to die there. If the language is not native to him, he learns to speak it. If the Arabs are unfriendly to him he tries to win them over by service. He trains himself to mix potions, to dress wounds, to choose seed and grain, to graft trees, and to preserve dates and olives. Having to dwell among a Moslem people, he feels that it will not do to treat them altogether like dogs. In a thousand ways he learns how he can befriend them and gain credit with them; while carefully eschewing such controversies as might offend their pride of faith. He employs their labour when they are idle; he advances them money (on interest—as is right); he gives them bandages and physic when

they are sick; until the poor Arabs, though they may hear their benefactor called a giouar, admit in their hearts that the Greek father is a very good man. A convent like Mar Saba, instead of being a barren refuge and lodging-house like Carmel and Ramleh, is a centre of ideas, charities, and improvements for the whole country side. The peasants look up to it; the wandering Bedaween respect it. Every nook of the wilderness in which a plant will bloom, is the richer and greener for Mar Saba. Of course, in the present Arab temper, there can be no direct religious teaching; nor is such labour of the tongue either needful or desirable just now. Christianity is a life to be lived, not a word to be professed. The best of all sermons is a noble deed, and in worthy doing, the circumstances under which the Greek of Palestine lives enables him to appear to some advantage when compared against a Frank.

The chief thought of a Latin monk is how he can guard his chest and larder, his robe and lamp. To this great end of self-defence, his wall is built high and thick, his door-way is made small and strong. A convent being wholly unarmed in the midst of warlike, predatory tribes, every man of whom owns a firelock, bolts and chains have to do duty for sword and lance. The door is plated with

iron. A tower overlooks the entrance, and when a man is to be admitted within the gates, as many precautions are used as would be taken in a city under siege. A lamp is kept burning through the night, and a watch is maintained by the monks in turn.

In spite of much care, the convents of Palestine are sometimes forced and robbed; but this is a case extremely rare, even with the Greek convents, which are known to be rich in silver and gold, and which have no Zouaves and fire-ships to avenge their wrongs. In truth, a monk of Mar Saba, of Mar Elias, of the Holy Cross, has come to be regarded as one of the Arab's best friends.

Should a Frank regret and oppose this mastery of the Greek church in Syria? I cannot think it would be wise to do so. The old fear of our finding a Muscovite in every Greek is at an end; and in Palestine the Czar has no hotter adversaries than those dwelling in the Greek religious houses. Have we not judged our brethren a little too much in the spirit of sect? Of course, a Greek of the Levant is somewhat under-taught; but he is apt and shrewd; and in Palestine, at least, he seems to be laying the foundation of his empire in the only way in which a solid foundation can be laid—by gaining a property in the soil, and an influence over the native

tribes. Our brother may have many faults; he may believe in the holy fire, and in numberless legends of the saints; he may wear a different garb, and follow another rubric; yet he is still our brother. Why should we resist his progress? He is an Oriental, addressing himself to Orientals. And is not every patch of earth that he reclaims, every Arab whom he wins, every olive that he plants, a gain for that Church which represents peace on earth and good-will to men?

CHAPTER XXX.

LYDDA.

On our way down from the hill country into the plain, by the way of Beth-horon (Saïd with the baggage in advance; Ishmael, of many piastres, a youth who will one day be a banker and perhaps a pasha, at his side; Yakoub slightly in the rear), a single horseman dashes past us; a man in long boots, a tall hat, a furred cloak, a yellow face; not an Oriental, it would seem, and certainly not a pure Frank. In the stony desert of Beit Ur we overtake, salute, and pass him. He is badly mounted and a vicious rider. Left behind on the road, he is soon forgotten; the more so that a long ride and a fiery sun have made us sick for food, and strain after shade and water; but so soon as the mat is spread by Yakoub, the bunch of sticks fired by Ishmael, the bread and chickens unpacked by Saïd, the stranger trots up, throws himself from

his horse, draws near to the carpet, and whispers to Yakoub that he hopes to be invited to share our meal.

Now, welcome to strangers is a habit of the country older than its recorded annals; a habit which has known no interruption save during that reign of the Oral Law when everything went wrong; for among an Arab people the act of breaking bread with a stranger is not only an act of charity, but a bond of peace. Bread is life. Before eating with a man, you are an alien, maybe an enemy; after eating, you are a friend, a brother, a guest. To beg for bread is therefore, in a certain sense, to ask for peace. If you should be engaged in a sacred office —visiting the sick, praying for the dead, preaching to the poor—you may fairly claim food and drink at the nearest house or tent. There is no discredit in being hungry and fatigued; and no hajjee, whether Moslem, or Christian, is ashamed to beg meat and shade. Yet a Saxon and a Gaul never do so; and the intruder upon our meal soon shows that he is a Muscovite and a Greek. No Frank would have the boldness to attempt what he has done.

He was a farmer in the Ukraine; a breeder of horses and kine; busy with his labours, when the thought came upon him that he should recite a

prayer over the Virgin's fountain and the Saviour's tomb. With a few copecs in his belt and a sack of meal on his pony, he rode to Odessa, where he sold his beast and bought a passage to Beyrout. From the Lebanon to Nazareth, from Nazareth to Jerusalem, he trudged on foot; now joining caravans, now going on alone; always cheery and hungry; one night sleeping under an olive, the next night in a convent; never too proud to beg, or to help himself freely from the roadside grapes and figs. He made his journey and relieved his soul. When about to return, a Greek pope lent him the poor mare, which he is to leave with the Russian consul in Jaffa; from whom he expects to get a deck passage in some Russian boat going home to the Black Sea. No one thinks his proceeding odd:—for every year a thousand pilgrims arrive in Jerusalem without a piastre in their pockets and with scarce a rag upon their backs.

In judging our brethren of the East, it is well to remember that they all have more or less of this childlike faith.

Lydda, the bright little town of many names—the Hebrew Lod, the Greek Lydda, the Roman Diospolis, the Frank of St. George, the Arab Lud—is a place of ten or twelve good houses, and

a hundred poor huts, with the ruins of a fine English church, standing in the midst of Sharon; a town of figs and mulberries, with date-trees growing in the streets, and olives and oranges hanging over every wall. The whole countryside may be described as an orchard. Arabs call the plain round Lydda the garden of Palestine, and to distinguish it from the rest of this green district, it is known as the Field of Sharon. Water abounds, and the warmth is tropical. The loam is dark and ruddy, free from the sterile sands of the sea, and the not less sterile limestone of the hills. A hardy and industrious Moslem people till the soil and gather in the crops of grain. Few scenes in Palestine have a more perfect Arab character than the gate of Lydda, with its palms and pomegranates, its string of passing camels, its knot of effendis smoking, and its group of girls gossiping at the well.

Yet the story of Lydda is not less typical than the names. It was built by the three sons of Elpaal; re-occupied after the Exile; separated from Samaria under Jonathan Maccabeus; annexed to Judah as part of the Temple property; taken by the Romans; ravaged by Cassius; restored by Anthony; visited by St. Peter, who founded a

church within its walls; burned to the ground by Cestius Gallus; colonized by Vespasian; made the seat of a Jewish college, of a Roman court, and of a Christian bishop; rebuilt by Hadrian as Diospolis, city of Jove; honoured by the birth and burial of St. George; adorned by Justinian; disturbed by the heresy of Pelagius; captured by the Saracens; retaken by the Crusaders; destroyed by Saladin; garrisoned by Lion-Heart. Perhaps the most singular event in its strange history was its division by Richard and Saladin into two parts, a Christian side, and a Moslem side, in which it was agreed that under the protection of St. George, a martial and heroic saint, worthy to be the patron of gallant men, the English knight and his Saracenic foe, a foe no longer, should dwell in peace and charity with each other, the Frank being free to kneel in his church, the Arab in his mosque.

Other times brought other men; knights less magnanimous than Richard, Sultans less wise than Saladin; yet the lessons of this gracious treaty were not wholly lost. England adopted St. George of Lydda as her patron; and the Saracens not only continued to respect the Frankish Church, but added to their own calendar the name of our English saint. For many years after the last

Crusader had retired from Lydda, the Christian church was kept in repair by English funds, and when these moneys ceased to flow into Palestine, the beautiful remains were protected against waste and theft by the erection in one corner of a tiny mosque: a plan which the Latins have wisely imitated from the Saracens, and applied to the Pantheon, the Colosseum, and other imperial edifices in Rome.

In spite of its Arab charms, Lydda will always present itself to the imagination as an English place. Under these palms and myrtles, St. George, the lord of chivalry and courtesy, was born; and under this sacred pile, preserved for us by Moslem care, his ashes are said to lie. And how have we treated our warlike saint? In a way to make a Mohammedan flush with ire. It is doubtful, perhaps, whether any poor saint in the calendar has either achieved a higher glory, or suffered a deeper wrong, than George. For six hundred years, we have borne his banner of the red cross into every corner of the globe; we have placed his badge on the noblest breasts; we have kept his day as our special feast; we have given his name to the most regal chapel in our land; we have dedicated to him a hundred churches; and while we have been

doing all these things in his honour, we have been indolently content to allow our greatest historical writer to describe him as one of the lowest scamps and darkest villains who ever stained this earth with crime. The St. George of our common books was a low fellow: born in a shop, in an obscure provincial town; who rose from a servile condition by the acts of a parasite; who sold swine-flesh to the army and made money by frauds on the treasury; who fled away from justice, joining the sect of Arians in Egypt, and becoming archbishop of Alexandria; who cast into prison all men differing from himself in belief; who robbed the merchants, played the part of informer and spy, and was at length most justly murdered by his own people, exposed in the public streets of Alexandria, and cast like a dead cur into the sea. But the true St. George of the calendar, the true St. George of England, was another man. Our George was a Syrian saint, as Mohammedan story, not less than Christian story, tells. We had two Georges in history, and to our shame, we have made them one.

Above the grave of St. George of Lydda, a church was built in very early times, some say so early as by Justinian: a convent grew up beside it;

and for many ages the town itself was known to crusading knights by no other name than that of St. George. In the first retreat of Saladin before the Lion-Heart, the wall and church of Lydda were destroyed. Richard spent much time in the

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH AT LYDDA.

place, in the neighbouring Ramleh, and in the meadows and orchards between these towns. Tradition asserts that he rebuilt the church of St. George in Lydda; a legend which is likely enough to be true, and is sustained by the beautiful ruins

now standing near the mosque. Yon arch might belong to a part of Furness or Glastonbury.

St. George having become a Moslem as well as a Christian saint, Lydda has taken a conspicuous place in the Arabic traditions. These agas and effendis, smoking and chatting by the gate, may never have heard of Saladin's treaty, and of the toleration in which Saracen and Latin once lived together in the town of oranges and pomegranates; but they know that St. George is a martial saint, and they believe that the fiercest battle of the latter times will be fought on this very spot. Al Dajjâl, the one-eyed Cafir, the Anti-Christ, whom the Jews are said to call Messiah ben David, is then—according to these Moslem traditions—to arise on the frontiers of Syria, to lay waste kingdoms, and to assume the dominion of land and sea. The whole earth will be afraid of him. He is to ride upon an ass, to be followed by the Persian Jews, and to bear the brand of Cafir on his brow. Then a stir will be heard about the white tower near Damascus; Jesus Christ will descend from heaven upon that spot; and, gathering his people into one camp, He will drive Al Dajjâl before Him, across the Hauran, across the Jordan, through Galilee and Samaria into the Plain of

Sharon, and finally engaging him in the gateway of Lydda, He will transfix the monster with a lance. Jesus, say these legends, will then march up to Jerusalem, arriving at sunrise, at the hour of morning prayer, when the Imaum will give way before him, and Jesus will put up the early prayer. Setting up his throne in Zion, He will prepare the kingdom of God by causing justice to be observed and truth to be taught; so that all men shall be happy and the whole earth at peace.

So far the spirit of these legends may perhaps be traced to the bright little episode of Saladin's treaty—to the charities of a time when the Moslem and Christian knights, laying aside their lances and morions, dwelt together in Lydda. Then comes the spirit of a later day, of a new estrangement; and the legends go off into fables about Jesus becoming a Mohammedan, marrying a wife and tearing down the Cross.

Yet even in their corrupted state, these legends of Lydda suggest how much truth and beauty may come of a little toleration. And if one touch of charity can make the Frank and Arab somewhat of kin, who shall limit the power of a whole scripture of love?

If we could only rise above the spirit of sect, of

service and of form! Are ceremonies vital? He who died in the flesh that men might live in the spirit, appeared as though he set no store on names and forms; for He founded no system, He published no laws. The religion which He gave to his people was a holy life. Fear God; love one another; such were his rules. In his system, fear of God is not a slave's dread of his lord, still less a Persian's dread of Ahriman, but a wholesome objection to living otherwise than in accordance with the divine and natural laws. In his system, the love of man is not the pride of a father in his son, of a citizen in his friend, but the reverence and affection which we owe to each other as sons of God.

The Jew is our brother; the Moslem is our brother. We have all Abraham to our father: an Arab in the flesh, a Frank in the spirit. We bow to one and the same God. Is it a dream to imagine that a time may come when all these children of Jehovah shall be gathered into one fold?

The earth belongs to them even now. Divided by sects and weakened by wars, they are still the sole worshippers who live and thrive, who make conquests over nature and over men. The sea is theirs; nearly all the land is theirs. In them

beats the brain of the world. How are they to become united in a common spiritual bond? How but in God's own way—by the exercise of charity, by the magnetism of love? In war, the strong subdue the weak, but in morals and in faith, it is the just who subjugate the frail.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET
AND CHARING CROSS.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018